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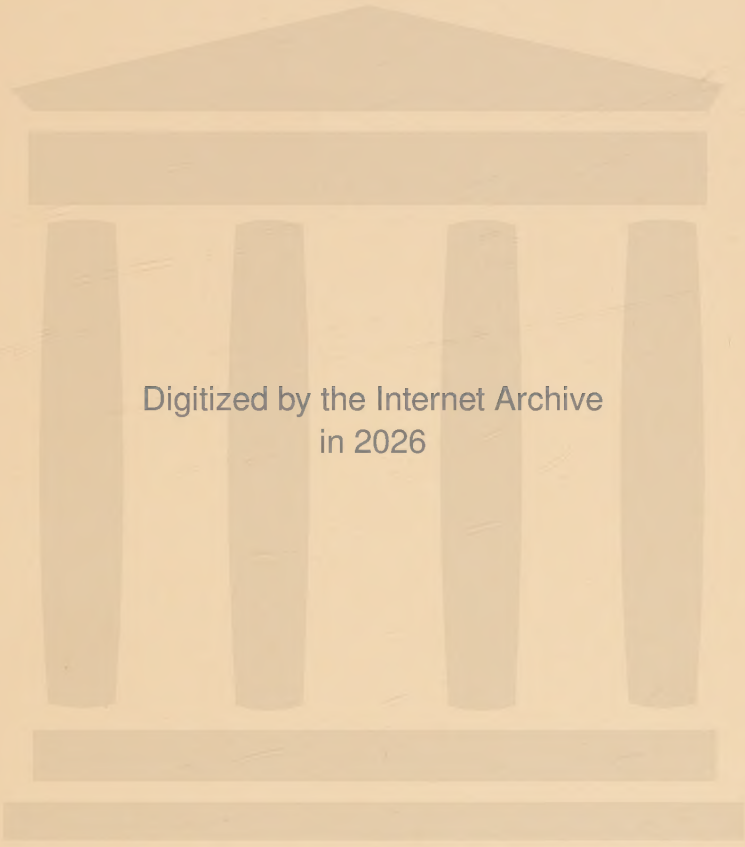
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THE BLAZED TRAIL OF THE OLD FRONTIER

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WHEN THE SETTLER CAME

The Blazed Trail Of The Old Frontier

BEING THE *LOG* OF
THE UPPER MISSOURI HISTORICAL
EXPEDITION UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF THE GOVERNORS & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATIONS OF MINNESOTA,
NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA AND
MONTANA FOR 1925, BY

AGNES C. LAUT

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY
CHARLES M. RUSSELL

* *
*

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AN *INVOCATION* BY THE REVEREND T. F. GULLIXON OF MINOT, N. D. AT VERENDRYE, JULY 17, 1925

¶In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Eternal and all-seeing God, beneath whose mighty hand unfolds the history of nations and of peoples, we acknowledge Thee and praise Thy Holy name. ¶The wilderness trail of the explorer and the wagon train of the pioneer were not hid from Thy sight. Thou hast sustained the woodsman hewing for his cabin and his brother breaking at the prairie's sod. Thou hast heard the evening song of the host of pioneer mothers in frontier homes of poverty lulling their babes to sleep, and the prayers of little children awed by the vastness of virgin forest and plain. Thou hast established the work of their hands. ¶The faithfulness of one generation Thou hast requited unto the next, and lo, we stand in this latest year rich in our heritage. ¶Oh, God, we thank Thee for America! For all who have served Thee in giving to us this new "promised land;" for those in each generation and every honorable field who fearlessly have pushed forward their endeavors; for the explorers; for the missionaries who with the gospel of the Cross pushed on and witnessed and died; for builders and for leaders; for all the graves of good men and women between here and Plymouth Rock; for the influence of noble lives wrought into the very fabric of our national life. ¶Gracious Father sustain us who have so rich a heritage. Our many transgressions in mercy forgive. Pride and wild pagan tongues, remember them not in the day of reckoning. In our thinking and our doing be the unfolding of that righteousness which exalts both man and nation. In prosperity save us from fatness of soul and in riches from the temptations thereof. ¶And Dear Lord, when the last night camp of our pilgrimage is made, and one by one we stand at the breaks, at the rim-rock of eternity, grant to us faith's sure vision of Him who explored life for us and left the trail of His footprints so plainly in human history, who tasted death for us and mapped the valley of the shadow, who waits to walk with us across the new land—the hills and valleys of eternity. ¶In the name of our Lord Christ we reverently invoke a blessing upon this occasion and this day.

AMEN.

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THE BLAZED TRAIL OF THE OLD FRONTIER

PART I: LA VERENDRYE (1738-39-41) AND THOMPSON (1797-98)

THEY say the wireless waves have been photographing on their electric fabric the records of the ages since time began. The reel must needs have clicked at terrific velocity in these last hundred years; for in the American West, the world has witnessed in a single century a complete transition from Stone Age man with flint and obsidian and bone tool to the highest type of sophisticated civilization with all that culture and science can yield of comfort and luxury.

Something of this—inarticulate, perhaps, and dreamy like a racial memory washed out by some cup of forgetfulness—must have flashed through the thoughts of the guests of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition, assembled July 16, 1925, at the Somerset Club, St. Paul, for the luncheon to inaugurate the first ceremonies of the association.

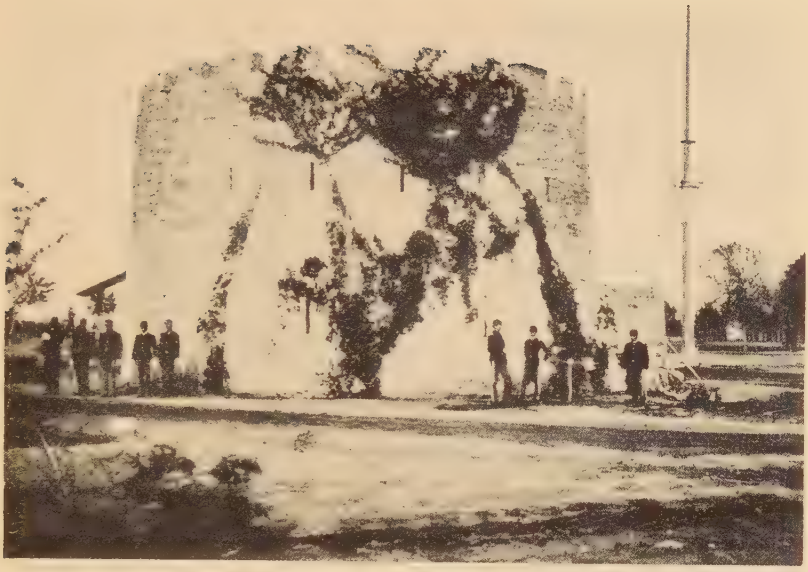
Outside, an atmosphere in floods of gold. Hills of intense green. Such skies as gave Minnesota its Indian name—Land of Sky-colored Water. Only a stone's throw away, to the West, that old Sibley Mansion, where Chippeways between the Mississippi and Mackinac, Assiniboines and Crees from Red River, Sioux from the West, came treading on padded moccasin foot-

fall, clad in mooseskin, armed with bow and arrow and scalping knife, to trade buffalo and beaver skins with General Henry Hastings Sibley, manager of the American Fur Company. Do you realize that was less than a hundred years ago? The stones of the old house were really clay or adobe. The roof was clapboard, the floor hand-hewn timber, and the nails were cleats. An outside stairway led to the attic, so that the Indians could always slip up and sleep there. And across the Mississippi that great half circle of uplands, where Lieutenant Pike camped in the autumn of 1805 and secured from the Indians the site of the Fort Snelling military reservation, of which the old Round Tower stands to-day, with its crenelated sky line and slitted porthole windows for its gun-eyes, and ivy clinging to the wall with the fragrance of age in an older world. A few miles Northwest, those falls of St. Anthony over which a Marquette rhapsodized! A few miles South and East, those streams leading back to Lake Superior and Lake Michigan—the St. Croix, the Chippeway, the Wisconsin—down which Radisson paddled in his birch bark canoe, escorted by a rabble of "Staring Hairs"—Sacs and Foxes and Ottawas, who shaved their hair à la pompadour—seeking the bourne of the Western Sea. A century ago St. Louis was a wilderness, New York was a village with pigs wallowing in its Dutch gutters, and Quebec City, even with its garrison, seldom at this time numbered more than two or three thousand people. Go up on Pilot Knob, where Stephen A. Douglas stood in the days when Mendota was considered for the territorial capital! Shut your eyes and dream back these swift years! To the East, the blinking camp fires of Sacs and Foxes and Ottawas and Potties and Chippeways, whose

BEFORE MAN CAME

seven-banded birch canoes were drawn up on the wooded banks of the Mississippi and the Minnesota. To the West, the skin tepees of the Sioux, horse Indians, plains riders, warriors ruthless and pitiless as the prairies afire. And between these two continually warring federations, the fur trader at Sibley House and the little garrison of white soldiers over at the Round Tower of Fort Snelling, seldom more than ninety-eight rank and file to maintain order and sovereignty in an area half the size of Europe. Did America be-title and canonize her heroes, this little spot at the angle of two rivers would have had its hierarchy of Pikes and Longs and Leavenworths and Snellings and Sibleys and Ramseys enshrined as its iron dukes and haloed saints in cathedral crypts; for there is no spot on the map where there is more concentrated history, legendary lore, romance, adventure. This was the jumping-off place for the three centuries' search for the Western Sea. This was the halfway house for change from canoe to horse. This was the last station before the covered wagon of the settler set off for the mountains "the Plains Across." This was where the first spike was driven for the little steel rail that was to outrace and displace canoe and saddle and covered wagon—and all in less than a hundred years.

Now open your eyes and rub them! What do you see? Look down from Pilot Knob! Spires of a cathedral! Dome of a capitol. Roofs of factories. Tree-shaded avenues, housing in two great cities half as many people as Ancient Rome. When you get your perspective and contemplate the swift transition of the brief years, it is almost as if an Aladdin's Lamp had been flashed on an unbelievable kaleidoscope. This has not been slow growth—evolution from form to form by



THE OLD ROUND TOWER AT FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA;
BELOW: SIBLEY HOUSE, MENDOTA, MINNESOTA.

painful process of deletion of the unfit and growth of the best. That process takes æons of centuries. This change has happened in a hundred years. What worked the miracle? Nothing like it has ever happened so swiftly before in the history of the race.

Fitting it is that the human instruments who have been the graving tools of Western Empire, should themselves have some monuments graven in their honor as discoverers, explorers, trail finders, and road builders in the greatest migration the human race has ever witnessed; and it was from this idea the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition was born. And it was peculiarly fitting that the idea should have originated and been planned in the minds of a small group of keen Western St. Paul men who were themselves trail finders, trail makers, and trail builders. Louis W. Hill, Ralph Budd, W. P. Kenney, and C. O. Jenks had all begun life in different branches of transportation in the Middle West and Northwest. Each, leading an intensely busy life, in which rail transportation was his vocation, has made the early history of the West his avocation and recreation. They must have seen that they, as steel rail builders, were only carrying out the Western destiny which the little birch canoe, pursuing the beaver for hire and the Western Sea for glory, had begun. When each, in his particular activity, helped to cut the Panama Canal to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, or planned, constructed, and operated extensions of a vast transcontinental transport system into remote corners of the Great West, or brought peoples from almost every nation of the American and European continents to develop this new empire, he must have realized that he was only carrying the realization of the hopes of a

Radisson, and of a Marquette, and of a La Verendrye, and of a Thompson—to find an easier way across the Shining Mountains to the Pacific and the Orient.

Panama was only a bigger portage across an oceanic watershed for a fleet of colossally huger canoes. So was Maria's Pass, which Stevens found in the Northern Rockies. So was the height of land, which La Verendrye and Thompson traversed when they crossed from the Saskatchewan watershed to the Missouri.

These men knew that a line drawn from Du Luth's old headquarters on Lake Superior to the mouth of the Columbia practically marked the trail of the racial surge to the Western Sea. They also were quick to see that an appreciation of the early history of the country traversed by that trail would enhance the pleasure of travel through it to-day. In their own words, this is the story as the thought grew:

"A cartoon in *Life* some years ago illustrated the idea better than anything else we have seen or heard. It was a drawing of an up-to-date fine train crossing the Western prairies. On the observation platform were several stylishly dressed women and men, evidently bored. Under the picture were the words: 'What a Singularly Dreary and Uninteresting Country.' All about the observation car group there appeared shadowy outlines of the explorers, fur traders, missionaries, voyageurs, hunters, the covered wagon crowd, buffalo, Indians, and Indian fighters—the air was full of those ghosts of the past. But the people on the train did not feel their presence. They did not know the country had a history filled with romance and adventure. That one picture tells the whole story."

These railroad executives took their idea to the upper

Missouri states, historical societies, and governors. The idea materialized in a projected line of monuments that would commemorate the discoverers, pathfinders, and trail builders from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. And the members of the Expedition had assembled at the Somerset Club before setting out to dedicate the monuments to four pathfinders—La Verendrye, Thompson, Lewis, and Stevens—and to two great eras in the development of the West—the passing of the Indian and the passing of the fur trade.

I have asked: What worked the miracle of transforming the Stone Age into modern civilization within less than a century—the swiftest transformation, the swiftest race migration the world has ever known? I wonder how many of the guests saw the answer down the center of the luncheon table; whether the railroad men themselves were conscious they were answering a rather difficult question.

Among the guests were educators, jurists, historians, sculptors, architects, rail executives, bankers, steel men, directors of great flour corporations, editors, musicians. Did the steel man say, "I did it," and the banker pipe, "Me, too"; or the flour mill directors whisper, "Our process of grinding wheat"; or the rail men take a quiet smile and whip a little steel rail out of their vest pockets?

And yet the answer to the question ran down the center of the luncheon table. A man with a genius for wood carving and toy miniatures had supplied the table decorations. There was the little birch canoe. There was the tiny bull-boat of skin stretched on willows. There was the white buckskin tepee. There were the Indian women beating along the trail, papoose in moss-bag on

back, dog with travois, or shafted poles, attached to shoulder collar, dragging tent kit of tepee and pots and pans, warrior on horseback to fore, scouting for enemy, hawk-nosed, hawk-eyed, hawk-mouthed birds of prey, ready to pounce or fight, harry or defend. Then there was the settlers' covered wagon. Then the toy train on toy rails.

There was the answer to the question, What worked the miracle, what wrought the transformation, what speeded the swiftest race migration the world has known in all its history?

People have a shallow way of saying: "Why should we be grateful to discoverers, pathfinders, builders? Settlement would have gone ahead gradually just the same." True. Settlement went ahead in China just the same; but China has stood still in progress for two thousand years. It is cheaper and easier for Chinese ports to bring from America across an ocean and mountains than to ship her own forest and grain products of Manchuria down by ox cart, wheelbarrow, and barge to the great cities on the sea.

But the members of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition had finished luncheon and were hurrying out to motor cars for a historic tour to Pilot Knob, to Sibley House—where Mrs. James T. Morris of the D. A. R. and grand-niece of General Leavenworth, was receiving the guests—to Fort Snelling, which, in its heyday, has rung to as gay celebrations as any old baronial hall in Europe. There is something infinitely pathetic, too, in the old Round Tower and its memories. Its heroes came and went with such awful swiftness to their fate. I give but one example. It is recorded briefly: "In August, 1820, Colonel Snelling relieved General Leav-

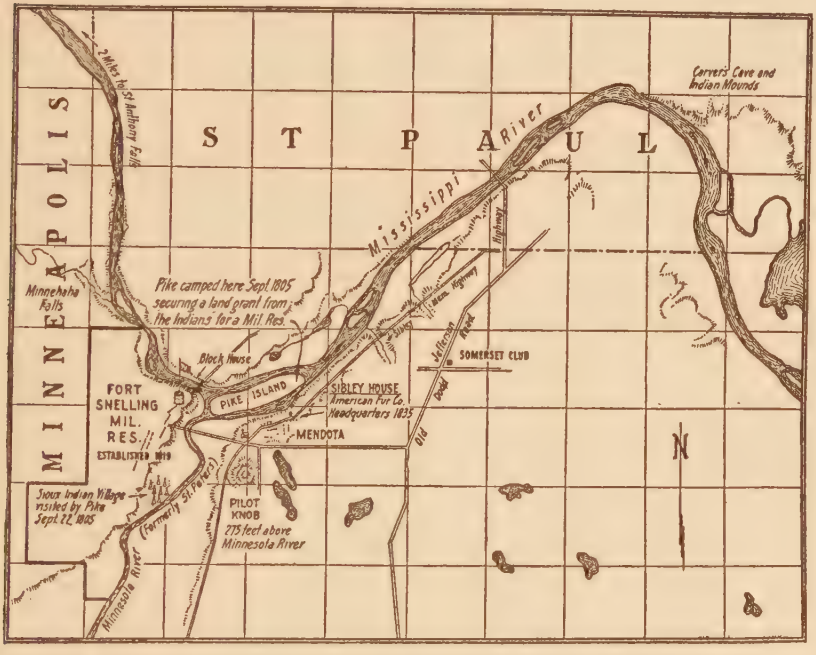
THE RED MAN'S HUNTING GROUND

enworth of the command." General Leavenworth left for the Fort in Kansas bearing his name, and from there was detailed to the lava and scoria lands of Western Oklahoma and Texas, to pacify the Comanches and Osages and Pawnees. If you will measure the distances traversed by steamer, by keel boat and pack-horse, they were longer and more perilous than the paths of the ancient crusaders to the Holy Land. These Pawnees, Osages, and Comanches are tribes of the Staring Hairs, whom Radisson two hundred years before met farther East on the Mississippi. Blue vanishes into the azure of the desert's sandy offing as the Fort Snelling troopers ride into the torrid lava land. Presently water is so scarce the troopers are dying with delirious visions of the lakes of that sky-colored land round Fort Snelling. Of four hundred men, only two hundred can remain on their feet or in their saddles and go forward. General Leavenworth, in spite of heat, persists in pursuing a buffalo. He falls from his horse in a faint. There is no water in any of the Army canteens. When Catlin, the artist, comes back this way in a few months, it is to learn of the death of Leavenworth and of more than a third of the troops who left Fort Snelling for the Southwest.

And so the old Fort could a tale unfold if its ivy walls could speak. So could Sibley House, where Chippeway and Sioux came to trade their furs, and too often went out with knife and musket to wage war of extinction on each other in spite of the Peace Treaty before Colonel Pike in 1805, and the famous Treaty of Traverse des Sioux before Governor Ramsey in 1851, on the very plain below this Pilot Knob. Mrs. Furness, daughter of Governor Ramsey, is with us and supplies reminiscences of these very days from her father's Journal.

La Verendrye and Thompson

What vacant head was it first said America had magnificent scenery, vast distances, great natural wealth, but lacked background of heroic history, culture, adventure, romance, human interest? And why have we gone on like parrots, repeating the vacuous camouflage for our own ignorance?



HISTORIC POINTS AT ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

I think the most of the members of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition had caught the spirit of their own adventure before they had finished visiting Pilot Knob or Sibley House. By the time members came together again at the Union Station, to leave at nine P.M. on a special for the West, all idea of a gay, idle junket had given place to an almost sacred turning back of the

leaves of time on the lives of heroes to whom we owe all we have in the West and whom we were heedlessly permitting to slip into ungrateful oblivion.

The run to Verendrye, North Dakota, was made during the night. For the sake of those who still think America lacks heroic history, romance, and human interest, this was a pity; for there is hardly a point, from St. Paul across the Red River Valley, that is not fragrant with heroic adventure, whose atmosphere does not pulse with the echoes of a wild romantic past, as it pulsed with the shrill "Wa-waw" of the wild geese flying in wedge-platoons to the North each spring, or the shriller cry of the raiding Sioux, determined to drive back both fur trader and settler that they might forever themselves hold the post of middlemen, with white man's firearms to reduce all other Western tribes to their subjection. Or if you think the lonely hoot of the locomotive, with its smoky mile-long train, has reduced these rolling plains and couteaus to the hopeless commonplace, come back with me to one sleety, blustering March in 1870, when the cold nights covered the lake-like sloughs with a slobby ice and the blizzards the gray hills with a soft snow, and two toboggan sleighs, with dog teams tandem, came jingling through the wet twilight dark, one from the North, one from the South, to the margin of a thaw-swollen stream, where the man from the North paused to erect buckskin tepee against the storm, and the man from the South stripped himself stark, tied his clothes to his head, and swam the turbid waters, followed by his dogs, to the tepee. The man from the North was Donald A. Smith of Fort Garry, Red River, and later Lord Strathcona of Winnipeg. The man from the South was James J. Hill, from the little burg of frontiersmen at

St. Paul, at this time engaged in steam boating on Red River. And from that meeting of the two great road builders was born the earliest plan for the twin roads—the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific.

Or come back with me another sixty years. It is about the time Lewis and Clark are preparing to push up the Missouri across the Rockies to the Pacific. John Jacob Astor already has his fur traders at Mackinac, working across Eastern Minnesota and Wisconsin and Michigan to the head waters of the Mississippi; but the Scotch traders of Montreal have worked into the same No Man's Land by another route. By the Great Lakes and Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg, they have advanced Westward as far as the Pacific, by Peace River Pass. They have traversed from the Saskatchewan to the Missouri, and now have sent a man South up Red River to trap the wild raider land of Sioux and Assiniboine and Woody Cree, around what are now Pembina and Grand Forks and Fargo. The man's name is Alexander Henry, Jr. He is, curiously enough, an ancestor of that Mr. Kittson who helped James J. Hill to build his transcontinental railroad. He flits continually between Red River and the Mandans of the Missouri. He lives the life of a Robinson Crusoe on a desert island of savagery from 1799 to 1808 in this region. And any one who thinks that the Indian lived in a halcyon paradise before the advent of the white man and his rain-water rum at sixteen dollars a gallon would do well to go back to Henry's lonely journal of these years. He loathes the habit white traders have of taking Indian wives, but he presently finds himself cumbered with such a wife. In the first place, because she refuses to leave his cabin; in the second place, because he realizes such an

alliance will henceforth give him the protection of her Indian tribe. It would have been much shorter for him to have come across the swamp lands between Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi; but that path was barred by the raiding Sioux, and yearly he came down either by what is now Winnipeg, or across the plains from Portage la Prairie and Brandon to the Mandans on the Missouri. This was long before the Selkirk Settlers had come into Red River. Buffalo range these grounds in such herds that, at one traverse, he counts thousands mired where the ice has broken up in the spring. His hunters make pemmican at Pembina for the Far Northern Forts and send it back up to Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie and Brandon in Red River carts, with wheels of one solid piece, such as Mexicans use to this day. For him hunted Old Dorion, whose son came into Lewis and Clark's life. He tells how that Souris River, which comes into our story presently, got its name. It was so infested with pack rats and mice, the traders had to bring a cat from the East to rid their forts of the pests, and Henry as carefully mothers pussy's family of kittens as his hen's family of chickens for future fresh eggs. He meets, as stripling apprentice, McLoughlin of Oregon fame, and Thompson, the great geographer, and those McKenzies * whose names became renowned in Missouri trade. When the drunken Indians ran amuck, he gave them "one hundred and twenty drops of laudanum" in brandy and marveled that it did not put them to sleep. He doubled the diluted dose, and never bothered to tell the riotous bucks why they slept so sound. When the Sioux fell

* The MacKenzie families of Fort Union and of Canada, although of the same clan and closely related, variously spell their name with a capital or a small "k." In this book an effort has been made to follow as closely as possible the usage of the family referred to.

upon his hunters, one July morning of 1805, he tells how a little boy of twelve escaped by crawling into a hollow fallen willow, over which the Sioux raider leaped his horse, and how the enemy took one skull bone and jeeringly used it for a water dipper. In this raid the white trader lost his Indian father-in-law and sisters and brothers. Pike, he records, is down at St. Anthony Falls with American troops, to put a stop, if he can, to the iniquitous flow of whisky to the Indians; and next he hears, from his friend Laroque of the Mandans on the Missouri, that "two American captains, Lewis and Clark, have hoisted the American flag and are on their way to the mouth of the Columbia." Thompson, whom we shall meet presently, is paddling up the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan to beat them to it; and if his Company had given him the same support as they did six years later, he might have been first overland to the Columbia; but they didn't; and the race for the fur empire of Oregon now became hectic. Henry himself became frantic to see that Mandan route to the Pacific, but, after the Sioux Raid of 1805, did not dare go directly West as we traveled on the train that first night we left St. Paul; but he swung back up to the Assiniboine River in modern Manitoba and then South by Souris, that "river of the mice," and Wawanesa, that place-name of the wild geese, and so across the Turtle Mountains, where the Manitou of the Assiniboines heaves its back in a hump of trees like porcupine quills, and on across the Border to the very point where we have come to dedicate our first monuments to the great discoverers of the Middle West.

Not much need be said of Henry's visit. He came on July 18, 1806. We came July 17, 1925. He arrived at

sunset. We arrived at day dawn. He was not the first of the Montreal men to reach what is now North Dakota. Thompson had been here before him. So had La Verendrye, long before the fall of French power at Quebec; and to Thompson and La Verendrye our first monument is to be dedicated.

Henry found Minnetarees and Grosventres and Mandans much as you will find their descendants presently when we reach the site of Fort Union. He saw the famous Black Cat chief and the flag left by Lewis and Clark two years before, as you will meet Black Cat's descendants. French traders were there among the Mandans as they had lived from the first visit of La Verendrye, and you will find the names of those French families of the seigniories of the St. Lawrence on the Indian Reserves to this day—Gardepies and Deschamps and La Framboises. The Indians talked to him in sign language, as you will see them talk to General Scott to-morrow. With Henry's friend, Larocque, had visited the Mandans that Alex McKay who accompanied MacKenzie from Peace River to the Pacific and who later, going round the Horn, lost his life with the Astorians off Vancouver Island. Take a look at that statement—will you? These men all traveled by canoe and horseback, and they were all young. Has any modern aviator traversed vaster distances on his winged steed? Suffice to say, Henry goes home by the way he came, looping North through what is now Minot; and he reaches Pembina to find one of his Orkney Island lads is a girl in disguise, who has followed her faithless scamp of a lover to Grand Forks, where he deserted her; and she gave birth to the first white child of Red River, in Henry's Pembina cabin, December 29, 1807.

MANDANS' DOME-ROOFED VILLAGE ON THE MISSOURI

Does it read to you as though this were "a dreary, uninteresting country," with no background of romance, adventure, history? And there is not a spot between St. Paul and Minot of which similar records could not be told.

But the sun is up. The train has stopped at Verendrye and the guests are pouring from the cars to take stock of this point, which marks the height of land between the loop of the Souris River, from the North, and the loop of the Missouri, from the South. This is the farthest South the Souris bends and the farthest North the main Missouri circles. On this ridge every visitor to the Mandan Villages had to pause and scout for Sioux foes. Here passed and paused La Verendrye, Thompson, Henry, Lewis and Clark, and a host of other travelers famous in history, bound up and down the Missouri or "the plains across," horseback or dog train. Just where, from this point, lay the Mandans' mound villages? In La Verendrye's day and Thompson's time, due South eighty miles, on the banks of the Missouri; but in the 1830's, the Mandans told Catlin that in ancient times they had lived much farther South and East, and this bears out the reports Radisson gathered of "a sedentary people," who cultivated squashes and pumpkins and gourds and corn and made long trips to the Spanish Settlements of the South.

There was no mistaking the continental watershed. On its crest rested a huge granite globe mounted on a high pink stone foundation, with inscriptions to the honor of David Thompson—first of the British pathfinders here, who had pushed round the world thus far in their search for the Western Sea.

Settlers had gathered from many miles to witness

the ceremony—and a glance at their faces told how appropriate was this round globe as a monument—descendants of Swede, Norwegian, Dane, Scotch, Irish, Celt, Saxon—all Vikings of the long ago, who set out, chanting weird sea runes, for any destination to which their ships might bear them; and here they are in the center of a sea of prairies; and their own band is chanting a rune of welcome to us.

The Stars and Stripes, the British Flag and the French Tricolor toss to the morning breeze. Governor Sorlie, of North Dakota, presides; and the prayer of the Rev. T. F. Gullixson, himself a descendant of these Viking settlers, brings a catch to the throat of all assembled. People who utter such a prayer know what they are doing in blending many races to one great nation:

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Eternal and All-seeing God, beneath whose mighty hands unfolds the history of nations and of peoples, we acknowledge Thee and praise Thy Holy Name.

The wilderness trail of the explorer and the wagon train of the pioneer were not hid from Thy sight. Thou hast sustained the woodsman hewing for his cabin and his brother breaking at the prairie's sod. Thou hast heard the evening song of the host of pioneer mothers, in frontier homes of poverty, lulling their babes to sleep, and the prayers of little children awed by the vastness of virgin forest and plain. Thou hast established the work of their hands.

The faithfulness of one generation Thou hast requited unto the next, and, lo, we stand in this latest year rich in our heritage.

O God, we thank Thee for America! For all who have served Thee in giving to us this new "promised land"; for those in each generation and every honorable field who fearlessly have pushed forward their endeavors; for the explorers; for the missionaries who, with the gospel of the Cross, pushed on and witnessed and died; for builders and for leaders; for all the graves of good

men and women between here and Plymouth Rock; for the influence of noble lives wrought into the very fabric of our national life.

Gracious Father, sustain us who have so rich a heritage. Our many transgressions in mercy forgive. Pride and wild pagan tongues, remember them not in the day of reckoning. In our thinking and our doing be the unfolding of that righteousness which exalts both man and the nation. In prosperity save us from fatness of soul and in riches from the temptations thereof.

And dear Lord, when the last night camp of our pilgrimage is made, and one by one we stand at the breaks, at the rim-rock of eternity, grant to us faith's sure vision of Him who explored for us and left the trail of His footprints so plainly in human history, who tasted death for us and mapped the valley of the shadow, who waits to walk with us across the new land—the hills and valleys of eternity.

In the name of our Lord Christ we reverently invoke a blessing upon this occasion and this day. Amen.

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On behalf of the Great Northern Railway the monument was presented to the State of North Dakota, and Governor Sorlie accepted the formal title for the State.

Governor Sorlie then called on Lawrence J. Burpee of Ottawa, Canada, the foremost authority on the life of La Verendrye, to speak; and this address was followed by the speech of T. C. Elliot of Walla Walla, Washington, who is an equal authority on the life of Thompson.

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THE DEDICATION OF THE THOMPSON MONUMENT. ABOVE: LAWRENCE J. BURPEE OF OTTAWA, LEFT; GOVERNOR A. G. SORLIE OF NORTH DAKOTA. BELOW, T. C. ELLIOTT OF THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

LA VERENDRYE, DISCOVERER OF DAKOTA: AN ADDRESS BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C.

THE man of whom I am to speak is La Verendrye—Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Verendrye—the discoverer of the great American Northwest, using "American" in the continental sense. As I conceive it, I am not to talk to you about La Verendrye's life as a whole, but rather that part of it which has to do with this country between the Assiniboine and the Missouri. To make the story intelligible, however, it is necessary to sketch briefly the events that led up to the memorable expedition of 1738-39.

La Verendrye was born in the little town of Three Rivers, or Trois Rivieres, on the St. Lawrence, in 1685. His father was governor of that part of New France. Like most boys of his class, he was destined for the army, and before he had reached the age of twenty-one he had seen service in the campaigns against New England and Newfoundland. In 1707 he sailed for Europe, served with the army in Flanders, and was, two years later, seriously wounded at Malplaquet.

At that time a young colonial from New France had about as much chance of advancement in the French army as a young colonial from New England had in the British army. Both chances were about equivalent to the proverbial snowball in hell. Pierre therefore returned to Canada, married, and looked after some property of his father's for a time.

That was altogether too tame an existence for a man of his restless temperament. As a boy he had lost no chance of questioning the fur traders and voyageurs as

to their experiences in the West. They told him about the traffic in furs, and about the manners and customs of the various tribes they had visited. But what interested him most was to hear of their discoveries of new lands in the West. From his father he had no doubt heard of the exploits of Radisson, whose home had been in Three Rivers, and it is probable enough that he himself may have met the famous Du Luth, after whom the city of Duluth is named. Both these pathfinders had explored the country about Lake Superior, and Radisson had apparently been on the upper waters of the Mississippi. De Noyon, another native of Three Rivers, had ascended the Kaministikqia from Lake Superior, about the year 1687, and appears to have gone as far West as the Lake of the Woods. That seems to have been the most remote point toward the West reached by French explorers up to the time of La Verendrye.

The imagination of the young man had been fired by these stories of Western discovery, and particularly by tales of a vast sea that lay somewhere beyond Lake Superior. He determined to seize the first opportunity of entering the lists as an explorer. The opportunity came in 1727, when he was offered the command of a trading post on Lake Nipigon, North of Lake Superior. Here he was on the very outskirts of civilization, with many opportunities of questioning Indians. One in particular, named Ochagach, said that he had traveled far to the West, gave him long and circumstantial accounts of the country and its inhabitants, and even drew a map for him, copies of which are still extant.

La Verendrye patiently prepared his plans for the great adventure. From the earliest days of New France, her sons had been searching for a mysterious Western

Sea, which continually receded as they advanced. La Verendrye was determined to realize that dream. Ochagach and others told him that a great river flowed out of the Lake of the Woods toward the West, and emptied its waters into a great sea. The Indians, always fertile in invention, told La Verendrye of dwarfs and other strange tribes that lived along the banks of this river, and led him to suppose that white people were to be found at its mouth.

All this added fuel to the fire of his ambition, and on his return to Quebec he pressed the matter upon Governor-General Beauharnois with such enthusiasm that he won his consent to lead an expedition beyond Lake Superior, in search of the Western Sea. The fact that the King would not contribute anything toward the cost of the expedition, and that it must be equipped at his own expense, while it added to La Verendrye's difficulties, did not weaken his enthusiasm for the project. Probably, in the whole history of North American exploration, no man was actuated by more entirely unselfish motives than La Verendrye. Long afterward, in a dignified appeal to the King for recognition of the value of his discoveries, he said: "The glory of the King and the advantage of the colony have been the only motives which have actuated me in this enterprise." And that was literally true. La Verendrye gave himself and his sons to the cause of Western exploration; he put into it all his own little fortune; he humbled himself to the Montreal merchants and turned over to them all the profits of the Western fur trade, so that they might help him to pay and feed his men; and, in return, he not only got no credit at the French Court for his splendid achievements, but became the victim of intrigues and

slanders which represented him as one who made his pretended discoveries the pretext for building up a fortune in the fur trade.

However, this was all in the future in 1731, when La Verendrye and his men started out in canoes from Montreal to solve the ancient problem of an overland route to the Pacific. Arrived at the Western end of Lake Superior, he had trouble with his men, and had to go into winter quarters at Kaministikqia, while his nephew La Jemeraye, with a few loyal followers, went on by the Grand Portage route to build a trading post on Rainy Lake.

The following spring La Verendrye brought the rest of the party up to this new post, Fort St. Pierre, and pushed on down Rainy River and across the Lake of the Woods to the Northwest Angle, where he built Fort St. Charles. In 1734 Fort Maurepas was built by La Jemeraye and the eldest son of La Verendrye on the Red River, about where the town of Selkirk stands to-day. Four years later it was moved to the mouth of the Assiniboine. This is the post that has generally been known as Fort Rouge. The name is still applied to that part of Winnipeg South of the Assiniboine.

We have now come to the year 1738, with which we are particularly concerned at the present time, as it marked the first discovery by white men of what is now the State of North Dakota. La Verendrye, in spite of manifold discouragements, was steadily pursuing his object. It must, of course, be remembered that he and his men were but a handful of whites, far removed from any possible support, and in the midst of strange tribes. A false move on the part of the leader, and the entire expedition might be wiped out at any moment. In spite of

LA VERENDRYE DISCOVERS THE SHINING MOUNTAINS

his desire to push forward his discoveries, he must go slowly and warily, making friends of each tribe as he proceeded, and keeping his lines of communication open back to Lake Superior and New France.

From the very outset his interest had been aroused as to the identity of a certain race of people, who were said to live in towns on a great river far to the Westward, and who were described as resembling white men, both in their appearance and in their manners and customs. These were the Mandans on the Missouri, and it was the particular object of this expedition of 1738 to visit this mysterious people, learn who they were, and incidentally find out if they had any information as to the most practicable route to the Western Sea. Some years before, La Verendrye had, of course, discovered that what he had at first supposed to be the Western Sea was only Lake Winnipeg, and he was now searching for the same elusive ocean farther out toward the Setting Sun.

He left Fort St. Charles on the 11th of September, 1738, taking with him two of his sons and a strong party of voyageurs, and leaving his third son in charge of the fort. His eldest son had been murdered by the Sioux several years before, and La Jemeraye had died shortly after the building of Fort Maurepas. On the 24th he started up the Assiniboine. The water was very low, as there had been very little rain all summer. There were fine trees along its banks, and back of these a boundless stretch of prairie, on which were multitudes of buffalo and deer.

October 3, La Verendrye had reached a point on the Assiniboine where an Indian portage led North to Lake Manitoba. This was an excellent place for a trading post.

Also the river had become so shallow that he could get his canoe no farther. He therefore had everything brought ashore and, selecting a suitable site, built Fort La Reine, so named in honor of the Queen of France, somewhere in the neighborhood of the present town of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba. Another consideration that influenced La Verendrye in building at this particular place was the assurance of the Assiniboine Indians, who had come up the river with him, that from here he had a direct route to the Mandan villages.

La Verendrye has left no description of Fort La Reine, but from his accounts of Fort St. Pierre and Fort St. Charles it is not difficult to reconstruct this later post on the Assiniboine. No doubt it stood close to the river's bank, and we know that there was no lack of timber of sufficient size for the purpose. The stockade would be about fifteen feet high, consisting of a double row of stakes, with two gates, one facing the river and the other opposite, and a bastion at each corner. The interior of the fort measured about a hundred feet, and contained La Verendrye's residence, one for the missionary when he arrived, barracks for the men, a small chapel, a powder magazine, and a large storehouse.

On the 18th of October, La Verendrye set out for the Mandans. With him went his two sons, two traders—De La Marque and Nolant—and twenty French voyageurs, besides a number of Assiniboines and Crees. They marched on foot, as neither the Crees nor the Assiniboines had yet learned to use the horse. Dogs and squaws were the beasts of burden. The former were sometimes equipped with the travois, consisting of a pair of poles strapped to the dog and trailing behind, with crosspieces to which loads could be fastened.

At this point, as he starts out on his momentous journey, which was to result in the discovery of this splendid country North of the Missouri, I should like to give you some idea of what La Verendrye looked like. Unfortunately, as in the case of David Thompson, there is no evidence that a portrait ever existed of the discoverer of the Northwest, and we have not even, as in the case of the later explorer, the advantage of a contemporary description of his personal appearance and character. Very few travelers from outside visited New France, and the only one who has left any record of meeting La Verendrye is the Swedish naturalist, Peter Kalm, and he says nothing to the purpose. It is, indeed, rather exasperating that Kalm, whose book is filled with personal notes and anecdotes and gossip about other people in Quebec and Montreal, neglects to give us his impressions of the pathfinder of the West. About all that he says is that La Verendrye told him of a stone inscription he had found on the Western plains and that he had sent it home to Paris. I had inquiries made for this stone in the French archives, but no trace could be found of it.

In front of the Legislative Building at Quebec stands a monument to La Verendrye in the form of a statue. It is, of course, a purely imaginary portrait, but is believed to be fairly authentic as to the costume. I have here a photograph of the statue, as well as of a number of other things, manuscripts, maps, plans, and so forth, that you may be interested in seeing.

An historical painting at Quebec shows La Verendrye starting out for the West in a slashed doublet with plenty of gold braid, a lace collar, white gauntlets, a beaver hat with a long white feather, brightly polished long leather boots, and a sword. All of which does more

STATUE OF LA VERENDRYE AT OTTAWA, CANADA.

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credit to the imagination of the artist and his sense of the picturesque than to his knowledge of history.

La Verendrye was too practical a man, and had too much knowledge of the needs and limitations of travel in the West, to burden himself with mere finery. What he actually wore, as he started out from Fort La Reine, was probably leather coat and trousers, with fringes along the seams, leggings and moccasins, a leather belt carrying his powder horn and bag of balls and his hunting knife, and the heavy arquebus suspended from his shoulders by another belt. In summer he would wear a soft felt hat with wide brim, but as he was now starting out for a winter's trip, he no doubt wore a fur cap.

His French companions would wear substantially the same costume. With explorers out on remote frontiers, there is not much distinction between master and man in outward appearance. Of the Assiniboines, we shall hear more from La Verendrye himself.

On the 21st of October they reached a mountain twenty-six leagues from Fort La Reine, the direction being South one point West. The French league of that period, if I remember rightly, was about two and a half miles, which would make the mountain sixty-five miles from the fort. From this first mountain, La Verendrye says they marched West one point North to a second mountain, twenty-four leagues distant, or sixty-one miles. And from the second mountain a straight course to the Mandan villages was Southwest one point West, about seventy leagues, or one hundred and seventy-five miles, making the entire distance from Fort La Reine to the Mandans, by this route, about three hundred miles.

They did not, however, as La Verendrye notes in his

journal, follow anything like a straight road. The Assiniboine guide was continually leading them to the right or the left, with long stops for hunting or other purposes. Incidentally he took them fifty-odd miles out of their course to visit an Assiniboine village. Altogether they were forty-six days in covering a distance which, as La Verendrye says, might have been done in sixteen.

There are two possible interpretations of the narrative. La Verendrye traveled approximately South to the first mountain, which no doubt was Pembina Mountain, a little South of the International Boundary. Then a little North of West to his second mountain, which would seem to have been Turtle Mountain, on the boundary. So far his course is clear. Now we have the big detour to the Assiniboine village to account for. Did he make the detour after leaving the second mountain; or was the detour from the original Southerly course as far as Pembina Mountain to the Westerly course to Turtle Mountain?

If the former, which direction did he take? The narrative does not help us. Possibly he went farther West to the Assiniboine village, and then followed the Souris, or Mouse River, upstream or downstream, according to the place where he struck it, to the loop, and then to the first Mandan village. There is a significant statement toward the end of this journal of La Verendrye's. "I discovered," he says, "a few days ago a river flowing West." If he hit Mouse River in the neighborhood of Willow Creek, he might easily conclude that it was a river flowing West. I am inclined, however, to the other interpretation, that the Assiniboine village was in the neighborhood of Turtle Mountain, and that the roundabout way of which La Verendrye complains so bitterly was

the turning at Pembina Mountain from his Southerly direction to one that led West by North. In that event, the third leg of his journey would be from Turtle Mountain by way of Mouse River to the Mandan village.

It is worth remembering that on the 21st of October, 1738, La Verendrye, first of white men, put his foot upon what is to-day the soil of the State of North Dakota, and don't forget that La Verendrye was a Canadian!

La Verendrye's description of the Assiniboines is not without interest. He got there on the 18th of November in the afternoon. A number of couriers had come out to meet him, and their arrival was hailed with great joy. "They gave us and all our men," says La Verendrye, "very good cheer."

Two days later they were on the march again, accompanied by almost the entire villages. La Verendrye was impressed with the discipline of the Assiniboines. "They march," he says, "in three columns, with skirmishers in front and on the wings and a good rearguard. The old and disabled go with the main body in the middle. If the skirmishers perceive herds of buffalo on the way, as often happens, a cry is raised, which is quickly heard by the rearguard, and all the most active men in the column join the vanguard, so as to surround the buffalo. While the hunt goes on, a camping ground is marked out, and no one must go any farther. The women make the camp, bring in the meat, and in fact do all the really hard work. Dogs are used often to carry firewood, as they often have to camp where it is unobtainable."

The Assiniboine chief had sent some of his young men ahead to inform the Mandans that La Verendrye

was coming to visit them, and a rendezvous had been arranged some way from the Mandan villages. The explorer arrived at the rendezvous on the morning of the 28th. In the evening a Mandan chief, with thirty warriors, approached the camp. The chief studied it for some time from a hilltop. La Verendrye sent messengers out to meet him, and he was conducted to the explorer's lodge.

"He came and sat beside me," says La Verendrye, "and presented me with Indian corn in the ear and a roll of their tobacco, which is not good, as they do not know how to cure it. I gave him some of mine, which he found very good."

La Verendrye had looked forward to this meeting with intense interest. From the very beginning of his expedition, some years before, he had been hearing extraordinary accounts of the Mandans, and their apparently civilized manners and customs. The Chippeway and the Cree had told him such wonderful tales that his curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch. Even in the Assiniboine camp he had been assured, or thought he had been, that the Mandans were undoubtedly white men, Frenchmen like himself, who said they were descended from the same race. Everything they said gave him hope of making a very remarkable discovery.

Now that he had actually met the Mandans, La Verendrye was quickly disillusioned. "I confess," he says, "I was greatly surprised, as I expected to see people quite different from the other savages, according to the stories that had been told me. They do not as a matter of fact differ from the Assiniboines, being naked except for a garment of buffalo skin. I knew then that there was a large discount to be taken off all that had been told me."

The chief told La Verendrye through an interpreter that his village was the nearest of six. The others were larger and on the banks of the Missouri. He begged him to make his home with him, as his village was well stocked with provisions.

As he had entered the camp the Mandan chief had noted with some dismay the numbers of the Assiniboines. He had no mind to play host to such a horde of hungry neighbors, but custom compelled him to do so unless he could manage to get rid of them. Knowing the fear of the Assiniboines for the Sioux, he thought he saw a way. Turning to the Assiniboines, he thanked them for having brought the explorer to visit the Mandans. They could not, he said, have arrived at a more opportune time. The Sioux had learned of the approach of the French, and would soon be there. He begged the French and the Assiniboines to help the Mandans against their enemy.

La Verendrye, who did not at first understand the situation, was overjoyed. The Sioux had treacherously murdered his eldest son, and he was fully prepared to take sides with the Mandans against them. He promised the chief that if the Sioux arrived while he and his men were with the Mandans, they would give him all the help in their power.

The Assiniboines, on the contrary, were dismayed, and hastily met in council to decide what they should do. The majority were in favor of instantly returning to their village. An old chief rose to his feet. "Don't think," he cried, "that our father [La Verendrye] is a coward. I know him better than you do. I have been with him ever since he left his fort. The Sioux are not able to frighten him or any of his men. What will he think of us, though? He has lengthened his journey in order

to join us. We undertook to accompany him to the Mandans and bring him back safely to his fort. He would be at the Mandan village now if he had not listened to us. And yet you talk of abandoning him and letting him go on alone. That shall never be. If you are afraid of the Sioux, stay here until we return, and let the men who are men follow our father."

This was too much for the pride of the Assiniboines. It was at once determined that a few men should remain behind to guard the women, and that all the rest should march forward with La Verendrye. The Mandan bluff had been unconsciously called. However, the Mandans were not so badly off, even if they had to feed a lot of Assiniboines. As La Verendrye says, they were much more wily traders than their Northern neighbors, and generally got the best of them in trade. The Assiniboine brought guns, axes, kettles, powder, bullets, knives, awls, and other things they obtained from the French, and traded them for skins, grain, tobacco, and colored plumes.

They left on the evening of the 30th, about six hundred men in all. Three days later, when they were about seven leagues from the first Mandan village, one of the Assiniboines disappeared with La Verendrye's bag containing all his papers and toilet articles. He instantly sent two young men after the thief. They overtook him, recovered the property, but instead of bringing it back to the unfortunate explorer, carried the bag to their village to await La Verendrye's return. They were taking no unnecessary chances in Sioux country.

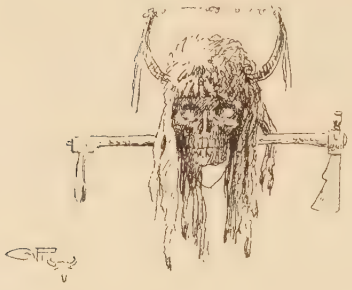
"The following morning," says La Verendrye, "I found, near to a small river, a number of people who had come to meet us. They had lighted a fire while waiting,

and had brought along some cooked corn and flour worked into a paste with pumpkin, so as to give us all something to eat. Two chiefs had prepared me a place near the fire, but first they gave me some food and a pipe. We continued resting for two full hours.

"Then I was notified that it was time to move on. I made one of my sons take the flag, showing in colors the arms of France, and march at the head, while the French were directed to march in proper marching order. Sieur Nolant relieved my son by taking turns with him in carrying the flag. The Mandans would not let me walk, offering to carry me, and I had to consent, the Assiniboines begging me to do so, and saying that I should displease the Mandans greatly if I refused.

"At four arpents from the fort, on a little elevation, a party of the older men of the village, accompanied by a great number of young men, were waiting to present me with the pipe and to show me the two collars I had sent them four or five years before. They gave seats to me and to M. de Lamarque. I received their compliments, the substance of which was that they were delighted at our arrival. I ordered my son, the chevalier, to draw the French up in line with the standard four paces in front. All the Assiniboines who had guns fell into line also, and after the compliments were over I ordered a salute to the fort of three volleys. A great many people had come to meet us, but that was nothing in comparison with what we saw on the ramparts and along the ditches. I marched in good order to the fort, which I entered on the 3d of December at four in the afternoon, escorted by all the French and the Assiniboines."

There, I think, we may take leave of La Verendrye—the discoverer of Dakota.



DAVID THOMPSON, ASTRONOMER AND GEOGRAPHER: AN ADDRESS BY T. C. ELLIOTT

THE setting of this scene is unusual. We stand in the great plains region of North America, where human vision extends to far distant horizons, and the mind is inspired by the glories of the sunset or awed by the fury of the gathering storm. We are "In the Land of the Dakotahs," familiar by the lines of Longfellow; we are in the prairie country, to which is said to have come the hero of our boyhood hours, Old Leatherstocking, with dog and gun, to end his days of perfect adventure; we are near where the fanciful mind of Jonathan Carver pictured the source of the River of the West to be and first placed the name Oregon on the map. We also stand in the track of empire moving Westward, a region traversed a comparatively short time ago by only Assiniboine, Mandan, Sioux, who have given way to the sturdy pioneers of two nations. And, by careful forethought, we stand near the camping places of the two white men who preëminently led the way of scientific exploration across these plains—Sieur de la Verendrye, the courageous Frenchman, and David Thompson, who is becoming recognized as one of the greatest land geographers the Eng-

lish race ever produced. It is my privilege to sketch some of the high lights of the career of David Thompson.

The poet has also referred to this Dakota and Minnesota country thus:

> Oh, the long and dreary Winter!
> Oh, the cold and cruel Winter!
> Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
> Froze the ice on lake and river,
> Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
> Fell the snow on all the landscape.

And these vivid words serve to introduce Thompson in this salubrious climate in the winter season of 1797-8. He was then a fur trader in the service of the Northwest Company, of Canada. Winter is not favorable for travel over the plains country, but it was all in the day's work of a fur trader. Sieur de la Verendrye had been a trader sixty years previously, but the business had not then become organized. Thompson was designated the astronomer of the Company; a rather high-sounding name, but indicating the intelligent and thorough methods employed. He was thus styled because of his skill in the use of the sextant, chronometer, telescope, and compass; and his duty was to determine the latitude and longitude of the various trading posts. He also mapped, by courses and distances, the winding of the river routes and land trails.

But Thompson was more than a salaried trader and skilled mathematician. He could recognize and describe the birds of the air, the fish of the streams, and the animals of plains and mountains; the trees of the prairie and the forests of the hills; the dialects of the Indian tribes and their manners and customs. He loved life in

the wide spaces of the plains or in the shadows of the lofty mountains and in direct communion with his Maker. He was a man of soul, as well as of keen mind and skillful hand.

Earlier in the year (1797) there had been recorded in Thompson's journal the following brief entry: "May 23 —This day left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and entered that of the Company of Merchants of Canada. May God Almighty prosper me." This entry was made before a walk of seventy-five miles, alone, from one trading post to another in the Reindeer Lake region of Canada. He was now twenty-seven, and had served the Hudson's Bay Company faithfully since 1784, when, as a boy of fourteen, under a seven-year apprenticeship, he landed from one of their ships at Fort Churchill on the bleak shores of Hudson Bay. His associations during these intervening years had been entirely with the men (there were no women at the trading posts) of the Company and the Indians they dealt with; rather harsh environment for an ambitious boy. He was an omniverous reader of such books as were available, and a natural mathematician. One winter at Cumberland House, he was tutored by Philip Turner, a kindly man, who was proficient in surveying and astronomy, and who taught young David the map of the heavens and the use of astronomical instruments. Practice and genuine love for the work soon brought skill and success. It may be added that by the Indians of the Salish tribes of the Columbia basin he was called Koo-koo-sint, the Star-Man. Of this, J. B. Tyrrell, of Toronto, the real biographer of Thompson, has written:

"How different he was from the other explorers, whose names are in all North American histories, is sug-

THE FREE TRAPPER

gested by his achievements as an astronomer. He was not satisfied with being a traveler, trader, and hunter by day, but was a scientist at night. He worked out his astronomical calculations mainly during the winters. But before astronomical calculations there must be astronomical observations. Nobody could read the firmament by daylight. While others slept or idled, Thompson, on clear nights, was measuring the stars. At Cumberland House, one winter, he spent thirty-five nights in the open air. Everywhere, at every opportunity, he studied the jeweled heavens. To the Indians his wizardry became a proverb."

The influence of the fur trade upon the discovery and exploration of the interior of North America is too little known and understood. The quest for furs brought the first white men to every state and province between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains. This same quest, when organized, caused much of this same region to be surveyed and mapped and made known to civilized man; and the skins of the beaver and other fur-bearing animals constituted the first articles of commerce from these plains to the markets of the world.

The British traders (Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company) did not establish trading posts on the Missouri, but often sent wintering parties to barter with the Mandans, a curious people of peculiar morals, not engaged in hunting as much as other Indians, who lived in villages surrounded by stockades and cultivated the ground to raise maize, pumpkins, beans, and melons. Until 1803 all the watershed of the Missouri (and, under strong presumption, all the region West of the Mississippi and South of the forty-ninth parallel) was part of Louisiana, which belonged successively to France, to Spain, and to France again; and the British had no

such treaty rights here as they did with the United States in regard to the region East of the Mississippi. Trade through the St. Louis licensees of Spain did not extend so far up the Missouri to any extent, and friendly relations then existed between the Assiniboines and the Mandans.

But it was not in connection with this trade that Thompson, with nine companions, and dog sleds to carry their baggage, undertook his two-hundred-and-forty mile journey across these plains in December, 1797. He had instructions from the officials of the Northwest Company to determine the latitude of the Mandan villages with reference to that of the Grand Portage and the mouth of the St. Louis River at Lake Superior, and to do so he must cross this wide strip of what may be termed "no man's land," as between nations, at that time.

My college professor of Greek used to say: "Herodotus lived in the pages of his works." In the same sense, David Thompson lived in the closely written sheets of his notebooks or journals. A few excerpts, taken here and there from his own day-to-day account of the journey across these plains, will afford an almost personal glimpse of him. The following are taken from his *Narrative*:

> Dec. 1st. 1797. A WSW gale. Thermometer 37 below zero. We could not proceed, but had the good fortune to kill a good bison cow, which has kept us in good humor. . . .
>
> Dec. 3rd. At 8 A.M. 3, at 8 P.M. 3; the weather was now mild, but a WNW gale came on with snow and high drift, so that we could not see one-fourth mile from us. And our journey is over open plains, from one patch of wood to another patch; for the Mouse River, on which we are camped, has woods only in places, and many miles distant from each other. And these patches of woods must be kept in sight to guide over the plains

and none of the men knew the use of the compass, and did not like to trust it. We could not proceed, and the tent was disagreeable with smoke.

Dec. 4th. 7 A.M. 4 above zero, WSW gale of wind. At 9 A.M. we set off, and went eleven miles to a grove of oaks, ash, elm, nut trees, and other hard woods, which are always the woods of this river. . . . We then followed the river banks for seven miles and camped at 4 P.M. The river is about twenty yards wide, at present the water very low.

Dec. 9. 7 A.M. Ther. 26 below zero. We went up the river SW 7½ miles to eight tents of Stone (Assiniboine) Indians. . . . We went about three miles and put up in view of the Turtle Hill.

Dec. 10th. 7 A.M. Ther. 20 below zero. The hummock of woods on the Turtle Hill, which was our mark, gave our course by the compass S 30 East. As we had to cross a plain of twenty-two miles, and having felt the severe changes of weather, I desired the men to follow in close file, for they now had faith in the compass. At 7½ A.M. our bit of a caravan set off; as the dogs were fresh, we walked at a good pace for some time, a gentle South wind arose; and kept increasing; by 10 A.M. it was a heavy gale, with high drift and dark weather, so much so that I had to keep the compass in my hand, for I could not trust to the wind. By noon it was a perfect storm; we had no alternative but to proceed, which we did slowly and with great labor, for the storm was ahead and the snow drift in our faces. Night came on, I could no longer see the compass, and we had to trust to the wind; the weather became mild with small rain, but the storm continued with darkness; some of the foremost called to lie down where we were, but it was evident we were ascending a gentle rising ground; we continued, and soon, thank good Providence, my face struck against some oak saplings, and I passed the word that we were in the woods. A fire was quickly made. . . . At 7½ P.M. Ther. 36, being four degrees above the freezing point; by a South wind making, in little more than twelve hours, a difference of temperature of fifty-six degrees. I had weathered many a hard gale, but this was the most distressing day I had yet seen.

Dec. 13th. At 7 A.M. Ther. 15 below zero, clear weather with a North gale and high drift; we could not proceed, but as usual in clear weather I observed for latitude and longitude and variation of the compass. Lat. 48° 59′ 36″.

Dec. 16th at 7 A.M. Ther. 19 below zero. We could go no further along the Turtle Hill, and had to cross a wide plain to a grove of oaks on Mouse River; the wind blowing a North gale with drift, the men were unwilling to proceed, having suffered so much; but as wind was on our backs I persuaded them to follow me, and at 8:20 A.M. we set off, and safely arrived at the grove, our course S by W nineteen miles. On our way we fortunately killed a fat cow bison, which was a blessing, for we had not tasted a bit of good meat for many days, and we had nothing else to subsist on. . . .

Dec. 19th. At 7 A.M. Ther. 17 below zero, 9 P.M. 24 below zero. All day a dreadful storm from the Westward, with big drift. The sky was as obscure as night, the roaring of the wind was like the waves of the stormy sea on the rocks; it was a terrible day. . . . For my part I am utterly at a loss to account for such violent winds on this part of the Plains.

Dec. 22nd. At 7 A.M. Ther. 32 below zero, N.W. breeze and clear keen cold day. At 8½ A.M. set off, still following the river, SSW'd for fifteen miles and put up. Where there are woods along this river they are in narrow ledges of forty to one hundred yards width. All the rest are the boundless plains.

The next three entries are taken from his original notebooks.

Dec. 23rd, Saturday. A cloudy, cold snowy day till noon, when it cleared and became fine. At 8½ A.M. set off. Three men went ahead to hunt. They killed four bulls, no cows at all about us. Co. South 50 W 9 m. End of Co. high banks; walked along below the heights. Course S 60 W 3 m. (illeg). About 4 P.M. put up at the stream where they usually set off for the Missourie. The woods mostly all oak, no aspins. One of the oaks about 3 fthm (?) Bled Hugh McCrackan, who is very ill. (Latitude 48° 9′ 15″.)

Dec. 24th. Sunday. A very fine mild morn and day. Wind South.—At 2 P.M. (?) The drift pouring down the hill (?) storm. At 8½ we set off for the W'd end of the Dog Tent Hill, Co. to the top of the heights ESE ½ m, then S 48 W 19 m. to a gully (?) the foremost reached it at 4½ P.M. we did not get to it till (?) P.M. walked tolerably hard. At 1½ P.M. the very elbow of the Mouse River or its S.W. extremity bore N.W. by W 1½ m. from us—hilly ground. The River Mouse then comes from W.N.W.

Dec. 28th. Thursday. A very fine warm clear day, thank God. At 7 A.M. Ther. 20 plus. At 7:40 A.M. set off to cross the great plain that lies between the rivers Mouse and Missourie; took firewood and tent poles with us. Co. abt. S 40 W 22 m., hilly road and deep snow. At 4½ P.M. put up in the plain. At the time we put up I viewed the land. The little lake lay abt. SSe. of us 8 m. A Pt of woods seemingly the Missourie S by W 15 m extending to the SW in gullies 18 or 20 m then ended. Saw very few buffalo. At 3½ P.M. saw abt 10 or 12 men on horseback abt 4 m beyond the little lake. They were going for the river. They were not the convoy of the English who this day left the Mandan Village on their return. The lake must have been the Grand Lake, not the little lake, as Mr. Jussomme said.

The following day he traveled fifteen miles S 25 W to the Missouri at a point about seventeen miles above the principal village of the Mandans.

These excerpts are from the field notes (in later years rewritten as a narrative) of the first trained engineer that ever traversed these Dakota plains. They include his record of the temperature at morning and evening; of the latitude and longitude of various stations; his description of the blizzard, of the streams and the lands through which they flow and the trees growing on their banks; of the animals found here and the manner and customs of the Indians he came in contact with. Remember, please, that this record has stood the test of scientific

verification and ethnological study since the time in which it was made (1797-8); then multiply this record of the incidents of sixty days by twenty-five years of such travel over the wide range of prairies, streams, and lakes between the Athabasca and the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay, through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and in the basin of the Columbia; then appreciate what contribution to knowledge this man Thompson made, and why his name is becoming more and more known and honored to-day!

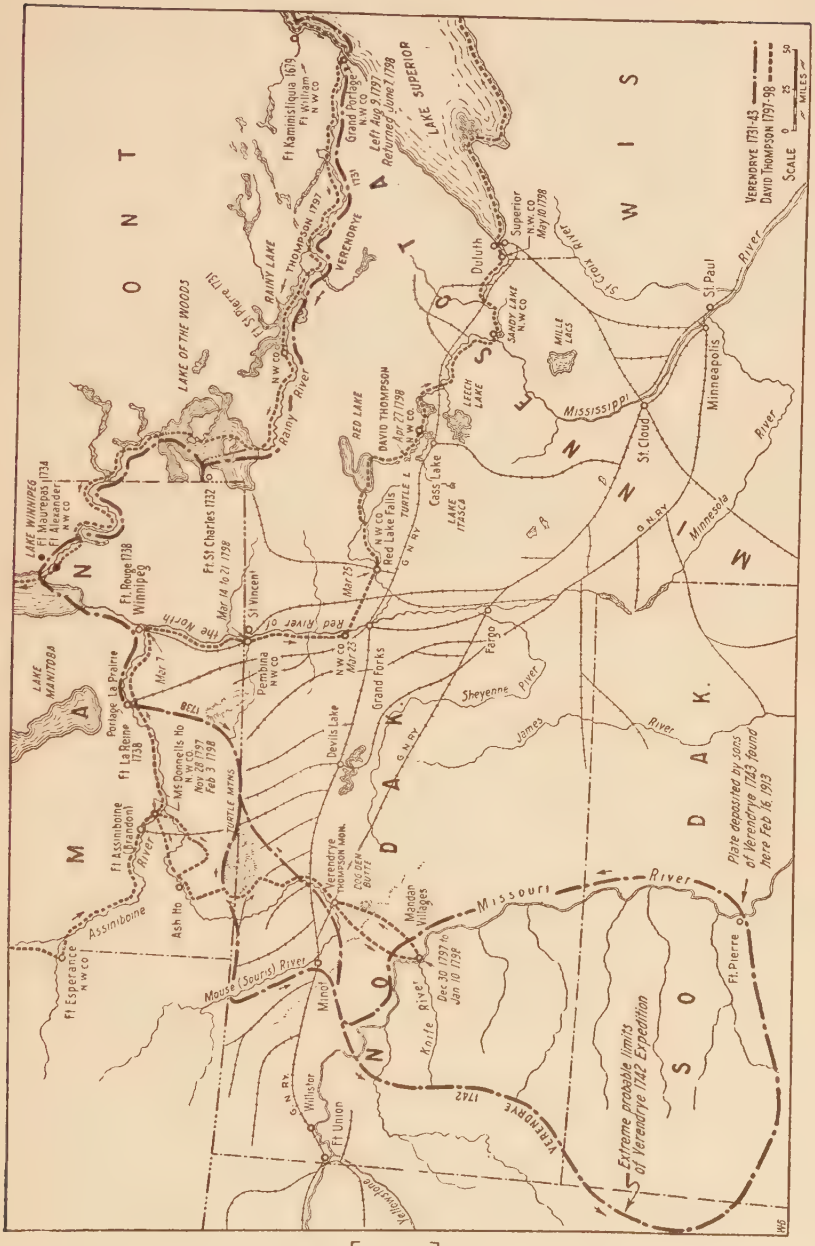
The science of geography is basic. Knowledge of geography was necessary to plan any campaign against the Indians or to build any railroad across these plains, or to begin mining in the mountains. It is impossible to plan to go anywhere without knowledge of where you are with relation to where you wish to go. Before Sir Walter Raleigh could interest Queen Elizabeth in an enterprise to colonize the Eastern shore of America, he employed Richard Hakluyt to sketch the geography of the New World and the ocean. During a period of more than twenty-five years Thompson traversed a wide belt of interior North America and the Pacific Slope, and then he devoted two years to placing the record of that travel on maps which have been the basis for correct cartography of much of that region ever since. His maps, and the notebooks to which you have listened, constitute his title to the name of geographer, as well as of astronomer and fur trader.

Thompson's first twelve months of service with the Northwest Company were to be marked by a still more remarkable example of forceful activity, namely, the location of the most Northerly source, then believed to be the real source, of the Mississippi. His stay at the Man-

dan Villages was brief; also that at the trading post at the mouth of Mouse River (now Brandon, Manitoba). On the 24th of February, 1798, he set off again, with "three Canadians and an Indian to guide us and six dogs hauling three sleds with our provisions and baggage," on a walk of one hundred and seventy-five miles on the ice down the Assiniboine River to the site of Winnipeg. The record of latitude and longitude then set down agrees very closely with that now established at that point. There he turned Southward up Red River, and about the 13th of March arrived at the present Pembina, North Dakota, whose location he found to be a mile or so South of the forty-ninth parallel. These positive locations of that parallel, which became in later years the boundary between Canada and the United States, were the first ever made West of the Lake of the Woods, as far as I have been able to ascertain. Years later (1816-1826) Thompson was the official surveyor employed by the British government on the joint commission which marked that boundary from the St. Lawrence west to the Lake of the Woods.

Travel on the ice was no longer possible because of thawing weather, so he traveled South on the banks of Red River, and then East across country to the present site of Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, where a trading post of the Northwest Company was located. He reached there virtually one month after leaving the mouth of Mouse River, and walked the entire distance. How would golf, as an item of exercise, have appealed to David Thompson?

The next objective was the mouth of St. Louis River, where Duluth, Minnesota, has since been built; two or three small trading posts on the way were to be located,



THE ROUTES OF LA VERENDRYE AND THOMPSON

but the imperative duty was the definite location of the source of the Mississippi River. This source, presumably the Northernmost source, had been specified as an important station on the Northwestern boundary of the United States, in the treaties of 1783 and 1794. Ignorance of the treaty-makers as to the location of this important landmark had resulted in a physical gap of one hundred miles in the line, and consequent confusion. Both treaties reserved to Great Britain the right of use and access to the navigable waters of the Mississippi. Those especially interested, the high officials of the Northwest Company, still had hopes that a new boundary might be agreed to. Had the ideas of Alexander Mackenzie, one of those officials, been followed, such new line would have run from the Lake of the Woods South to the mouth of the river St. Croix and thence due West to the Pacific Ocean. In such event the Great Northern might have been a branch line of the Canadian Pacific, and this illustrious gathering have met under different auspices. Only disturbed conditions in Europe prevented more serious demands for adjustment of the boundary, and it was not until 1803 that the Northwest Company removed their headquarters from Grand Portage to Fort William.

Thompson handed in his report of this survey to Alexander Mackenzie in person at Sault Ste. Marie on the 23rd of May, 1798, and was warmly commended for the rapid and satisfactory service he had performed. He had not been expected so soon.

The difficulties and hardships of those days in the lake and muskeg country of Northern Minnesota, in the early spring of 1798, cannot be better told than in Thompson's own *Narrative*, and only brief epitome can

be given here. Walking was no longer possible. His canoe often had to be loaded on a rude sled and dragged across lakes where ice had not melted or portages where poles were laid for corduroy. Often trees were cut down to lie on at night, no camp fire was practicable, and their rations for twelve days consisted of meat cooked before starting. Turtle Lake (Lat. 47° 39′ 15″) was reached on April 28th and the trading post on Red Cedar (now Cass) Lake about May 1st. Thence the route followed the interminable sinuosities of the Mississippi to the mouth of Sand Lake River and then turned Eastward to a swamp four miles in width, and seemingly as many deep, dividing the watershed to St. Louis River. The party consisted of Thompson and three ignorant but jovial voyageurs, and the Indian wife of one of the men.

David Thompson designated Turtle Lake as the source of the Mississippi. He did not attempt to penetrate to the small lakes further South which contribute their waters to form the river; he adopted the opinion of the resident traders and the Indians that Turtle Lake was the source, and it best fitted the scheme of the treaties, being nearest to the Lake of the Woods. He was not seeking the honor of discoverer, but his field observations and notes are those of the first engineer that ever attempted to locate the source. He did his work practically alone, and the conditions he labored under were extremely forbidding. It is pertinent to inquire who, if not he, is entitled to the honor of discovery. Itasca Lake, some thirty miles further South and West, has since been declared to be the source of the Mississippi.

Thompson's boyhood was spent in the parish of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, England, and when

only two years old his father's death is noted in that same parish (in 1772), the burial being at parish expense. David was born in poverty, and at the age of seven years was enrolled as a member of Grey Coat School, then a charity school for boys located near Westminster Abbey, London, and remained there until apprenticed to the Hudson's Bay Company, as already mentioned. His only education was acquired at this school.

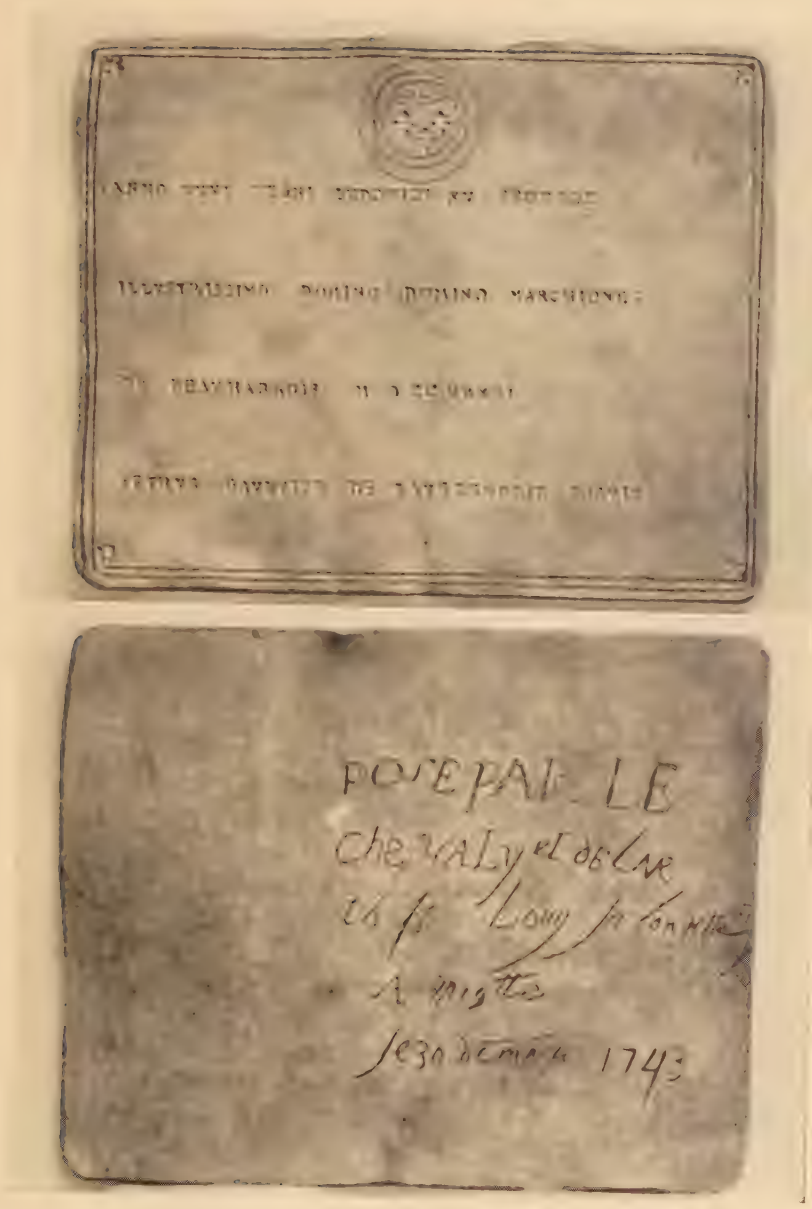
In 1778 in London there was published a book that has since gone through some thirty editions. It was entitled *Travels in the Interior Parts of North America*, by Jonathan Carver. The author seriously relates that the Height of Land or backbone of this continent lies not far East from where we now stand, and that out of it flowed four principal rivers—the Mississippi, St. Lawrence, Bourbon (or Red River) and the River of the West or Oregon. On account of this book and the ramifications of the famous Carver Grant, the name of Carver is historic in Minnesota, where a county has been named in his honor.

Whether this work, which at once became a best seller on the London market, penetrated to the voracious mental appetite of the boy David Thompson, it is impossible to say, but it is a curious coincidence that twenty years later that charity school boy traversed this very part of the continent with sextant and telescope and scientifically disproved what Carver (the adventurer) had written. The contrast may be carried still further. Ten years afterward, in 1807, this David Thompson became the discover of the actual source and upper reaches of the Columbia, that "River of the West," which Carver so picturesquely mentioned. Exit Jonathan Carver!

THE BUFFALO HUNT

The five years (1807-1812) spent by Thompson in crossing and recrossing the Canadian Rockies, and in surveying the entire length of the Columbia, by courses and distances and meteorological observations (he being the first white man ever seen on three-fourths of that river), and in similar surveys of the Pend Oreille, Clark Fork, Flathead and Kootenay Rivers, and in planting trading posts which became the first marts for commerce within the present States of Washington, Idaho and Western Montana and Southeastern British Columbia, were rated by him as the crowning achievement of his life as a trader. The story of those years, as told by him, reads like a romance. Limitation of time forbids further mention here, but his return from the Columbia District, in the spring and summer of 1812, affords another striking contrast.

We stand beside one of the most highly developed arteries of travel by rail from ocean to ocean. Not far away any American or Canadian citizen can steer his own bonded conveyance over a highway (constructed at public expense)without any serious thought of the Pullman surcharge or the cost of maintenance or gasoline. Sixty years ago, as many remember, such travel was by stage-coach and covered wagon. But during the fur trade period the lakes and rivers furnished the rights of way and routing for through communication across the continent. In the spring of 1812 Thompson started from Spokane with a cargo of furs weighing several tons; he had spent the winter in the Flathead country of Montana. He transported these furs to Fort William, on Lake Superior, and from there they were carried to Montreal. His route was up the Columbia River, over the mountains and down the Athabasca, over the portages



THE LA VERENDRYE LEAD PLATE BURIED BY THE EXPLORER ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE MISSOURI AT PIERRE, S. D., ON MARCH 30, 1743.

to the waters of the Saskatchewan or the Churchill, and down that stream, through Winnipeg and Rainy Lakes and connecting streams to destination.

On the 4th of April, 1814, a brigade of ten canoes, containing seventy-six men, baggage and provisions, took its departure from Astoria, then called Fort George, up the Columbia River en route for various parts of the East, at least one of the party carrying reports in his belt for John Jacob Astor in New York City. These were the returning officers and men, both of the Pacific Fur Company and the Northwest Company, after the final transfer of the Astor interests on the Columbia to the "Northwesters." This large party followed the route already outlined, which for a period of at least thirty years was the line of direct communication across the continent for the carrying of mail and express, and some freight between the trading posts of the fur traders. Mail from Boston and elsewhere in the East to the missionary settlers of the Willamette Valley and Walla Walla, and vice versa, was carried over that route; a semiannual service was maintained with great regularity. The man who first explored, surveyed and traveled this original transcontinental route (North of Mexico) was David Thompson, and his scientific location of various important points along the way stands to-day as essentially correct, according to superior instruments now in use.

Thompson cannot be said to have been infallible; he made mistakes in his estimates of distances and of the height of mountains. His published narrative is not free from amplifications incident to his age when it was compiled, and is not a source of political history. Among his associates he was not what we call popular, high class men though they were, as a rule. His ideas differed from

theirs, and he scorned some of the uneconomic methods at the trading posts. He abhorred liquor as an article of trade, refused to use it, and for this was subject to friendly ridicule, if not complaint. He was devout in his daily life, and discouraged immorality among the voyageurs and servants; often his family accompanied him on his long journeys and shared the dangers and hardships. He loved his work and did it well. Retiring from the fur trade in 1812, he devoted two years to putting his records in order and drawing a large map of Western Canada, which hung on the wall of the banquet room of Fort William for years, and is now in Toronto. Then, after ten years' service for the British government, he retired at fifty-four, although necessity later compelled his return to active surveying for a time.

He lived to the ripe age of eighty-seven, in spite of the exposures of his career. Of his last years it is painful to think. Misfortune and poverty overtook him. He died at Longeuil in 1857, and was buried in the Mt. Royal Cemetery, Montreal. He was a faithful attendant at the Episcopal Church, and over his coffin there must have been read the usual phrase of the service: "We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can take nothing out of it. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Travelers over the new highways and partakers of the civilization of 1925, we gather for an hour at this camping place on the old Indian trail from the Assiniboine to the Missouri to offer our tribute of honor to a great scientist, who has for many years rested from his labors. It is altogether fitting that we do this. For those who follow, this symbolic monument of granite bears the name David Thompson, Astronomer and Geographer.

AT the evening banquet, which the citizens of Minot generously gave to the members of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition, some interesting points were brought out in speeches, which were more informal talks than addresses. Toastmaster Wilson, Mayor Bratsberg, Mr. Smart, and Governor Sorlie all drew attention to the fact it was the same dauntless discoverer's spirit of adventuring the unknown that had brought the settler and every new successful project to the West.

Mr. Doane Robinson, Superintendent of the Historical Department for South Dakota and himself a foremost authority on the Sioux, whose history he has written, at the close of a humorous talk which recalled to his hearers that twenty years ago Mr. Robinson's poems were a regular monthly feature of the *Century*—narrated the particulars of the discovery of the La Verendryes' lead plate at Pierre. As this established La Verendrye as the discoverer of South Dakota as well as North

Dakota, and proves he followed the Missouri South of the Mandan Villages as white men first knew them, the story is worth retelling:

"I am particularly requested to relate here the story of the recovery of the plate deposited by the Verendryes at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, on March 30, 1743, in evidence of the claim they then and there made, of the Missouri Valley for France.

"Verendrye Hill, in the village of Fort Pierre, as the eminence where the plate was deposited has come to be known, is the nearest elevation to the junction of the Bad River with the Missouri. It stands at the heel of an ell twist in the Missouri. To the right, extended before it straight as the crow flies for a distance of twenty miles, stretches the island dotted Antelope Reach of the steamboating days; to the left the view extends up the mighty stream to the 'Navy Yard' of the Fur Trading days, fifteen miles distant. It is a point always easily identified, and was no doubt chosen for that reason. At the foot of the hill, Fort Pierre nestles, and across the stream the State Capitol stands majestically against the sky line.

"February 16, 1913, was a summery Sunday afternoon, such a winter afternoon as only the Dakotas can produce. A party of high school students, boys and girls, experiencing the urge of the first great adventure, were out for a stroll. George O'Reilly and Harriet May Foster were standing deeply engrossed in their own felicity; Harriet May, with downcast eyes, listened enraptured to George, the prophet of perpetual happiness. As she listened she observed a bit of metal projecting from the earth and placing her toe under it pried it from the soil.

A RAID OF THE BLACKFEET

One of them picked it up; which of them may never be definitely known. They discovered upon it an inscription in a foreign tongue, and this induced them to retain it for further investigation. Going down into the village they met Messrs. Elmer W. Anderson and George W. White, members of the State Legislature. White was a former schoolmaster, and when shown the plate at once recognized it, and he told them it was very valuable. George, imagining that 'very valuable' meant a million dollars, at once knew that he was the discoverer of the relic and he had possession of it, which I am informed is several points of the law.

"That evening an excited voice called me over the telephone to tell me the Verendrye plate had been recovered. At the first opportunity Mr. Charles E. DeLand and myself, sensing the historical importance of the discovery, crossed the river and took the testimony of each of the youngsters present when the plate was unearthed.

"After several years the members of the State Historical Society contributed a fund and placed it in my hands to purchase the rights of the disputants. To George we paid the sum of five hundred dollars and secured possession of the relic. Harriet relinquished such rights as she may have had for two hundred dollars, and the city of Fort Pierre, owner of the soil, having perhaps some rights under the law of Treasure Trove, quitclaimed, and the undisputed title is vested in the State of South Dakota. The precious relic is in the custody of the Department of History. The interest in it is remarkable; its fame has spread across the earth, and a procession passes constantly before it."

In referring to the discoverers who blazed the first trail across the Mississippi to the Missouri, Agnes Laut

drew attention to the fact that the racial migration West was one of the longest and vastest known in human history, the distance traversed being over three thousand miles and the population now dwelling in the Middle West exceeding sixty millions.

"Take the first of the great discoverers and explorers of the Upper Mississippi!

"The most obdurate historian to-day acknowledges that Pierre Esprit Radisson was the first white man to reach the Upper Mississippi, though I am not going to involve myself in the controversy as to whether that year was 1656 or 1661.

"Let me quote his words. I speak from memory: 'Why should nations in Europe fight for a rock in a sterile land when there is plenty in abundance for all races of the world?'

"Yet as far as I know there is not a monument erected to Radisson in the world. The only reward he got for his boon to humanity was to be persecuted by the statecraft of two nations and to be forcibly expelled from England and France by the secret orders of two courts.

"Why did he follow the divine urge to find the way to the Western Sea?

"Again and again, you find in his Journals, where he is recounting attack and ambuscade and escape from death by a hair, when he questioned why he left the comfort of a soft bed and a safe roof at home to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of that Light which is on neither land nor sea.

"It was not the quest of gain; for he was robbed so often of his pelts that his utmost reward was one hundred pounds, or five hundred dollars, a year. If he had been

content to be a mere barterer in furs, he could have died a rich man; but always, like a demon or angel at his side, was that urge to press on to the Western Sea.

"You will find the same urge in the life of Verendrye, of Thompson, of Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

"What was the divine urge?

"With the blind faith of little children, following the rainbow arch of hope to the fabled pot of gold, these men followed the Light: and we dwell and prosper in that Light to-day.

"The point that seems to me self-evident is that these men, using their daily task as the jumping-off board, were the unconscious instruments of a divine destiny.

"All but Mackenzie died in poverty. Not one reaped the reward of his toil. When working in 'Hudson's Bay House,' London, I found the address of Radisson's dwelling in a little by-lane off Great Tower Street. I remember I didn't wait to close the Minute Books of the Company. With my sister, I jumped into a two-wheeler and beat it for the little lane, where I found Radisson had lived next to Pepys, the great diarist of the Admiralty, which explains how it was Pepys preserved the Journals of Radisson.

"The Journals, as preserved by Pepys and as rewritten in the translations of the Hudson's Bay Company, have some curious discrepancies, of which I'll give one. In his fifth voyage to the North Sea, Radisson records: 'Found the men of the Fort all drunk.' The Hudson's Bay Company translation runs: 'Found the gentlemen of the Company greatly preoccupied.' So we must not scalp Radisson in our modern histories for some discrepancies in his Journals, for you will find in the Hudson's Bay Minutes payments for 'translating Mr. Radisson's Journals,' di-

rections to suppress this or that for State reasons; and we must remember some of the gentlemen who translated his Journals 'were greatly preoccupied.'

"It may interest you to know Mr. Louis W. Hill now possesses an exact photostat of the Radisson Journals, with his petition in French and English to the State Department of France and England against the slanderous attacks to blacken his memory. You can see his signature to one petition, which disposes of the charge that he was an ignorant outlaw and wood-runner, who could neither read nor write.

"But in this great inrush of discoverers, racing to find a path to the Pacific, we must not forget one man, who preceded both Lewis and Clark and the ill-fated Astorians—a name as completely forgotten as Radisson's—Captain Gray, who discovered the real entrance to the Columbia, and I confess, when recently on the Pacific, it staggered me to find there is not a single monument in the West in honor of Gray.

"A chest, a picture of his boat, a medal, a few trinkets picked up by him in Hawaii repose in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society—that is all.

"And yet, if you read history closely when the dispute came up as to who owned Oregon, it was not the prior possession by the pioneers that settled it. It was not McLoughlin's magnificent magnanimity to the overlanders, or the heroism of the Whitmans and Spauldings and Lees. It was the plain fact, which could not be downed, that an unknown sea captain, named Gray, had belted the seas and entered the tide-up of the Columbia and taken possession of Oregon before Captain Vancouver.

"Then history turned another page, the era of the

Covered Wagon, the Pioneers, of whom enough can not be said in praise; and history has done them justice in monumental highways and such beautiful structures as mark the Columbia Highway.

"Again history turns the page, closer to our own day this time, but equally vital to the West.

"First, the canoe threading lonely amber waters between the funereal shadowy pines, with the hermit thrush singing its shy morning melody and the lark caroling to the very sun!

"Then, the white-sailed clippers racing round the world, showing their heels to all the fastest coursers of the sea!

"Then, the Covered Wagon, with lonely-eyed women and eager-faced men, and the smell of camp fires that send our racial memories harking back to ages when 'the morning stars sang with the sons of God'; sang with the joy of life at full tide and hope that could not be too great for the reward to the sons of God. And I like to believe that all of these founders of the West were 'sons of God' for a destiny in which we, too, must play our part as heroes of the daily task.

"After the Covered Wagon came the steel rail—in fact, two little steel rails.

"Did you ever reflect how slowly Western development might have proceeded without the steel rail?

"Think it over!

"When we come to the era of the Steel Rail, we encounter some colossal personalities, to whom we have done scant justice; but I am going to mention only two of these to-night—James J. Hill and Lord Strathcona, his first partner, who was Donald A. Smith, the build-

ers and backers respectively of the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific Railways.

"I have often wondered why in the world they went on long after each was independently wealthy. Each had to pledge all he owned and all he could borrow to go ahead. If either had failed, his name would have gone down to such obloquy as blackened Radisson for three hundred years.

"When the Manitoba Railroad was finished, Strathcona had all he needed as a system to transport furs to the Atlantic Coast; and Hill had all he needed as a traffic feeder to lines south of St. Paul. Each was earning enormously on his money invested. Each could have pulled out with fifty million dollars to the good, a fortune, in those days, equal to a half billion to-day.

"Why did they go on and push to the Western Sea?

"Why did they risk all to do it?

"Why did they lay themselves open to the attack of blackmail and whitemail by politicians?

"You say: To make more money.

"They didn't make more money and they knew they would not make more money. For every dollar they made, they increased the value of land where the rails ran from fifty cents and two dollars an acre to sixty dollars and one hundred dollars an acre, and on the Pacific Coast to two hundred dollars an acre.

"By hanging on and pushing through the steel rail to the Pacific, the Strathcona fortune fell in value from three hundred dollars a share to one hundred and forty dollars a share. The Hill fortune fell from two hundred and eighty dollars a share to sixty dollars and seventy dollars a share.

"Yet they hung on and pushed the little steel rails through to the Western Sea of Radisson's dreams and La Verendrye's dreams and all the rest. That brings us down to 1885 and 1893—our day.

"Why did they do it?

"If you had said a divine urge, either man would have scoffed.

"They were busy on the daily task and, like all who do the daily task right, 'builded better than they knew.'

"So, in dedicating these monuments to the deserving explorers and builders of Western Empire, I say we are doing more than commemorating heroic figures of the past. We are erecting beacon lights for our own future. These men were founders, doers, builders—not talkers, not dreamers, not destroyers. That is their lesson for us."

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Lawrence F. Abbott, contributing editor of *The Outlook*, spoke on the practical value of imagination in life. "Nothing," he said, "in any domain of human activity is done successfully without imagination. Imagination led Columbus to tempt what must have been in those days the horrors of an Atlantic voyage, in search of a new continent. Imagination enabled the French and British explorers to discover the Northwest, which has now become one of the greatest empires in the world. It was imagination which prompted Jefferson to confirm their work by making the Louisiana Purchase. It was not the power of money but the power of imagination which enabled the great railway pioneers like James J. Hill to struggle with untold difficulties in opening the

RADISSON ON THE MISSISSIPPI

far West. It was imagination that prompted J. Pierpont Morgan to create the United States Steel Corporation, one of the most useful as well as one of the largest industrial corporations of civilization. No banker, no farmer, no manufacturer, does worth-while creative work unless he has imagination. It is the power of imagination that is giving to our American cities parks and hospitals and schools and splendid public buildings.

"But imagination is not a spontaneous growth. As food is necessary to create tissue and muscle in the human body, so to create imagination in the human mind there must be food. The best food for imagination is poetry." Mr. Abbott therefore urged practical men of affairs to read some poetry regularly. It need not be "high brow" stuff, but it must be the genuine expression of deep, underlying sentiment and of a sincere appreciation of what is good, beautiful, and true. The great English poet, Keats, said that truth is beauty, and beauty truth. In confirmation of his contention that simplicity and genuineness in poetry is a source of beauty and a food for the imagination, Mr. Abbott told the story of Emily Dickinson, the American poet who hardly left her home in New England, and he read one or two of her poems. Among them he read "The Snake," saying that most of his hearers would probably think that was as unpoetical a subject as could be chosen, and yet, by the power of imagination, she had given it distinctive beauty.

THE SNAKE

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him,—did you not,
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a com
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whiplash
Unbraiding in the sun,—
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But I never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

"It will be seen from the foregoing quotations," said Mr. Abbott, "that Emily Dickinson was not a technician. She was more interested in the imagery of poetry than in its music, although she had an ear for its rhythm and cadence. She was neither an apostle nor a disciple of free verse, but she wrote with perfect freedom. When rhyme came spontaneously, she used it; when it did not, she ignored it. But if Macaulay's definition of poetry is correct—'The art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors'—then Emily Dickinson was a true poet, an

original product of our soil of which we may well be proud."

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Miss Stella Drumm, librarian for the Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis, gave a most valuable sketch of the last days of Sacajawea, the "Bird Woman," who acted as guide to Lewis and Clark. It must have delighted many of the dyed-in-the-wool Western historians present to hear Miss Drumm give the name of the French guide correctly as Charbonneau, not Chabonneau, as erroneously given in the first editions of Lewis and Clark and assiduously copied and recopied since. The French habitant has a curious patois trick of slurring his "r's" and his "n's," which seems to have given origin to the first error; but Masson, who wrote the first history of the Northwest Company, whose men had often employed Charbonneau, corrected this error in 1885; and it ought not to have gone on down through the many volumes that celebrated the century anniversary of Lewis and Clark. Miss Drumm said:

"The recording and preservation of history, of course, embraces a wide field of thought. We are told that history may be a narrative of events, a tale, or a story. The definition we probably should prefer describes it as a branch of knowledge that records and explains past events; and embraces a study of such records.

"Therefore, in recording events and preserving those records, we are doing only a part of the work. We must also search out and preserve original manuscripts, pictures, and expressions of opinion, made contemporane-

LEFT: THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN, IN WASHINGTON PARK, PORTLAND, ORE. RIGHT: STATUE OF SACAJAWEA, THE BIRD-WOMAN, PORTLAND, ORE.

ously with the events so recorded and independently of mere historical effort. In these we have the circumstantial evidences of their truth and often the explanation of the events themselves.

"Those many seemingly unimportant things done in the usual course of life, without consciousness of their future use, are the charming little detectives of history. Like deep buried seeds of clover, they lie dormant in the hidden places only to burst into active life when brought again to the surface. They also give the perspective, so necessary for the right estimate of the acts and motives of men. They often destroy the virus of that parasite of history called the propagandist: that conscious villain who would embalm his friends in sweet spices and heap with quick-lime the truth about his enemy; that animal which devours and destroys the picture of the past and leaves no good lesson for posterity.

"We must all have been impressed with the magnificent work done recently by railroad companies all over the country, but especially in the West, toward quickening the interest of the public in the courage and adventures of the pioneers of this country; including in this work the marking of places of historic value. The bits of history in their folders, booklets, and menu cards have attracted our attention, and now we are thrilled by the Great Northern Railway, with its great and unusual enterprise of placing monuments and marking historic places in the West; places filled with the romance of history. We, as members of this novel expedition, join with one voice in expressing our heartfelt thanks and admiration for this achievement.

" 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' and there lies a charm even in the stories of the Irish water-boys and

the Chinese cooks. Wonderful entertainment can be given to the traveling public in these pictures, stories, and reminders of the past. They widen the scope of travel-education, quicken the imagination, and give a travel-impulse not unlike that which beckoned on the pathmakers. Best of all they encourage pride in our Americanism—which gives us kinship with those hardy pioneers.

"The stranger from foreign lands, who comes within our gates to gain the blessings of liberty and prosperity, may thus be made to pause and contemplate the sacrifices that were made in the founding of this great retreat for him, and made to catch into his own soul the nobler impulses of the pioneer, so dear to the memory of Americans.

"I have been requested to say something on this occasion about Sacajawea, the 'Bird Woman.' If anything I can say on such short notice will be of any interest to you, I shall be very glad indeed.

"I am sure John C. Luttig, in his journal, would have identified the Snake wife of Charbonneau by name, had he known the controversy his more general references to her would bring. I refer now to the wife who died in December, 1812, at Fort Manuel, and who was undoubtedly the 'Bird Woman.' If he had mentioned her name, we would have no controversy, and no Congressional or Indian Bureau investigations for the purpose of locating her final resting place.

"You probably know that Congress was asked to appropriate funds for the erection of a monument over the grave of this Indian girl, who accompanied the Lewis and Clark Expedition from Fort Mandan to the Pacific Ocean. The Indian Bureau was, I understand, requested

THE "BIRD WOMAN" RECOGNIZES HER BROTHER

by a committee of Congress to designate some one to make the investigation as to the place of her death, and appointed Dr. Eastman. Much to our surprise he located her grave in Wyoming; his conclusion being based upon *traditions*, or *winter tales*, of some old Indians. As a matter of fact, I think these traditions have confused Toussaint Charbonneau, the son of the French guide and Sa-kaka-wea, with his father, Toussaint Charbonneau, the guide and interpreter for Lewis and Clark. In all probability, the son married an Indian, as did the father. The former roamed the country from Mexico to Canada, from the mouth of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. Be that as it may, whatever the explanation for the traditions mentioned, the evidence is too strong to be denied that she died in South Dakota and is buried in her soil. We protest against the acceptance of Dr. Eastman's report, and reaffirm that the site of her grave is Kenel, South Dakota. This little village is just a few miles over the North Dakota line, and marks the site of old Fort Manuel.

"The accounts of Brackenridge and Luttig, when placed together, more clearly identify the woman. The former, in his *Journal of a Voyage* up the Missouri in 1811, tells us that there was 'on board a Frenchman named Charbonet, with his wife, an Indian woman of the Snake nation, both of whom had accompanied Lewis and Clark to the Pacific, and were of great service. The woman, a good creature, of a mild and gentle disposition, greatly attached to the whites, whose manners and dress she tried to imitate, but she had become sickly, and longed to revisit her native country; her husband, also, who had spent many years amongst the Indians, was become weary of a civilized life.' Luttig made this entry

in his Journal under date of December 20, 1812: 'The Wife of Charbonneau, a Snake Squaw, died of putrid fever: she was a good [woman] and the best Woman in the fort, aged abt. 25 years.'

"Brackenridge met them, on the occasion he refers to, on a boat going up the river from St. Louis, after Charbonneau and his wife had tired of life in civilization. They had yielded to the persuasion of General Clark, settled on a little farm in the rich Florissant Valley near St. Louis, and tried to be satisfied with a life of tilling the soil. The call of the plains and mountains soon overcame Charbonneau, and homesickness afflicted his wife, so they sold their land to General Clark, and turned back toward the Mandan country.

"My contention is that if the 'Bird Woman' was not the one who died at Fort Manuel, but one of those who are identified as having died at other places, some traveler or trader long since would have mentioned her. They repeatedly made references to Charbonneau, but nothing more is said about the 'Bird Woman.' If Charbonneau had had more than one Snake wife at the time of the Luttig entry, the latter undoubtedly would have mentioned the incident as a death of one of the wives of Charbonneau.

"The Missouri Historical Society at St. Louis is the proud owner of the journal of William Clark, rescued by the 'Bird Woman,' at the risk of her life, when one of the canoes of the expedition upset on May 14, 1805. In the collection are also the camp journals of both of the leaders of the Lewis and Clark Expedition; Jefferson's unlimited letter of credit; letters and documents relating to the affairs of the expedition, as well as numerous letters of William Clark to his sons. In all there

are about a thousand documents. Besides these, the Society has what is probably the last letter written by Captain Meriwether Lewis."

General Scott's talk was rich and racy in reminiscences of old days on the Missouri, which are given in the celebrations at Fort Union.

PART II: AT OLD FORT UNION (1829-1867)

AGAIN it seemed almost a pity that the short run from Verendrye and Minot to Old Fort Union had to be made before the members of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition had risen and could view what unseeing eyes may describe as "a dreary country" of rolling russet foothills, but every mile of which is famous in such stirring events of frontier history as pale the wildest inventions of fiction.

Try to picture this No Man's Land of less than a hundred years ago!

St. Louis was a rude frontier village that was the jumping-off place to the Back of Beyond for the Spanish mountain region of the Southwest; for the vast area of the plains, roughly bounded by the Platte on the South, the Saskatchewan on the North; for the transmontane empire bordering the Pacific, from the Sacramento to New Caledonia beyond the headwaters of the Fraser. Santa Fé was the capital of the Spanish region. Fort Union was the feudal stronghold of all the wild, warring tribes from Saskatchewan to the Platte. Fort Vancouver, on the Willamette and Columbia, was the center of McLoughlin's Hudson's Bay fur empire.

Government, as we understand government, there was none.

International boundaries existed on the maps, but in fact faded into the shifting lines of wandering, warring Indian tribes; and at Fort Union, living in the rude baronial splendor and pomp of old Highland chiefs, a little handful of white men—never more than a hundred and fifty at most, often as few as a dozen—ruled purely and solely by dint of wise brains, crafty forethought, a rough equity, a fearless spirit, and a strong right arm. How many were the Indians whom these white men dominated? That can never be known. There were the Crows—or the Sparrow Hawks—from the Yellowstone to the Platte. There were the Sioux—whom their enemies called the Rattlesnakes—from the Missouri to the Mississippi. There were the Crees, from the Missouri Easterly and North to Lake Winnipeg. There were the Assiniboines—or Stone Boilers, who cooked their meats by hurling hot stones into earthen and wooden and wicker pots—from the Missouri North and West to both branches of the Saskatchewan; and allied with them were Sarcees and Kootenays and Stonies. South on the Missouri were the stationary Mandans—People of the Pheasants—and their adopted neighbors, the Minnetarees—People of the Willows—and the Grosventres, so called because of their stocky, thick-set build and their habit of devouring buffalo sausage raw, where white men eat strong cheese in like state. And to the West were the most terrific and ruthless warriors of all—the Blackfeet, who, the fur traders said, acquired their name from dark prints on the sands when raiding bands came from the soil of the forested mountains, leaving a black moccasin track. Flatheads and Nez

FORT UNION IN 1833—FROM A DRAWING BY BODMER IN THE MAXIMILIAN COLLECTION.

Percés also came to Fort Union in its later days, but only at the risk of their scalps when passing through Blackfoot territory. The Sioux, in their heyday, numbered six subordinate tribes in their confederacy. The Blackfeet included three great tribes—Blackfeet proper, Bloods to the North, Piegans to the West. Fourteen tribes in all radiated out from Fort Union, like the spokes of a wheel, for a thousand miles in every direction. Before the frightful epidemics of smallpox swept the plains from 1789 to 1837, the Sioux alone numbered from 40,000 to 60,000 warriors; and the Blackfeet just as many. How many the other tribes numbered is mere guesswork, but they must have been as strong, or the Sioux and Blackfeet would have exterminated them; for there was no tradition among the tribes of any time in their history when Sioux and Blackfeet and Cree and Crow had not warred on one another. Assiniboines—yes—there had been a time when they were part of a Sioux Confederacy. Minnetarees, People of the Willows—yes—they at some time might have been in league with the Crows. Nez Percés and Flatheads were never raiding warriors till compelled to resist attack and fight for their share of meat from the buffalo herds. The Mandans, with their fair hair and blue eyes and sometimes albino freak families—neither they themselves nor white men could explain whence they came, with fixed dwellings, like the Hopi and Aztec of the South, and agricultural life, but utterly different in language, habits, and physical build from the wandering tribes of the plains, who lived, like the Arabs, in shifting tent colonies.

The white trader has been accused of bringing smallpox to the Indian. But did he? Did not the first great

epidemic on the Missouri result from an Indian thief stealing a blanket from a dead trader, who for safety had been quarantined ashore? For you have to keep in mind there were no Ten Commandments beyond the frontier village of St. Louis. Each man was a law unto himself. People have a fool way of regarding the Ten Commandments as a man-made rule of thumb to maintain order in the human race. They are not. They are laws as scientific and mathematically exact as that oxygen and hydrogen make water, or two and two make four. Man can't break them. They break man. When all men may murder and all men may steal, man is no longer man. He is again a ravening beast of prey in human form; and in spite of fanciful conceptions of a halcyon golden age, when the red man lived uncontaminated by the white, it was into a warring world of No-Ten-Commandments, where tribe preyed on tribe and lived by theft and murder, that the first white fur traders came to Fort Union.

It was not the Ten Commandments in one hand, with whisky and pestilence in the other, that destroyed the Indian, though both whisky and pestilence played their terrible part as instruments of destiny. It was the "stick that thundered"—firearms.

The tribe that could get firearms from the trader and keep all other tribes from getting firearms could subdue all other tribes, murder all other warriors, brain the aged, steal the wives, kill or adopt the children, run off all the horses and starve off the mountain tribes by keeping them from reaching the buffalo, which supplied food, clothing, tepee tents.

The "thunder stick" of the white man brought to the Indian only an intensified form of self-destruction,

TO FORT UNION TO TRADE

which they were waging when the trader came. While the fences of the settler, which cut up the buffalo's pasture ground, destroyed the plains Indian's supply of food, clothing, and roof, as you follow the daily journals of the traders of Fort Union, you will learn that of one thousand five hundred buffalo slain in a single hunt often only the hide and the delicate meat of the tongue would be taken and the rest left to rot on the prairie. The Indian was a greater waster than the white man; and the only reason he did not exterminate the buffalo was that the buffalo were in millions, yes, hundreds of millions, while the Indian murder raids kept down the human population. The Indian lived from hand to mouth, heedless of the future. When buffalo were, in countless millions, roaming these gray hills in thundering herds, the Indian life was one of ease, idleness, and raid. War and raid were his vocation. Food of the best muscle-building quality in the world, a constant changing from camp to camp, avoiding the dangers of filth diseases, life in the open, developed the toughest type of fighting man the human race has known. In times of scarcity, every scrap of the buffalo was used—hoofs and bones for soups, marrow for butter, intestines for sausages, noses and humps and tongues for dainty tidbits, and offal for camp fires and even for dried tobacco, scented with the castoreum of the beaver.

From this perpetual war on human life among the plains tribes there were only two sanctuaries—like the Hebrew cities of refuge—between the Gulf of Mexico and the Athabasca—the Pipestone Quarry in the Land of the Dakotas and the Wetaskiwan Hills South of Edmonton. In these two places, some shadowy legend of the past came down with traditionary law from the

Great Spirit that all tribes should lay aside arms and there meet in friendship; and yet—and yet—I have heard old traders among the Blackfeet on the Saskatchewan tell how, when the warring tribes met on these very hills, a word, a chance shot, a childish dispute over an unfinished portion of meat—for to leave any part of the feast uneaten was an insult—would set aflame the slumbering embers of the tribal enmities, and tomahawks would be out and little children be tossed from bayonet point to bayonet point till of the weaker tribe, not a soul would be left alive. These conditions persisted down to the day of the two greatest Catholic missionaries of the plains—Pierre De Smet of the Flatheads and Father Lacombe of the Blackfeet and Crees; and I once heard Father Lacombe tell how he stopped such a massacre between Blackfeet and Crees.

And yet there was so much in common among all the plains tribes that these facts give substance to the artist Catlin's first wild guesses as to Indian origin. It was in the 1830's he wrote, long before linguists had traced similarity in root languages, that the Indian must descend from either Semitic or Mongolian ancestors. None were idolators in the sense of worshiping images. They believed in one Great Unseen Spirit. He was their Manitou, or Mystery, or Medicine. He dwelt "clothed in the Sun," and they were Sun worshipers. Like the Hindoo and the Egyptian, the Indians also worshiped an Earth Mother. Like the Greeks, they believed lesser spirits, or little manitous, inhabited trees, water, stones, fish, animals, winds, snow, corn, grass; and their sacred dances always symbolized these little manitous at work among men. Like the Greeks, too, they believed evil manitous warred against man in earth and air and could only be

propitiated by horrible self-torture—Sun Dances, or sacrifices of human life. They believed the Great Spirit sent His Son, or came down himself, to teach men how to hunt, to clothe themselves, to cultivate the ground, and when His work was finished, He "went West," as the boys said in the War, or went back to the Sun, which was "the Going to the Sun of the Shining Western Mountains" in all plains legends. Each man had a double soul, or guardian angel, whose presence he must invoke at adolescence by going off alone and fasting and dreaming in solitude till he passed in trance to the Spirit Land and met his manitou. Bat, serpent, and gaunt wolf were omens of ill. Fruit, fresh branches, corn, horses, bears, eagles, hawks, buffalo were omens of good, and offerings were made to their manitous before war or after harvest and hunt. Before running wild rapids on the Saskatchewan, I have seen my Indian steersman offer his best tobacco, or piece of fish, "to the Granny Goddess of the River." They had their Flood Legends, their age of giants (perhaps ninety-foot brontosaurs), their record of a woman trying to climb to Heaven up a Grape Vine of Life to a higher sphere, which broke under her human weight and plunged all humanity back to a mortal earth life. The stars did not mean as much to them as to Arab and Hindoo, in a hot land where travel is accomplished at night; but the Evening and Morning Star was the spirit of a beautiful maiden, and the Milky Way was the eternal circuit of the Upper Spheres, along which the spirits of the departed must pass; so they shod the feet of the dead in moccasins with stars on the soles.

And it was to see the descendants of these very Indian tribes that we were speeding over the prairie to the foothills at the junction of the Yellowstone and the Missouri,

where Fort Union once stood. Did I say—descendants? Some of the aged—almost century-old Indians, blind and feeble—themselves were there among the Mandans, Minnetarees, Rees of the Platte, Chippeways, Crees, Sioux, Assiniboines, Grosventres, Crows, Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans. Such an assemblage of the tribes, once implacable foes, had not been possible since Fort Union was at its zenith.

When Fort Union was first built, between 1828 and 1831, these warring tribes were so violent in their hatreds that the fur traders did not dare bring them together on the Upper Missouri. They tried to maintain lesser tributary trading posts in the territory of each tribe —Fort Piegan first, in 1831, and when it was destroyed, Fort McKenzie, at the mouth of Maria's River, in 1832, with Kipp in charge, whose wife was a daughter of the fine old Mandan chief whom Catlin painted; Fort Conrad later, under Kipp's son and James Willard Schultz, the great writer on Indian life, whom you will presently meet; Fort Cass, two miles below the Bighorn on the Yellowstone, to catch the Crows, one hundred and forty miles South, under Tulloch, who once relieved Peter Skene Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, of his furs, and whom Peter paid back the next year on Green River by relieving Tulloch of his furs; Fort Benton, in the disputed ground of Blackfeet and Crow, where the Missouri takes its great bend South; Fort Stewart, forty miles above Union, to attract the Blackfeet; Fort Dauphin, on Milk River, to get the trade of the Bloods; Fort Pierre, named after Pierre Chouteau of St. Louis, down the Missouri in the Sioux territory; Fort Clark, just below the Mandan Villages. It hardly needs telling that, amid tribes too dangerous for trade at

Fort Union, the strongest of all the forts, these lesser forts did not survive. At Fort Cass alone the loss was $17,000 in a year. All but Benton, Pierre, and Union suffered massacre, burning to the ground, hasty abandonment. Benton and Pierre survived because they lasted into the era of the coming of troops. The Civil War ended Fort Union's glory. The country had been trapped and hunted bare. The law forbade whisky for trade, and the Indians would not come without whisky for trade. Fort Union, on the North side of the Missouri some three miles above the Yellowstone, was torn down for lumber to build Buford, just two miles down the river; and no longer the padded footfall of brave and the pompous tread of bourgeois Big White Chief resounded through banquet hall to the pound of Indian tom-tom, the scream of Highland bagpipes, and the roaring French songs of voyageurs who had poled up from St. Louis two thousand miles away.

There is no use retailing the half dozen fur companies that operated on the Upper Missouri. There were Spanish and French and British companies and independent fur traders; but the big financial backers were the Astors of New York, the Ashleys and Chouteaus of St. Louis, the Laidlaws and Lamonts, whose names are as well known in the East as in the West. The managers at Fort Union were Kenneth McKenzie, king of the Missouri—a Scotch Highlander,—Kipp, a French Canadian, the Clarks and Dawsons and Culbertsons, whose descendants you find as foremost citizens all through the West to-day.

A word about two of the most hideous and wicked features of life at Fort Union—scalping by the Indian and the use of whisky by the trader.

TYPES AT THE FORT UNION INDIAN CONGRESS, 1925. LEFT: A MANDAN MEDICINE MAN. RIGHT: A BLACKFOOT CLAD IN BUFFALO HIDE.

Why did the Indian scalp? Why didn't he kill and quit? Because, in a race where war was the principal vocation, the best man was the brave with the death of the greatest number of enemies to his credit. In raids of seven hundred to one thousand miles, bodies of foes could not be exhibited. In midnight rushes, right into the tent of a foeman, proofs were hard to carry back. Notches, or coups counted on a gun stock, or knots in a leather cord, might lie. Indians had lying braggarts, as white men have; and the biggest coward often told the biggest lies of his own prowess. But a scalp could not lie; so the brave brought it back with him, twisted to his horse's bridle, or tied to his own long lance. Thereafter, he was allowed to wear as many of the war eagle's feathers in his head-dress as he had scalps. Except in cases of horrible mutilation after death, the whole scalp was not torn from the head. That would be impossible with the tribes of the Staring Hairs, among the Chippeways and Crees, who cut all their hair but an upright pompadour crest; but the scalp was a little tonsure from the crown, which explains how many a wounded foe, feigning death, lived to rise from the dead and survive the scalper's knife, and take in time his enemy's life.

What about the whisky used by the white trader? It is the blackest blot on the fur trader's escutcheon. Critics say the trader's god was a beaver skin and his tutelary demon was rum. I don't know that the present generation can throw too many stones at the bootlegging of illicit rum to thirsty buyers. There was no excuse for it. It was the crime of crimes in the fur trade; but the reason for it was that rum, costing two dollars or three dollars a gallon, could be diluted with rain-water, doped

with drugs, and sold at one dollar a drink to the Indian for a beaver pelt that was worth four dollars at Fort Union and from twelve to twenty dollars at St. Louis. I don't know how many drinks there would be in that kind of a gallon; but I do know cases where sixteen dollars' worth of pure liquor brought in trade sixteen hundred dollars' worth of furs. There is, however, one error in this whisky discussion that ought to be corrected. I have heard old traders of Fort Union say they had to use whisky because the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada did, and would have drawn away all the trade. This is not true. From the time of the Massacre on Red River, in 1815, and up among the Russians on the Pacific Coast, some years later, whisky in trade was outlawed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Sir George Simpson deserves that everlastingly to his credit. Rum henceforth was only used by the Hudson's Bay Company as a regale to voyageurs after terrible toil in tracking up streams, or on arrival at the forts, or on departure. That has been true of the Hudson's Bay Company for a hundred years. Whisky was too great a danger to be used among the Indians; but the Hudson's Bay Company had a monopoly in their own territory. They could deport scamps. The traders at Fort Union had rival companies and rival fur traders scampering over every foot of their game land; and it was a No Man's Lawless Land pretty much to 1864. All Indians were not whisky mad. The Mandans and Flatheads, as tribes, were never drunkards; but savage plains tribes, using a stimulating diet and living a life of wild, nervous excesses under the mask of the stoic, fell victims to rum, from child to aged squaw or chief. I do not know why this is any more than you do; but it is fact. The Oriental is never a

THE BUILDING OF FORT MC KENZIE

whisky drinker, though he is an excessive user of drugs. The Latin is a wine drinker but seldom a drunkard. The Saxon is famous for his beer, but does little harm to himself or his family by it; but give the Nordic and Indian races whisky, and the tragedy does not need telling.

Another point that puzzles the modern. What about the "squaw man," the white who married the Indian girl of thirteen or fourteen? How could saints like Harmon and Ross and Governor McLoughlin; how could proud Highlanders like Kenneth McKenzie, the king of the Missouri; how could splendid fellows like Kipp, McKenzie's chief man, marry squaws, who were mere children as to age? Low men will find and marry and sink to their own low level wherever they are; but how could these men?

In the first place, the term "squaw man" was unknown in the Hudson's Bay Company. It was unknown because Canadian law made the Indian wife the legitimate wife and heir, whether there had been a civil, or religious, or no ceremony at all. As to the age of the wife, the white man wanted a wife who had been uncorrupted, and he usually chose some fine chief's daughter. The chief knew his daughter, married to a decent white man, would be protected and safe. The white man knew that two thousand miles away from the protection of his own government, alliance with a chief's family would give him the protection, the defense, and the trade of that tribe; and some of the very first families of Canada, Oregon, and Montana trace their origin to such unions. I hardly need to mention their names. Isbisters, Strathconas, McLoughlins, Clarks, MacKenzies, Dawsons, Kipps. They are proud of their Indian

blood, and they should be. Or take the case of the average man going out in a canoe or horse brigade for a season's trade. He rode or toiled at the paddle all day. He came in dog-tired at night. Who was to erect his tepee? He could not tent with the vermin-infested Indians. Who was to lay the branches for a bed that would not be damp, and spread and air and sun the buffalo blankets? Who was to make him moccasins, which he wore out almost weekly? Who was to tan the hides he brought in for shirts and trousers? The Indian hunters were accompanied by their women. The white man was not and could not be. Came an illness, ague from the malarial muskeg, influenza from exposure, scurvy from meat or fish, who was to brew him the Indian herbs—evergreens, willow barks, roots—to cure the ailment?

"By the heavens," said one of the finest Northern traders I have ever known, "when I was seized with cramps from what you people call appendicitis, up in the —— Mountains, and fainted from pain and fell in my tracks, and when an old woman found me and dragged me on a sleigh to her camp and gave me medicine that saved my life and laid soaked leaves on my snow-blind eyes and sent me out well, I would have married that squaw myself except that I happened to have a white wife and lovely children; and the squaw happened to be over seventy years old and to have a husband over eighty. Anyway, when the Indian died, he left her to me; and I took the legacy with thanks and kept her till she died."

Failing to get trade by weak forts in hostile centers, Fort Union adopted another plan. Wandering with all tribes were outlaw white men, sometimes scamps like Rose, sometimes adventurers like the mulatto Beck-

wourth with the Crows, sometimes old half-blood French couriers like Bruger or Brugiere, who had hunted for Lewis and Clark and the Astorians and knew the Blackfoot language; or Harvey, the bully and outlaw and desperado of the Crows. Fort Union sent for these Arabs of the American wilds and paid them all the way from five hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a season to bring each tribe's trade to the Missouri.

To give an idea of the vast distances and insuperable difficulties overcome, it may be stated that a rider was sent seven hundred and eighty miles South to find Beckwourth; and Beckwourth came back seven hundred and eighty miles on the summons—not considered a hard ride. Bruger came all the way from Edmonton on the Saskatchewan. Harvey was such a bully that Malcolm Clark, the grandfather of the great Indian wood-carver and sculptor, almost broke his head at Fort Pierre. Poor Clark killed Kenneth McKenzie's degenerate Indian son and was himself later murdered—which does not come into this story, but is all a part of the marvelous old days of adventure and romance, in a land which the unobservant describe as "dreary and uninteresting."

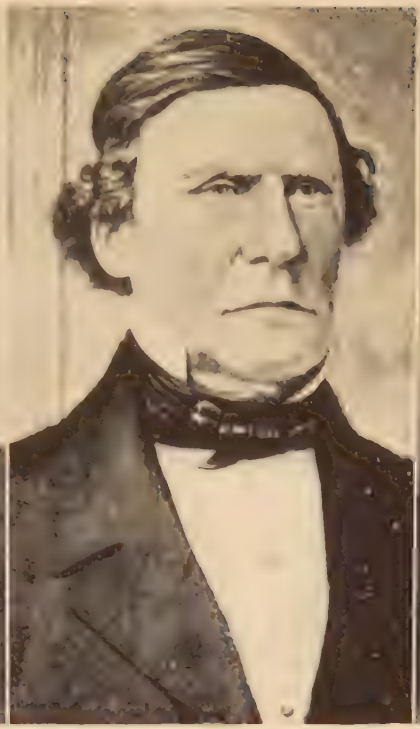
Is there a single clan in all Scotland with the romantic history of old Fort Union?

It would take a novel in itself to narrate all the adventures of the strange characters who drifted to Fort Union from 1829 to 1864. There was Catlin, the artist. There was Prince Maximilian of Wied. There was Hamilton, of the Duke of Wellington's family, who acted as accountant for Kenneth McKenzie for years, and had such a library as no other fort could boast. There

FORT PIEGAN

was the Gore party, a noble young hunter from the old Irish family now named Gowers in Burke's Peerage. There was young Pine Leaf, the Crow girl warrior, who led her braves to battle from the time she was sixteen years old. There was Jim Bridger, who acted as guide for Gore. There were the Guardapies and Deschamps of Red River, whose descendants you will meet presently. There was De Smet, the great Belgian missionary, as great a man in America as Livingstone in Africa. Palliser, the Solitary Hunter, afterward to make explorations in Canada similar to those of Isaac I. Stevens in the United States. The Isaac I. Stevens party, making surveys for a railway from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. There was Gauché, the Left-Hand, nicknamed Cohan, as great a sorcerer and scoundrel among the Assiniboine chiefs as Blackbird of Lewis and Clark days. He had gained a knowledge of white men's poisons and had in league a half insane relation whose face had been horribly mutilated in a fight with bear or scalper and who acted as Gauché's spy. Gauché became chief by inviting his rivals to a feast, falling into a trance, and predicting their death, which occurred in an hour, just as he had foretold. Then he made a sacred war drum the height of a rum keg and painted on the dry skin ends the number of scalps of enemies his spy had told him were camped behind a hill in hiding. When he bade his braves go and get those scalps which his "demon" had revealed to him, and when they hesitated, Gauché proved his revelation of a vision by telling them his sacred red stone (an amulet) would explode before their eyes. It did explode right in the middle of the "medicine lodge." It exploded because Gauché had laid a train of powder over the floor of the darkened lodge, and when the powder

JAMES KIPP, WHO BUILT FORT PIEGAN IN 1831.



KENNETH McKENZIE, WHO FOUNDED FORT UNION IN 1828.

ALEXANDER CULBERTSON, WHO SUCCEEDED MC KENZIE IN CHARGE OF FORT UNION IN 1839.

ran along the ground in fire and hit the stone, packed with more powder, there was not an Indian in Fort Union who would not have jumped into Hades at Gauché's bidding.

When the old rascal came to Fort Union with three hundred Assiniboine warriors, bent on deviltries, the traders took good care to lay their train of counterplot. They trundled cannon up and down the floor of the banquet hall. They stacked the armor of an arsenal on the dining table. Then they lighted all pitch pine torches and candles and threw open the shutters for Gauché to see, and sat down, in nonchalant, indifferent bravado, far from their true feelings, to quaff port wine beakers high; and the sight of that wine and the sight of those old muskets put the fear of God and white men in Gauché's evil old heart.

"Cohan! Cohan! Hurry up—hurry up!" he would shout, which gave him his nickname—Cohan—and the traders would get his furs, and Gauché would depart, filled with a wine in which had been dropped some lotion that drowsed his blood thirst and sent him to sleep off his debauch.

Our pictures of fur traders portray men in buckskins and coon caps. That is true of the rank and file. It is not of the bourgeois, McKenzie, king of the Missouri, or Malcolm Clark, or Governor McLoughlin over at Fort Vancouver. These men knew that the Indian loved and was impressed by pomp. They lived and dressed in regal magnificence. Not because they despised women, but because they knew the Indian did, they never had women eat with them in the banquet hall. There McKenzie sat at the head of the table, sometimes with fifty of his retainers around him, sometimes with one hundred

and fifty. The salt marked the division between servants and masters. On festive occasions, the Highland bagpipes skirled and the rafters echoed with French Canadian boat songs. Dinners were served of venison and wild fowl and buffalo tongues, with brimming red wines that put all but the strongest frontiersmen under the table. McKenzie himself dressed for dinner in blue and black broadcloths, with high white choker and black bow tie and profusion of brass buttons and vests worked on white doeskin in beads and silks. When he met the Indians, he donned a red coat.

And this is the land that lacks romance, adventure, human interest, historic background! Why do we continue to parrot such camouflage for the vacuum of ignorance? But here we are at Fort Union!

The sun is shining, as it shines only on the high uplands of cloudless summer plains and foothills; but there is a whine to a tempestuous wind that blows only as a wind can blow on plains that stretch unbroken North to South for three thousand miles. You must not talk about that wind. Montana disowns it. Says it comes down from Canada; and Alberta and Saskatchewan say it is the back blow of Montana bragging about its climate. Hush! The wind is not saying "hush." It is screaming, "Whush-whoo-hoo-hoo—we are the wolf-pack of ten thousand years unleashed from Spirit Land to hunt on our old, old trails, where we used to nip the tail of a brontosaur the size of a whale and hamstring saurians the size of an elephant"; so the Montana people call that kind of gentle gale a "coyote breeze."

It is. You did not need to "toss a feather" to see which way the wind blew, as the old buffalo hunters did here. It nipped every hat of man, woman, and child among

the 20,000 guests. It tossed the plumed eagle head-dress of all the chiefs of a dozen tribes assembled in war regalia of white beaded buckskins and shirts worked in porcupine quill. Indians do not swear, but those chiefs, still stolid and stoical of face, held tighter to their head-dresses than a white woman who has forgotten her hat pins; and the chiefs and the chiefs' wives and daughters must have thanked the stars their tresses were braided down tight enough to pull black eyes almond-shaped, and, in addition, oiled flat as the latest and most expensive beauty parlor pomade. They did not laugh. They were too polite; but they must have wanted to at what the wind did to white women's hats. I may say it didn't leave them alone. Nor did it leave unmarked of its boisterous sweep white pants and white silks and white buckskin trousers. It powdered every wrinkle in clothing and face with the ripple of sea sand in a gale; and then it howled and screamed with laughter over what it seemed to think was a joke. It twisted the nose of the motor engines coming in thousands over the dusty trails. It rapped "hulloo" on the windshields and ignored the horn's honk, and flapped the curtains, and added speed to the gayly decked cayuse ponies outracing both cars and wind. It whipped the three flags of the three nations who had dominated this region—the Tricolor, the Union Jack, and the Stars and Stripes—till you could almost fancy each was singing its national anthem, which the North Dakota and schoolboy bands were blaring out to the accompaniment of the onlookers joining in the glad song; and over all shone that Montana Sun, which the Indian children of the plains have worshiped from time unknown. That Sun never blinked one eye in the dust;

and it was the only eye that didn't blink. But you must not mention that wind. Canada says it came from Montana. Montana says it came from Canada. Myself, I think it came from pretty wild manitous of the thundering buffalo herds, whom we had forgotten to invite, and who sent their ghosts back to have one final stampede on the scene of their earth life at Fort Union; and it seemed a fitting serenade from the old days at the junction of the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

And then, somehow, we all forgot the wind; for there were the tribes of Old Fort Union, just as they had assembled from 1829 to 1864—racing pinto ponies, snow-white cayuses with manes and tails in red ribbons; bull boats of buffalo skin on willow gun'els just as they had spun crazily on the Missouri in front of the Mandan villages; an old Missouri River stern-wheeler moored to the shore, with the identical aged colored woman who had acted as stewardess on one of the last trips up; a Mandan earth lodge, with wattled roof and the notched upright log as ladder to the domed roof; and tepees, tepees in hundreds, with the Sun sign painted on white canvas and white skin, and the otter sign and the buffalo sign and all other totems or coats-of-arms of the Indian clans. But it was the Indians standing encircled that caught and held the eye—the Crows, or Sparrow Hawks, most beautifully clad in white buckskin worked with dyed porcupine quills, tall and graceful, as Catlin painted them long ago, and Russell is painting them ten times more artistically to-day; the Mandans, Pheasant People, short and thick-set and mostly in tan mooseskins; the Blackfeet, tall, powerful, heavy of shoulders and thighs, in white and tan bead-embroidered and fringed shirt and leggings and mocca-

HUGH GLASS'S DEADLY ENCOUNTER WITH THE GRIZZLY

sins; the Sioux, the tallest of all and the sharpest featured, with here and there the silver bracelet or medallion of far foray long ago to the Aztec and Navaho land; the Rees and the Chippeways and the Assiniboines, with war head-dress and "medicine man" head-dress of the scraped buffalo horns, that stand for both the buffalo and the crescent new moon, to drive off death.

I rubbed my eyes; and this time it was not a gesture of protest to that stampeding buffalo-hunt wind. It was to clear my vision of a curious sense of illusion. Was this the year 1925; or was it 1835? I wandered round inside the circle of Indians and shook hands with friends like Eli Gardepie, the Red River Cree adopted by the Blackfeet, so tall and slim and graceful you could never mistake him for a Blackfoot. Many of the chiefs wore necklaces of grizzly bear claws—to me a proof of a braver warrior than scalp locks; for the grizzly fears neither man nor devil, neither trap nor "thunder stick," and takes toll of as many hunter lives as he gives of his own; and then I paused to examine some of the old scalp locks in head-dresses and peace pipes to see if they were horsehair imitations or genuine human hair. Black horsehair does not fade with time. The blackest human hair does, to a reddish brown. There were some red-brown hairs still in those old scalp locks, dating back to—who knows what tragedies of the vanishing past? Were they hairs of woman, or child, or brave? The Indians believed —so did the Hebrews—that a sort of ghost power existed in human hair. Was the screaming wind ghost voices of the slain? But where—where was Fort Union? Gone—every vestige of it but the anvil stump of the old blacksmith shop; and to dedicate its site, as a perpetual memorial to a rude, terrible but heroic barbaric era, we

had come to the Missouri, a short distance above its union with the Yellowstone.

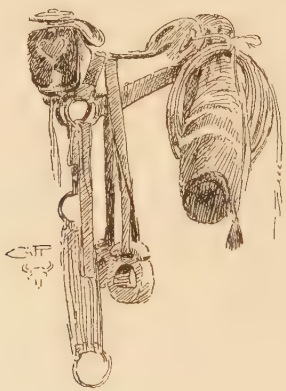
Then something caught and held the attention of every eye. The wind lulled, or seemed to lull. There were tears in Indian eyes and white men's eyes. General Hugh Scott and Mrs. Scott were our honored guests. General Scott fought in almost every Indian War on these plains, as a young lieutenant. He is one of the few Indian fighters remaining, since General Miles's death; and wherever he fought, he left the defeated Indians his friends. Some forty-odd years ago he had presented Old Mountain Chief of the Blackfeet with a medal, and here he was distributing a hundred more to his old Indian friends. Old Mountain Chief had recognized him; and the two old friends were in each other's arms; and the multitude were shouting acclaim; and a wave of kindliness, of friendship between white men and red, swept through every heart.

Then the formal ceremonies had begun. What were the Indians thinking about it, I wondered, as they stood at attention and watched and listened? Were they wondering why they were passing as a race? No, not passing, but being absorbed. They had ruled these plains for thousands of years. We have ruled them less than a hundred. Were we wondering if we, too, would pass, as they are passing? *Quien sabe*, as the Spanish say. We must live up to our obligations to them and to ourselves; and are we? I'll let the Indian chiefs answer that, in their own impassioned eloquence, a little later.

As one who was born in Canada, it struck me as a peculiarly gracious thing that when the French and the British flags went up, both the bands played and the crowds sang the French and British national anthems;

and when Old Glory went up, the singing became a shout. Look over the faces of the multitude! What were these people who had made the West? Indians of a dozen tribes, French and Spanish traders, sons and daughters of Erin, of Scotia, of Albion, of Saxony, of Denmark, of Norway, of Sweden, of Poland, of Italy, of Switzerland, of the Middle West and New England and the South, all amalgamated in one democracy, shouting for Old Glory! In face of such a demonstration, study-chair theories of racial conflicts fade as phantoms. Old Glory has enfolded all in one loyal family.

Then Governor Erickson of Montana was welcoming the guests. Dr. Schell was calling down God's blessing on all the races; and Major General Scott spoke.



FORT UNION: THE CAPITAL OF THE UPPER MISSOURI: AN ADDRESS BY MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT

WE are assembled here on the site of one of the earliest establishments of a permanent nature ever erected by white men in North Dakota.

At Old Fort Union

Old Fort Union, of historic memory, was built on this site in 1828 by Kenneth McKenzie of the American Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor, of New York, was the master spirit.

The first white men of whom we have record here were Captains Lewis and Clark, who led one of the most successful Western expeditions ever fostered by the American Government. They passed here in 1805, en route from St. Louis, Missouri, across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast, and returned in 1806. The report of this expedition was published, and brought about a profound sensation in the country, awakening a deep interest in the Northwest—the first fruit of which was the establishment of a fort near the mouth of the Big Horn River in Montana in 1807 by Emanuel Lisa, a Spaniard of St. Louis. This was the first building erected by white men in Montana in the Yellowstone basin. After this a stream of traders and trappers passed to the mountains, until the arrival of the railways, which made travel more rapid and easy, superseding the river traffic, which disappeared during the memory of many of you present.

The entry of the traders and trappers brought about a great change in the Indian, to whom the vices of civilization were introduced, and it is a matter of comment by historians that those tribes that had the least to do with civilization were the better men. The traders caused much irritation everywhere they went. They would frequently refuse to trade at the Indian villages for goods that were needed badly, and would insist upon carrying them on farther, to other tribes, thus destroying the Indian commerce in their own country and furnishing their enemies with munitions of war.

Moreover, the aggressions of every kind committed by irresponsible white men changed the peaceful, kindly Indian that Trudeau described the Arikara as being, at first in 1797, to the deadly enemy which the Arikara proved themselves by attacking the brigade of General Ashley, at their village near the mouth of Grand River, in 1822.

The brigade was much delayed on their journey to the head waters of the Missouri by this attack, and it wintered in the point between the Yellowstone and the Missouri, within sight of where you stand. The white men considered that the hostility of the Indian was caused by his savage nature; whereas, it was the direct result of ill treatment by the white men, unrestrained by law, who committed every kind of aggression, even to firing upon strange Indians they saw across the river. And the white man was surprised and aggrieved at the natural result of his own acts. We are told by Chittenden, who had access in later times to the archives of the fur trade in St. Louis, that Kenneth McKenzie sent Captain James Keep, or Kipp, from the Mandan villages, near the mouth of the Knife River, to the mouth of the Yellowstone, in the keel-boat "Otter," July 15, 1828, to establish a trading post which they called Fort Floyd, the name "Union" being at first applied to a post two hundred miles higher up. Lewis and Clark had mentioned the strategic position of the forks of the Yellowstone, and if you will consider the facts and will look about, you will agree in the wisdom of this opinion. Chittenden says that the date of the commencement of the erection of this fort was within two weeks of October 1, 1828.

This place was the most strategic position in the

SCOUT PURSUED BY WARRIORS

Northwest; all routes converged here, and access could be had, by these two rivers and their tributaries, to all the country along the East side of the Rocky Mountains, from the head of Milk River on the British line to the head of Platte River of Nebraska. Goods were hauled up these rivers by cordelle, and downstream came the furs for which they were exchanged, to Fort Union, to be made into package in the press, which used to be a feature of every trading post. These packages were loaded on mackinaw boats and floated down with the current to St. Louis, thirty days away. The name of the post was changed from Floyd to Union, possibly because of the union here of these two great rivers.

In those early days all goods and supplies were cordelled up the Missouri in keel-boats from St. Louis, some two thousand miles, requiring eight months of painful effort to make way against wind and current. The men on the cordelle were obliged to drag the rope through mud and brush, ofttimes above the waist in quicksand and icy water, cutting away willows and driftwood to facilitate the passage of the rope. They were scratched by rose bushes and in constant danger of attack by bear, by hostile Indians, or of being buried under a falling bank. It would seem that a life of such hardship would hold out but little incentive, but, such as it was, they preferred it to any other.

The French half-breed was found to be the best adapted for this service of the cordelle. He was always cheerful and happy under hardship; satisfied with the few comforts; and he thoroughly understood the life and ways of the West.

He was expected to support himself largely on game, and the only food carried for him was corn and fat

pork, which were boiled together into a mush, which well sustained him.

Those who came up for the first time were called "Blanc Becques," or "White Noses," because they had not been long enough in the country for their noses to be sunburned. The mouth of the Platte was supposed to be halfway on their journey to the dividing line between Northern and Southern plains, but the Indians considered the Arkansas as this line. Ceremonies were held by those passing the mouth of the Platte for the first time, similar to those held for sailors who cross the Equator for the first time. When the supplies reached Fort Union, they were rearranged here for the posts higher up the two rivers, to the mountain and at times beyond.

The cordelle was the only method in use until 1832, when the steamer *Yellowstone* made the first appearance of a steamboat in the upper river. George Catlin, the artist, was on this boat. The consternation it caused was tremendous.

Each Indian tribe had a mystic something—part buffalo, part elk, part fish—having strong "medicine power," and it lived in deep places in the water. It was the cause of all deaths by drowning: it pulled them under. The Sioux call it "Unk-te-hi," the Kiowas of Oklahoma call theirs "Temi-county." It had elk horns, hair on its body like a buffalo, calf body and snout like a garfish, with a fish tail. The Sioux say "Unk-te-hi" once pulled down eleven buffalo they saw swimming in Devil's Lake; hence their name "Hini-wakau," "Medicine-water."

When they first saw the steamer *Yellowstone*, they were dumbfounded. Here, then, must be one of "the

Unk-te-hi," breathing out fire and smoke, moving about in the water without oar or paddle, guided by its own intelligence, and turning from side to side, evidently in search of Sioux Indians to catch and drown.

I have heard old Indians, who saw it on this first voyage, describe the terror it inspired. Such a thing had never been seen before on the Upper Missouri and it shook the Northwest to the foundation. The Sioux call it now "Wata-peta," or "Fireboat."

We call the two great rivers that meet here the Missouri and Yellowstone. They have different names among the different Indian tribes. The Sioux called the Missouri "Uni-shon-shon," "Stirred Up," or Muddy River, as do most of the tribes lower down, who were acquainted with the Mississippi River, which they called "Big River." Those tribes that came down from the North of the Saskatchewan, like the Blackfeet, who had no knowledge of the Mississippi, call the Missouri "Big River." To the Eastern stranger, accustomed to the foul, sewage-laden rivers of the East, the muddy waters of the Upper Missouri, below the Maria's and Milk Rivers, seem undrinkable. I remember some rookies of the Third Infantry coming from New Orleans, where no one drank river water, en route to Montana in 1877, standing on the dock at Bismarck. They inquired for some drinking water, and they were much insulted on being told there was a whole river for them there to drink. I venture to say that they were glad enough to get Missouri water to drink many times before their return.

Though full of earth in suspension, it consists mainly of snow-water from the mountains, fresh and largely free from the alkaline salts found in its small tributaries, like the White Earth and Shell, below here, and I wish

THE FIRST FIRE CANOE NEARS FORT UNION

some philanthropist would give me a dollar for every gallon I have been glad enough to drink of it.

Water, at all the old military posts, was carried about by a large tank wagon hauled by eight mules to every house, where it was kept in barrels and was often clarified by throwing in stale bread or a split cactus, to carry down the mud. In winter time, the high note heard in the early morning of the wheels grinding on the snow would indicate the temperature—the higher, the cooler.

All but one of the Indian tribes with whom I am acquainted call the Yellowstone "Elk River," from the enormous numbers of elk that used to be driven down out of the mountains by deep snow to winter in the timber along the Yellowstone and its tributaries, the numbers of which were said by old mountain men to have been incredible. Those now in Yellowstone Park are cut off from this migration by wire fences, and large numbers of them, obliged to winter on their summer range, die from starvation and cold every year.

The village Indians below here, on the Missouri at the mouth of the Yellowstone, call it "Yellow Rock" or "Yellow Stone" River—they say because of the yellow quartz pebbles they saw in the bed of the river washed down from the mountains. The white men from the East were first told of this river at those villages, and naturally adopted the name these Indians gave them, "La Roche Jaune" of the French and the "Yellow Stone" of the English.

The Missouri River is the most treacherous and dangerous river in the United States, because of the mud bars filled with quicksand, and the sudden ice jams in the spring that dam back the water for miles and drown

any one incautious enough to camp on the bottoms in the spring season. Mrs. Scott and I have narrowly escaped with our lives so many times while crossing the Missouri that every time we got safely across, even if it were on a railway train, we would say: "Oh, hah, I have beaten you once more."

The Yellowstone, with its gravel bottom, is of a totally different character, and may be safely forded when not too deep. Notwithstanding the treacherous character of the Missouri, where "the Unk-te-hi" have pulled down many animals and people, I have a deep affection for both rivers, which are a part of the memories of my youth.

Fort Union was called, by neighboring Indians, "Trade Lodge," or "Big Lodge," and by those at a distance who knew other trading posts, it was called "Elk River (Yellowstone) Trading Lodge."

Fort Buford, five miles below, was a military post, and was called "Elk River Soldier Lodge," sometimes "New Fort" by white men, to distinguish it from "old Fort Union." It was built on the site of Fort William, the opposition trading post of Robert Campbell. The commanders, or managers, of the Trading Posts were called "bourgeois," adapted from the French.

Kenneth McKenzie was the bourgeois at Fort Union, from the completion of the Fort until about 1835. McKenzie made two grand mistakes. It has been said, in these latter days of prohibition, that our people may be classified under two heads: First, "those who have still a little"; and second, "those who have a little still." McKenzie had a big still, which he had brought up from St. Louis, in the vain hope of evading the law forbidding the introduction of liquor to the Indian country.

He didn't introduce the liquor, but he introduced the still, and brought up corn from Iowa.

His second great mistake was to entertain his competitor, Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston, with great hospitality at Fort Union, giving him some of his good corn liquor. Wyeth reported the matter in the East and raised such a clamor that the American Fur Company, powerful as it was, could save its license to trade in the Indian country only with the greatest difficulty; and it was obliged to throw McKenzie overboard.

He drew out his savings of about $90,000 and invested them in the wholesale liquor business in St. Louis, but his lordly ways acquired here were not adapted for the commercial atmosphere of St. Louis. He lost his savings and died a poor man in St. Louis, April 26, 1861, where he was buried.

McKenzie was a Northwesterner from Canada; he was, in the time of his greatness, the feudal lord of the Northwest, whose power reached from Fort Pierre to the Rocky Mountains; and no one could properly breathe in that country without his permission. He lived here in baronial style at the strategic position where all routes converged; and no one could go up or down these rivers without his knowledge. He entertained with princely hospitality. Sitting in his military red coat—from which his Indian name of "Red Coat" was derived—at the head of his baronial table, he provided his guests who sat above the salt with wine and bread, unknown elsewhere in the Northwest, and ofttimes with butter and cheese. He was said at one time to have had ten thousand buffalo tongues hanging in his ice house, which was always kept for the choicest meat.

After McKenzie, there was a long line of bourgeois

A FIGHT AT FORT MC KENZIE

at Fort Union, who were all noted men in the history of the Northwest, among whom were James Kipp, called Keepa by the Blackfeet in the effort to pronounce his name. He was called "Bull That Looks Backward," by the Hidasta; Alexander Culbertson, who built Fort Benton in 1850; Robert Meldrum, and others.

The Old Fort extended its abundant hospitality to such important guests as George Catlin, whose gallery of paintings is now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, 1832; Prince Maximilian von Weid, who brought his artist, Bodmer, with him in 1834; Audubon, the naturalist, in 1843; Captain Palliser of the British Army; Boller, 1858; Washington Mathews, 1867, all of whom have printed accounts of life on the Upper Missouri, with much interesting and valuable historical information. James Bridger and all the noted mountain men were here at one time or another.

The fur trade began to decline with the fall in the price of beaver skins. Dr. George Bird Grinnell has printed a delightful book called "Where Beaver Skins Were Money"; but there came a time when the invention of making "beaver hats" out of silk into "silk toppers" caused beaver skins to become less and less convertible into money, bringing about the decline of old Fort Union, with all the others. The Government purchased it, tore it down in 1866, and used the material in the construction of the military post of Fort Buford two miles below. The march of progress since made Fort Buford no longer useful, and it, too, has disappeared.

Boller, who came into the country trading for furs in 1858, and left in 1866, has left us a printed account of his experiences.

The Fort presented a very imposing appearance, and, being one of the oldest American Fur Company posts, was admirably equipped in every respect. From here were annually dispatched the outfits for the Crow Indians on the Yellowstone and the Blackfeet Indians at the headwaters of the Missouri.

Captain James Kipp, the bourgeois in charge, welcomed us (1858) with true mountain hospitality. The fort was built on a high gravelly bank about three miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone. It was formerly, during the palmy days of the fur company, the great distributing point for the Northwest, and in the spring of the year, when the traders from the Crow and Blackfeet Indians would rendezvous with the proceeds of the winter's hunt, was the center of the greatest bustle and activity.

The wild mountaineers held high carnival, which reached its culmination upon the arrival of the annual steamboat, after which they took their departure for their several posts, with their supplies in mackinaw boats drawn by the tedious cordelle, to enter anew their perilous calling. But these times have passed away (1863).

The gradual approach of civilization, the increasing ease with which steamers navigated the river, the competition of rival companies, gradually changed the character of the trade. Fort Union was, and had been for several years past, simply a post for the Assiniboine Indians. Enough men only were kept to take care of the post, and the constant presence of the Sioux war parties rendered it impossible to keep stock of any kind, or even to venture out with safety. The fort had been a token of amity and friendship. A list of prices would be agreed upon for barter; the village would rise almost as if by

magic, and the chiefs and head men would go to dinner in the fort, but all this barbaric splendor is gone forever.

You, my friends, look forward to a future bright with promise; but I must live largely in the past. And great as are the benefits brought here by this great railway, and all the modern comforts of civilization, I can not but regret the passing of the olden times in the Northwest—the days of romance and adventure; the romantic days of the buffalo and the wild Indian.

AFTER this address, chiefly for the benefit of his white auditors, General Scott turned to his old Indian friends and spoke to them in the sign language, which was and is yet understood by all prairie tribes. The Indian Tribes stood massed in front of the grand stand, Mountain Chief and General Scott facing them, and in sign language, interpreted by Rufus Warrior, General Scott said:

Grosventres from the lower country came here to trade.
Mandans came here to trade.
Assiniboines came here to trade.

Crows came here to trade.

Blackfeet came here to trade.

All different tribes from all over the country came here to trade at this Fort. Many distinguished men came here to visit.

To-day more distinguished people are here than ever before.

We have here the Governor of Montana.

Honorable Pierce Butler of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Mr. Burke, Indian Commissioner.

Congressman Cramton of Michigan; Congressman Leavitt of Montana; Congressman Smith of Idaho; Congressman Murphy of Ohio; Congressman Taylor of Colorado.

Officers of the Great Northern Railway.

They did it—they brought all this about—this train.

All these white men tell me they have been glad to meet you and shake hands with you—their hearts are open to you. I see all your faces and know you. I shake hands with the new Indians, Assiniboines, Arikaras and Hidatsas—all shake hands.

That is all.

Chief Kanick of the Chippewas, speaking through his interpreter, answered:

All my friends here to-day—glad to see you. I want to tell General Scott—glad to see you here to-day. Also this place used to be our headquarters. I feel so I meet the United States Government to-day at the Flag Staff. I make my story short—have much on my mind; but will cut it short. Our brother is here to-day, General Scott—he got his eye with him and he see the condition we are in in this country. I ask General Scott that he make report to our Great Father. I hope God hears us and it will please God to help us and let General Scott help us with the United States Government.

Chief Spotted Horn of the Mandans, speaking through his interpreter:

Whites and Indians—we all come together to-day. If you will just look back beyond my tepee you will see my old place. We

have builded tepee here to-day, so you people who come here can look it over—that is the kind of place we used to live in two hundred years ago. A white man was once condemned here to die and an Indian showed him the way to get out. It is fine big officials take up historical work and build monuments to mark historic spots. That is all I have to say. I thank you all.

Chief White Man Runs Him of the Crow Indians, speaking through his interpreter:

I was scout with the Seventh Cavalry with Custer before the General was a Captain of that regiment. Sometimes we fight with each other's forces and sometimes we kill. Now we are all friends. If we do not meet again I have heard the General's words and will never forget. I was raised and lived around here many years. I am glad to be here to-day and to see so many faces glad. That is all.

Chief Headdress of the Grosventres, speaking through his interpreter:

I am very glad to meet and shake hands with my old-time friend, General Scott. I am very pleased to meet and talk with my old friends from various tribes who are gathered here. I am now seventy-six years old, and when I was a small boy my parents from the Grosventres country came here to trade. It makes my heart glad to take part in this great celebration. That is all I have to say.

Chief Red Cloud of the Assiniboines, speaking through his interpreter:

I was raised right here, right about when that man standing over there came to this country [evidently he had reference to General Scott]. The time when the first white man established a Fort here my people owned the land all the way to the White Earth here, including the Mouse River down to the Cypress Hills —that was the Assiniboine territory—that was my land—all this

big territory I just mentioned. There were about thirty thousand Assiniboine.

At that time I first traded here various tribes would come from different parts of the country and they stood around and gazed at me. What I mean by people gazing at me—came to see me—to talk. Right from this place the Assiniboines made a treaty and I stood hand to hand with my white brethren—I never met foul play with my white brethren.

We have come here to-day and I shake hands with all the different tribes—we are at peace here to-day.

Chief Muskrat of the Sioux, speaking through his interpreter:

Brothers and Sisters: I want you to listen to what I have to say. The reason I said brothers and sisters is this: A few years back my people signed allegiance to the United States flag. I am as one with the white people of all other nations—that is why I say brothers and sisters.

About fifty years ago all different tribes that are here to-day and the white people were all enemies to each other; but our Great Father didn't want us to be enemies to each other, and that was why he had us sign allegiance to the United States flag, and we did it, and to-day we are all here as brothers and sisters.

One or two more things I want to tell you. One thing the Indians and white people should do is to keep peace with the world.

One more thing I want to tell you—I am from the State of Montana—one of the richest states in the Union, and I ask all my white brothers who are without land and without homes to come to the State of Montana and make their homes with us.

One more thing I want to tell you—I have a little more tribal land left on the Fort Peck Reservation that I will throw open to the white settlers, and all the white settlers or white people who haven't a home I invite them to come to Fort Peck Reservation and take out a homestead, make their home right there and raise their children right beside of me, because I might perish if you don't come and show me how to make a living; and I thank you all.

Mountain Chief, speaking for the Blackfeet, Blood, and Piegan Indians, through his interpreter:

General Scott, I greet you! My heart and your heart beat together—my mind and your mind run along the same. All of you who have come here to-day to listen to these ceremonies, your hearts and our hearts are all the same.

I am pleased to see you—this is your party!

To-day you look upon the Indians who assisted in making the treaty with the Government in 1855. He—as we sit here—God witnesses our meeting here to-day and He alone knows that I speak the feelings of my heart and the truth. [Here the old man raised his hand and invoked God.]

I want to tell you about this land South of the Missouri River that I loaned to our Government—gave permission to cross through this land—I like to tell you about this.

This who is speaking to you is Mountain Chief.

Great Father came to me asking me to loan him this land to pass through and to hunt game upon. I tell him *Yes*—he could have it for that purpose. He said, "In the future you will be rewarded for your kindness." So we had that hope—that some day by this Government we would be rewarded for this kindness—that we would be rewarded when we asked for it.

He told us on that occasion that this treaty was for ninety-nine years and that it would never be broken; but you know, General, since that time many treaties have been made, and the Government broke its promise to us.

I was seven years old when I loaned this piece of land. Ever since this we have been holding our hand out this way [indicating] and we have been waiting for the Government to place in that hand the money it owes us for our land.

You know, General, I have come to Washington more than once, trying to get pay for that land.

When I was twenty-seven years old I made a trip in regard to pay for this land.

[Here Mountain Chief laughed heartily.]

Just this early last winter I heard there had been introduced in the Court of Claims this case to be settled by the Government

THE CROWS AND THE BLACKFEET MEET AT SUN RIVER

and it sounds to me like sure pay and I laugh—it makes me feel good—it makes my children feel good when they know that now they are attempting to do something.

I am old and didn't care about coming down here to-day; but when I heard General Scott was in this party I believe I make my last attempt to see my old friend once more.

I am glad I met you here to-day, General. I am glad these officials of the Great Northern are here. I am glad these other distinguished members are here. I greet you all with a true heart, and hope you will all assist in getting us some pay for that which was taken by the Government. I am through with this business.

General, we made a treaty—you know when we sold the ceded strip up here—that was sold primarily for mining purposes to take the mineral—we reserved the game—since that time they have broken their promise and when we go up there to take fish or get timber we are liable to get slap in the face. The timber is ours—that is our living—in the timber up there. It is the custom for all Indian tribes to have agent over them. The Government has broken its promise so much in the past, we look around for friends; we have a good friend along with you here to-day, helping us—that is Agent F. C. Campbell of the Black Feet Reservation.

Here Mountain Chief talked excitedly and when he stopped, the interpreter said:

He says he wants the waters of his country preserved for his people and he don't want the whites to steal it away from him. He says we have never used it but we are going to use it, but as we are coming to that time they want to take it away from us. That is all.

Mr. C. H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

Your Excellency, the Governor of the State of Montana, distinguished guests, particularly the Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, our old friend Major General Scott, ladies and gentlemen, and my friends, the Indians:

I am going to detain you but a moment. I came here very unexpectedly. I was with the Congressional party, expecting to be somewhere distant from here at this time, when I left Washington, therefore did not expect or suppose I would have the opportunity of being here on this great occasion. I am not going to attempt to make any speech. I simply want to say that, as I represent more than forty years of the era this event is commemorating, as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs I want to acknowledge my appreciation of what has been done by the Great Northern Railway Company, and by the Historical Societies of these four States in bringing about this great gathering—not overlooking the most important part of this occasion, the Indians who reside in this territory. And I am glad of this because it calls to the attention of the country the fact that these Indians, ever since we have any record of history, have resided here, and they are always going to be here—and my job is trying to bring about a condition under which these people can become self-supporting, and, my friends, they are making progress. They are demonstrating their ability to take their places in the citizenship of this great Northwest—that they can help themselves—and it is only a matter of time when the problem will be solved and we will have in these people a self-supporting people.

The afternoon and evening were given over to races, prize competitions for costumes, sign talk, dances, dog travois, games and horse races; and as a compliment to their guests, the Grosventres formally adopted into their tribe Mrs. Magnus Jemne of St. Paul; the Assiniboines, Mr. Lawrence Abbott of New York; the Blackfeet, Mr. Justice Butler. In the camp for dances at night the sightseers witnessed those symbolic dances to the manitous of earth, air, and fire, and I think the most of those present voted the Grass Dance one of the most beautiful. To the beating of the tom-tom and song of the tribal "medicine men," homage was paid to the Earth Mother for Grass, which symbolizes abundance, charity,

nourishment; for it is the "grass manitou" which supplies the soft bed for the papoose moss-bag cradle, the padding for the warrior's moccasin, the food for the buffalo and cattle and cayuse ponies, the nesting for the bird and sweet-scented grasses for the women's baskets. Also, when the grass sends up its delicate sheath in spring, it is the sign that the young Sun God has put to flight with his sword that evil old demon, Winter, who wraps him in frost and storm as in a death shroud; and the flowers and birds will presently celebrate the victory in glad spring pageant.

Without the help of James Willard Schultz, who was Kipp Junior's partner in the old days, it is doubtful if the celebration at Fort Union could have been the sacred, beautiful thing it proved.

PART III: CHIEF JOSEPH (1877); THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN

THE tom-toms had silenced beating at Old Fort Union. The wolfish wind had ceased ramping, and the Upper Missouri special was speeding West to that last frontier, where the Indian made his most desperate stand against the advancing tides of a white race, who, curiously enough, in their fur trade had given the Indian the most deadly weapons to resist the aggressions of the white man—"the stick that thundered," firearms, and the white man's religious belief engrafted on Indian myth, that a racial Messiah might arise to save the Indians from extermination.

Every point passed was redolent with traditions. Here was the town of Culbertson, named after the famous bourgeois who ruled this No Man's Land in the days of McKenzie and the fur traders. Here was Wolf Point, where Larpenteur, the trader, almost lost his life on the fighting ground between Blackfeet and Assiniboine. "The Grosventres are at war with the Blackfeet,"

he writes, "and dare not go down to Fort Benton" (South). We are leaving the Missouri, which takes a great bend South here, and now follow Milk River, which comes down from the Cypress Hills of Saskatchewan; and Larpenteur goes on to tell how he tries to send a man up to the Grosventres at Fort Dauphin, where Prince Maximilian long ago lost some of his voyageurs in the rapids. The Assiniboines had stolen Larpenteur's horses and mules, so his men had to set out on foot, with rifles over shoulders and dogs to drag camp kit. The men came back with a few robes but such a terror of the Indian raiders that Larpenteur rigged up a rough raft or boat to escape downstream; but the cakes of ice were still running so heavy on the Missouri that they had blocked the upbound steamer of Captain La Barge, one of the most famous of the river captains. I hope you see the picture—the cakes of ice piling and crashing on the sandbars, the Indian scouts lying among the shore willows ready to snipe and raid the ragged white men on the crazy raft, the French voyageurs mutinous between fear of scalper and fear of the tossing ice, and the independent trader driven to such desperation that he sells his whole year's cargo for a song to the steamer captain.

This brings us where the Milk River comes into the Missouri, and Larpenteur determined to try his luck again by building another fort, as nearly as we can locate it, pretty close to the modern Glasgow.

People have an idea that you have to go to the deserts of the Southwest to see the herds of wild horses, but right here if you motor diagonally Northwest to the Canadian Border, you can see herds of two thousand; and the old names, El Paso and Tampico, tell you where

they came from. These are descendants of the Spanish ponies run off Mexican territory in Indian raids. When the foothills were trapped out and the buffalo hunt ceased, old trappers settled in the bottom lands—perhaps "squatted" is the more correct term—and turned farmer; but farmer, to the old trader, was not the farmer as we know him. The squatter got a herd of wild, half-broken Indian ponies, turned them loose summer and winter, and then, as the real farmer came in, subjected them to the rough process called "breaking" and sold them as cow ponies or plow teams. Now the motor and tractor and barbed wire fence have done the same to the ranch as to the buffalo pasture ground; there is no market for these light draught horses; and you can see them running in the rough, unfarmed lands in herds of thousands with which no one knows in the least what to do.

But we are rapidly approaching Chinook and Havre, the fighting ground of the last stand of the last frontier. Seventeen to twenty miles South lie the Bear Paw Mountains, where amid gray couteaus and rough "draws" or "coolies," Chief Joseph, the greatest of the Nez Percés, "dug" him in his trenches in 1877, trapped by General Miles and General Howard in a wild flight for the Canadian Border, trapped in a deeper and more tragic sense between the oncoming forces of civilization and the passing régime of clan life, when no one owned land but all used it.

The Nez Percé War was the saddest tragedy of the Winning of the West, and Joseph, its leader, was the noblest of warriors known in all Indian life. We had not come, this peaceful sunny Sunday in July, to dedicate the battlefield—for it has not yet been set aside as a

national monument—but we had come to see it; and with us was General Hugh Scott, who, in his youth, was a scout in this campaign. Whether you are a cynical philosopher, or a sentimentalist, there is something in this old battlefield to tug at your heart-strings; for Chief Joseph was in the right. General Howard, General Miles, General Scott, General Chittenden—all have acknowledged Joseph was right, a magnificent general, a strategist superior to the white man, a humane and chivalrous warrior whether in victory or defeat.

Yet it was as inevitable that he must be defeated as it was right that he should be.

Take a glance at the mental atmosphere in which the prairie tribes live, from the zenith of Old Fort Union to the coming of the immigrants in the 'forties and the miners and the farmers in the 'sixties and 'seventies.

The Civil War had shaken the belief of the prairie tribes in the stability of the Great White Father's Government. The Custer Massacre was barely a year old. That had shaken Indian belief in white troopers' prowess and left them excited with sense of victory. Treaty after treaty with the Indians—there is no use giving the record; it was a half century of infamy—in which governors and commissioners had acted with good faith, but which politicians afterwards failed to ratify, or frontiersmen and squatters violated—had shaken the Indian's faith in the white man's word. If the Indians were to sell their lands and go on their reserves, and year after year be cheated out of annuities and year after year have their reserves shifted and curtailed and cut, why go on making treaties to be broken? The passing of the buffalo left many of the tribes facing starvation and decimation by the slow process of food shortage for

THE COMING OF THE SETTLERS. ARE THEY FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

people and horses and cattle. The Indian is not a farmer. He is a hunter. Can he not be made into a farmer? Yes, he can, but not in one generation, nor in two; perhaps, yes, in three; but 1877 was only one generation away from the first treaties providing reserves for prairie Indians.

Why, then, has Canada been so successful in her Indian policy, where the United States have failed so signally in theirs? Canada has had only two Indian frays in a century—the two Riel Rebellions. Why has every frontier in the United States been a "Bloody Ground?" That question must be answered; for it is being asked just now in good faith by a lot of good people, who are making unmerited trouble for the American Indian Department.

In the first place, the Canadian fur trade was a monopoly till 1867-71. That was bad for the Canadian West, but it was good for the Indian. It kept out the free trader with his whisky and the outlaw with his gun and the lawless squatter, who "potted" an Indian with as little remorse as he did a grouse; so Canada's Indians to-day number as many as a hundred years ago. It also preserved a perpetual supply of game food, game clothing, and tepee roofs. Though Canada has had her treaties, too, and reservations, and is gradually transforming Indian hunters into Indian farmers, she never needed to force the process. She never needed to *compel* the Indian to go on reserves and stay on. In fact, the best Indian Reserve in Canada—the Bobtail on Battle River, where the Blackfeet used to fight the Assiniboines—in the high price era for furs in 1918-20, was deserted by the Indians to a man, and had to revert to wild land open for settlement. Canada has a wild game preserve in the Far

North in which her Indians can always hunt; and in good fur years they can make from one thousand dollars to two thousand dollars a year as hunters, where the same tribes cannot in the United States. The comparison is an utterly unfair one.

But why should the white man *take* the Indians' land? Isn't that theft, legalized by strong arms, backed by law and army? Again a hopeless confusion of thought! The Indian did not concede that any man or tribe could or should *own* land. It was given by the Great Spirit for all men; and that tribe held it and used it as hunting ground, which drove other tribes off, or scalped other tribes who tried to wrest it from them. To this, only the Flatheads and Nez Percés were exceptions; and they were exceptions because they held their mountain passes to the valleys against Crows, Blackfeet, Sioux; but when Crows, Blackfeet, Sioux got firearms and pressed through the mountain passes, even these peaceful tribes had to fight; and when farmer and miner came in as squatters and Indians ran off settlers' horses, and white men ran off Indians' cattle, and frontier desperados, white and red, "potted" and "scalped" and outraged one another, what could the American Government do but create reserves and protect the Indians on those reserves?

But here come in the two other unutterably sad features of the Nez Percés War. Some of the Indians signed the treaties and went on the reserves. Some did not. They were non-treaty Indians—"renegades," the whites called them. Joseph was among the non-treaty Indians, and he did not want war; but he could no more control his lawless followers from crimes among the whites, in retaliation for the white's crimes against the Indian, than the

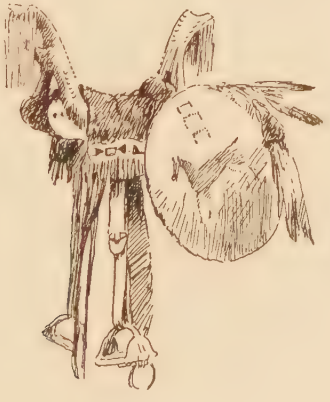
American Government could protect the Indians off the reserves from scamps among miners and settlers.

The secondary cause of the War is the saddest of all.

The Nez Percés had been friends of the white men from the first. They had helped Lewis and Clark. They had never shed the blood of a white trader; perhaps not altogether from disinterested motives, for the white men supplied firearms for defense; but the missionaries had now been in the country forty years. Joseph's father had attended the Spaulding School up at Lapwai. So had Joseph. They had also attended the De Smet missions. The Nez Percés were good Protestants and good Catholics. They were Christian Indians; but the Christians had a Messiah, Who came to save men from all ill. The Christians preached a resurrection, a second coming of Christ. When the Indian went on his long fasts and lonely vigils in the mountains to invoke vision of his guardian angel, what more natural than that the Indian should dream of that Messiah coming back an Indian to earth to save them as their Christ? Just when their faith in the white man was in its wane—in fact, after the Custer Massacre, in its total eclipse—the Messiah craze ran through the prairie tribes like a mystic fire. Each tribe had its Dreamer. The Nez Percés had theirs. Joseph was half Dreamer himself; and the poor "ghost walkers" of the plains were sometimes as self-deluded as hypnotized white men, and sometimes scoundrel fakers grasping at leadership. The Joseph War is too long to be told here. It has been told and retold many times. Nor does it much matter who fired the first shot. The troops under General Howard were ordered to force the non-treaty Nez Percés to go on the reserve. Joseph's tribe refused, though he himself was trying to persuade

them to gather up their stock and move, when some settlers in the Grande Ronde and across the mountains in Montana were murdered—murdered foully. Joseph's tribe were blamed, though he cleared them of the charge; but in a frantic effort to lead his people beyond danger to a land where there was hunting ground, Joseph set out through the mountain passes for the Canadian Border, pursued by General Howard. Again tragedy—such tragedy as the Greeks would have embodied in immortal verse. General Howard was himself what the Indians called "the praying general," a devout Christian, an almost fanatical friend of the Indians—the powerless instrument in the hands of a destiny that forced him to chase down the most Christian Indian of all Indian history.

But here we are at Havre on a calm Sunday morning, with all the motors of all the good citizens of Havre and Chinook to convey us out to the Bear Paw Mountains; and General Scott stands up in a car and, with an old Montana scout interpreting, proceeds to talk.



"FRIENDS: It is a great pleasure to be here to-day on this historic spot.

"About September 30th, 1877, there was a very different sight on this ground and this scene. Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé Indians was a man of high character —friendly to the whites—loved the whites—and his forefathers received Lewis and Clark with the utmost kindness, preventing them from starving to death, sold them dogs to preserve their lives through the winter. They were, from the Indian point of view, men of intelligence and force of character. The Flatheads, in 1833, sent East and asked that missionaries be sent them. Father De Smet, the great missionary of the Northwest, made Christians of them, and it was certainly astonishing sometimes to go into camp with them, and the first thing they would do the whole tribe would assemble for prayer. White men chased them out of the beautiful valley they occupied."

General Scott then paid his tribute to General Miles as the greatest and fairest fighter the United States Army has known, and traced the wonderful strategic retreat of Chief Joseph from the Grande Ronde to within sight of the Canadian Border, a distance of almost two thousand miles, in which his military strategy outwitted and defeated the American Army. In brief, the non-treaty Nez Percés were in the region South of modern Lewiston, Idaho, and Oregon. Though the Flatheads did not join them in the War, the Flatheads according to Howard did act as their spies and threw Howard's troops off their trail. Up to the time of the outbreak in the spring of 1877, the Nez Percés dressed much as white people dress, but as the Dreamer Prophets stirred up trouble and the Messiah craze ran among the tribes, they were ob-

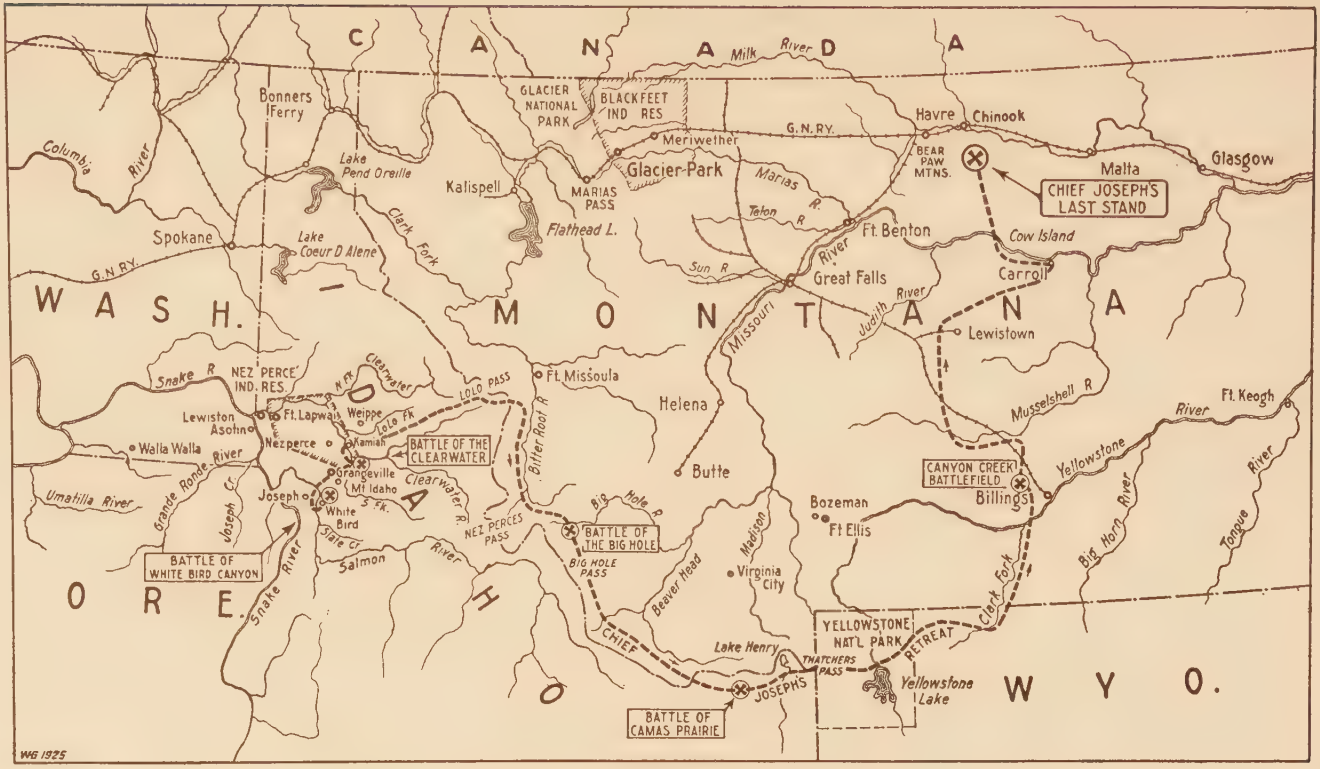
served to revert to native war costumes, and, when summoned to conferences with the Indian agents, came clad like the Highland Clans of Scotland in war gear, beating drums, parading sullenly, and departing defiantly. Chief Joseph could no more control his wild followers than the leaders of the modern Mexican Revolution could hold back from atrocities their allied Apaches. The Custer Massacre had filled the squatter settlers with apprehensive terrors. Every man's hands and nerves were on a hair trigger—Indian and white. It was on the Wallowa, or Winding Water, that Chief Joseph held his band; but White Bird's men held rendezvous in the secluded White Bird Canyon, where they had hidden horses and cattle from forcible removal to the reserve. Too-hul-hul-sote, though not a chief but a Dreamer, had a big following between the Salmon and the Snake. South of the Snake, amid the mountain cataracts of Asotin Creek, was another concealed band of non-treaty Dreamers. Hush-hush-cute commanded another little group on the Upper Snake. It was spring, and the rivers were alive with trout, and the deep mountain vales gave ample pasturage. It looked as if the white troops might as well try to thread a Land of Dreams as this labyrinth of mountain and forest and canyon. One Indian agency was at Lapwai, another at Kamiah on the Clear Water, seventy miles from Lewiston. Ruben, son of a chief and translator of the Gospel of John into Nez Percé, was guide and interpreter for "the praying general"—Howard. The Nez Percés in all numbered perhaps three thousand, though, as you will learn presently from Joseph himself, his own warriors at most never exceeded two or three hundred; and he fled with his women and children. Joseph's band were, in Howard's words,

"strikingly tall," and wore blankets over their buckskin war costume. "When young Joseph came to see me," says Howard, "he opened his dark eyes and tried to read my very soul. Joseph asked for time to gather his herds and people to the reserve; but his mystic Dreamer subchiefs never had at any time any idea of going on the reserve. Too-hul-hul-sote had answered gruffly: 'We'll go where we please, when we please, as we please! Who gave Washington rule over us?' "

And always, when Howard and Joseph thought they had the quarrel pacified, came the Dreamer Prophets with promises to raise the dead and cast out the whites and restore the Indian lands. So affairs had drifted to the month of April, with rumblings like the swift waters about to plunge into a mountain canyon. The battle blood of the Nez Percés, asleep for a century, was becoming more and more fevered. Ollicut, Joseph's brother, openly advocated war. Howard spent sleepless, tireless weeks in conference at Walla Walla. Joseph no longer came to these futile conferences. Only Ollicut, his brother, came, with men and women in parade, on ponies decorated in the red war-paint that ought to have forewarned what was going on back in the hidden mountain rendezvous, where Prophet dances and Prophet trances were lashing the Indians to frenzy over very real wrongs.

"They treat us like dogs!" shouted Ollicut at one meeting; and could Howard answer that the white blackguards of the lawless frontier did not?

The last conference to avert war had been held at Lapwai, near Lewiston. Ollicut sat crouching like a tiger at Joseph's feet. White Bird kept waving his war eagle plumes across his face. The Dreamers were wildly ex-



A MAP OF CHIEF JOSEPH'S RETREAT

cited, and Howard saw he must defer action till he had more troops to act effectively. Leaving one conference, the Dreamers wreathed out in a wild war-dance, beating their tom-toms and calling for the first time in forty years to the Indian war gods. Too-hul shouted: "We will *not* go on the reserve"; and it did not quench the gathering flames that Too-hul was thrown in the guardhouse, from which he was released on request of Joseph. Old Pete Pambrun of Walla Walla now came to try to quiet the Indians, and, in May, Howard went back to Portland, confident the Indians would go on the reserve; and on May 31, he had come back up to Yakima. Band after band promised to be on the reserve by September. He had gone on to Lapwai when, like a bolt out of the blue, came the truth—near Slate Creek beyond Mt. Idaho, a settler had "potted" an Indian, and the Indians had slain the settler, and a settlement of whites on Salmon River had been slain by renegade Indians, who belonged to no band. Word came that for months the Nez Percés had been gathering ammunition, and were now on the warpath in the mountain passes.

The last stand of the Nez Percés had begun. Lieutenant Perry, with ninety men, was rushed to Mt. Idaho. He was joined by fifty volunteers, who thought they could scare the Indians across the mountains to Salmon River. The Indians were waiting in White Bird Canyon. At Grangeville, four miles from Mt. Idaho, Perry rested his men. Marching all night, they reached the crest of White Bird Canyon at dawn. There were Indian camp fires. Indians on the war-path do not betray themselves by camp fires. The troops went gayly ahead in columns of four down a steep trail. The first thing that roused them from their false security was the finding of a

JOSEPH TAKES THE WAR-TRAIL AGAINST THE WHITE INVADER

woman with her little girl and baby. Her husband had just been murdered.

The white troops were trapped. Indians rose behind the rocks, both to fore and rear of the trail. Before the white men realized, the bugler fell shot from his horse. It was a *sauve qui peut* in rapid retreat back. The Indians pursued right back through the pass. Every white man who fell was slain; but there was no mutilation. To push horses, fagged by a night ride up a winding mountain trail, was impossible. Thirty-three, out of ninety, were left dead in White Bird Canyon, and Perry got the remnant back to Grangeville. General Howard rushed to join him with two hundred men, and passed into White Bird Canyon late in June. The dead were buried, and the troops moved across to Salmon River, "foaming and boiling like a caldron"; but the Indians had crossed on skin rafts, swimming their ponies, and now swung in behind Howard, cutting him off from his supplies. Howard now had six hundred men, two cannon and a gatling gun. Scouts reported that the Indians were at Kamiah in the forests on a branch of the Clear Water. Descending the right bank of the Clear Water with horses and wagons as transport, Howard's troops found Joseph on the other side of the river. It was a wild country. Again Joseph had the white men trapped. Howard describes the battle. Again let us acknowledge frankly it was a defeat. "I never had to exercise more thorough generalship during the Civil War than I did on that battlefield," records Howard. But he saved his troopers; for it was plain Joseph was swinging through the mountains along the Lolo Trail to go up across Montana to Canada. He could not go North by the Flathead buffalo trail; for there was a string of small forts to the left.

He knew now that it was a long chase and a fight to the bitter death.

A rear guard had to be kept at Kamiah.

The pursuit began on July 26, with the Indians one hundred and fifty miles ahead. Flatheads, friendly to Joseph, kept him informed of every movement of the troopers. General Gibbon overtook a few at Big Hole Pass. Again defeat for the whites on the 9th of August. When Howard came to the rescue at Big Hole, Joseph, like a bird on wing, was far away.

Howard has been accused of not wanting to catch the Indians; but he was observing the Napoleonic maxim—keep your doors of retreat safe, and the victory will take care of itself. The cavalry horses were now worn to the bone, but Lieutenant Bacon hurried in pursuit by Henry Lake of Tacher Pass and drove Joseph out of Yellowstone Park; but the Indians swept back on Howard in the Camas Meadows, where, behind blocks of lava, they harassed the rear and ran off mules and horses.

Joseph then swept through the Yellowstone, with Howard in hot pursuit, over a trail known to this day as Howard's Road. Volunteers became discouraged and went back to their squatter homes. It was seventy-five miles to the nearest point for supplies at Virginia City, a mining village. New horses were bought, but they were wild and unbroken; and Joseph was moving at lightning speed. It was in the Park that another massacre occurred, which General Chittenden has given very fully. Joseph went over Hart's Mountain. Howard followed; but where Howard had to pause to raft his supplies across or build pole bridges, Joseph slipped through canyons so narrow that two horses could not pass abreast, and the riders had to dismount. Here Joseph rested his

Indians, no doubt fully informed of every move of the white troopers to rear.

Howard made for the Musselshell. Joseph was heading up to the Judith Basin. In another swift flight, he would be across the British Border. Colonel Miles was at the mouth of Tongue River. Howard sent one scout overland and another down the Yellowstone to direct Miles to head Joseph off and catch him on the Border. It was in this detachment that General Scott acted as a young lieutenant. Miles caught Joseph in these very Bear Paw Mountains, where we were standing.

"It was early in the evening when we came upon the crest of a hill and saw the camp fires of our troops. We heard firing, and some of the bullets whistled over our heads, and as I thought that our party had been mistaken for savages, I cried out: 'What are you firing at us for?'

"Just then Miles himself, with a small escort, met and took me to his headquarters. That night we consulted together; he showed me how the Indians had dug deep holes instead of ordinary entrenchments; that part of the herd of Indian ponies had been captured and a part was still in the possession of the Indians. He had sent in a brave and capable officer, who had been for a while detained by Joseph, but at last had returned, having been unable to bring matters to a decision. I proposed to send in my two Nez Percé scouts, Captains John and George, bearing a white flag.

"The next day this was done. Miles and myself sat side by side upon the slope of a hill in plain view of both contestants, when 'Captain John,' accompanied by George, moved off on foot, swinging his white flag.

"The scouts returned and bore Joseph's message, to

the effect that he had done all he could and that he left his people and himself in our hands. Some of the Indians violated the promise they had made to Joseph, creeping out of camp in the night and escaping. One of them was Chief White Bird.

"It was rather a forlorn procession that came up out of that Indian bivouac. They were covered with dirt, their clothing was torn, and their ponies, such as they were, were thin and lame. A few of the Indians preserved their dignified bearing and had attired themselves as best they could for the occasion. When Joseph appeared he extended his rifle to me and I waived it over to Colonel Miles, who had planned and made a swift diagonal march, and so bravely fought the last battle.

"Colonel Miles made his report to the department commander, and a little later I made mine. I had been instructed by McDowell to send the Indians back to the Department of the Columbia, and I so gave Joseph to understand, but I was overruled from Washington, and Miles was ordered to keep them for the time being and finally send them to the Indian Territory.

"I returned to my headquarters in Portland, Oregon, reaching home the last day of November. We had marched one thousand three hundred and twenty-one miles in seventy-five days. Joseph's loss during the entire period was over a hundred. Too-hul-hul-sote, Looking-Glass, and Joseph's brother Ollicut perished in battle."

Such is General Howard's account.

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General Scott then continued his formal address:

"The Nez Percé tribe was long known as one of the most religious, moral, well-behaved and peaceable found in the New World. In the early thirties of the 19th century, they sent delegations to St. Louis, some of the members of which were killed on the way, to ask for missionaries through whom they might obtain a knowledge of the white man's God. It was in response to this that the celebrated Father De Smet began his tireless labors in the Northwest.

"In 1877, the Nez Percés believed their lands were being taken from them unjustly.

"Joseph did what he could to restrain his people but when some of his young men reported that they had killed several white men, he saw that they could be restrained no longer, and felt that he must go with his people.

"Troops were sent to make arrests, some skirmishes took place in Idaho, and the Indians started East across the mountains for the buffalo country by the trail they had followed yearly along the Lolo road. They were followed by General Howard, who commanded the military department west of the mountains.

"The Indians were very careful at first not to injure any property or to shed the blood of the inhabitants in the country passed over; and many humane acts are recorded, such as cannot be said of any other Indian campaign in history.

"While camped in the Big Hole Valley of Montana East of the mountains, they were surprised at dawn and driven out of their camps by the forces of General John Gibbon, then Colonel of the 7th Infantry from

Fort Shaw, Montana. The Nez Percés rallied and retook their camp, causing the white troops to entrench themselves on a hill where they were short of water and where they would probably have been annihilated if the siege had not been raised by the arrival of General Howard with troops, who had been following the trail from the West.

"The Indians then started again, with all their families, property and stock. Their course took them to Henry's Lake, and thence to the Yellowstone Lake in the National Park, with the intention of passing down the Yellowstone to its great bend at Livingstone; but their scouts encountered white troops down the valley at the mouth of Gardner's River and fearing a detention and conflict such as had occurred at the Big Hole, they changed their course; leaving the Yellowstone they went up Pelican Creek, down Clark's Fork, crossing the Yellowstone one hundred miles east of where they had previously intended to go. Here the 7th Cavalry had a rear guard fight up Cañon Creek north to the Musselshell. News of this crossing was carried eastward down the Yellowstone by a private trooper on a small horse, three hundred miles in three days through an Indian country, to General Miles at Fort Keogh on Tongue River, reaching there in the afternoon. Most people under the circumstances would have considered that the Indians had escaped out of reach; but General Miles with the utmost promptitude and celerity organized an expedition, equipped and transported it across the Yellowstone to take up the march at daylight for the Missouri River at the mouth of the Musselshell, three hundred miles to the Northwest, to cut the In-

dians off from their junction with Sitting Bull north of the British Line. Most of the steamboats had left the Upper River for the season, but General Miles sent an officer forward who caught the last boat, which was used to ferry the troops to the North side of the Missouri. The Cheyenne scouts, who had just surrendered a few months before from the hostile Sioux camps, were sent forward covering the country like pointer dogs and they soon discovered the Nez Percé trail near that round blue mountain at the Northeast corner of the Bear Paws.

"The trail was followed down that little dip in the ridge, and the Indians were attacked in three directions where they were camped in that ravine and on that little Flat on Snake Creek. The 7th Cavalry Squadron with five officers took the brunt of the assault to fasten the Indians down so they could not escape and attacked from the East, charging on that ravine which could not be seen from a distance, but which halted the horses and was full of Indians. In a very short time four of the five officers were either killed or wounded. Three first sergeants were killed and many men killed or wounded. The 5th Infantry, mounted on captured Indian ponies, charged from the South and had two officers wounded and some men. The Second Cavalry Squadron on the West ran off the pony herd. They had one man killed.

"White Bird escaped with some of his people across the Line at the first onslaught. Forty-five other Nez Percés reached the halfbreed settlement to surrender there later without a fight, and seven were killed by the Assiniboine Indians.

"Joseph with the main band stood a siege of several

days, part in a snowstorm, both sides without shelter, and he surrendered to General Miles shortly after General Howard arrived on the field with his staff. The field was then within a day's march of safety for the Indians across the British Line, where the white troops were forbidden to follow.

"The dead were buried in yonder trench and were afterwards removed to a National Cemetery. The wounded and prisoners were taken back behind those Little Rocky Mountains to the North of the Musselshell, thence over to Fort Keogh. Later against General Miles' earnest protest, they were taken to the end of the nearest railway at Bismarck and shipped to the Indian Territory as prisoners of war.

"A large proportion of these Northwest Indians died in Oklahoma of the malarial fevers then prevalent, and the remainder were permitted to return to Idaho. Joseph died and is buried in the state of Washington.

"This capture of the Nez Percé Indians by General Miles was one of the most brilliant feats of arms ever effected by American troops, when the immense distances, the intervening rivers, the desert country are considered, and stamps General Miles as the most successful Indian fighter America has ever seen. He never lost a battle during his long and brilliant career.

"No Indian has ever conducted his families, horses and property so successfully over high mountains, across wide rivers, for thirteen hundred miles with all the resources of civilization against him, or waged war with the humanity shown by Joseph and his men. The treatment accorded this friendly, peaceable Christian tribe—wards of our nation—both before and after the

outbreak, forms one of the dark spots of American history.

"It may be of interest to some to know that this Creek was called 'Snake Creek' by the Indians (Grosventres of Fort des Prairie, Edmonton) who dwelt about those Little Rocky Mountains, because their last battle occurred on the head of this stream with the Snakes before they were driven off from the plains across the mountains forever; and it happened so long ago, that the battle was won because the Grosventres had one gun and the Snakes had not any, had in fact never heard one and thought they were being fought with thunder and lightning in a supernatural way."

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It was General Scott conducted Chief Joseph down to Fort Leavenworth.

Let us now hear Chief Joseph's story. He had surrendered on the 4th of October, 1877, with only eighty-seven warriors left, of whom forty were wounded; and had one hundred and eighty-four women and forty-seven children. Here, in part, is his message to Howard.

"Tell General Howard that I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. Too-hul-hul-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. Ollicut is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more with the white man."

With three hundred warriors, Joseph had fought eleven battles against two thousand white troopers in all.

"We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We were not disappointed. He did follow us, and we got between him and his supplies, and cut him off for three days. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. . . . My clothes were cut to pieces, my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. . . . The men who first came among us were Frenchmen, and they called our people 'Nez Percés,' because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name. . . . When a number of white people came into our country and built houses and made farms, our people made no complaint. . . . My father was invited to many councils, and they tried hard to make him sign the treaty, but he was firm as a rock, and would not sign away his home. . . . For a short time we lived quietly. But this could not last. White men had found gold in the mountains. They stole a great many horses from us, and we could not get them back because we were Indians. They drove off a great many of our cattle. We had no friends who would plead our cause before the councils. Nearly every year the agent came over from Lapwai and ordered us onto the reservation. We were careful to refuse the presents or annuities which he offered. . . . I knew I had never sold my country, and that I had no land in Lapwai; but I did not want bloodshed. I did not want my people killed. My people had been murdered by white men and the white murderers were never punished for it. . . . I found my people very much excited upon discovering that the soldiers were already in the Wallowa Valley. We decided to move to avoid bloodshed. . . . We gath-

ered all the stock we could find and made an attempt to move. We lost several hundred in crossing the river. Many of the Nez Percés came together in Rocky Canyon to hold a grand council. This council lasted ten days. . . . I was leaving the council to kill beef for my family when news came that the young man whose father had been killed had gone out with several hot-blooded young braves and killed four white men. He shouted: 'Why do you sit here like women? The war has begun already.' I was deeply grieved. I saw clearly that the war was upon us. . . . We had many grievances, but I knew that war would bring more. . . . There were bad men among my people, who had quarreled with white men, and they talked of their wrongs until they roused all the bad hearts in the council. I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people. I blame my young men and I blame the white men. . . . We moved over to White Bird Creek, sixteen miles away, but the soldiers attacked us. We numbered in that battle sixty men, and the soldiers a hundred. The soldiers retreated before us for twelve miles. They lost thirty-three killed and had seven wounded. . . . We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We got between him and his supplies and cut him off for three days. We attacked them, killing one officer, two guides and ten men. . . . About this time General Howard found out that we were on his rear. Five days later he attacked us with three hundred and fifty soldiers and settlers. We had two hundred and fifty warriors. The fight lasted twenty-seven hours. We lost four killed and several wounded. General Howard's loss was twenty-nine men killed and sixty wounded. . . . We retreated to Bitter Root Val-

ley. Another body of soldiers came upon us and demanded our surrender. We refused. They said: 'You cannot get by us.' We answered: 'We are going by you without fighting if you will let us, but we are going by.' They agreed that we might pass through Bitter Root country in peace. We brought provisions and traded stock with white men there. We intended to go to the buffalo country. We traveled on for four days, and we stopped and prepared tent poles to take with us. . . . That night the soldiers surrounded our camp. The new white war chief's name was Gibbon. He charged upon us while some of my people were asleep. We had a hard fight. We lost nearly all our lodges, but we finally drove General Gibbon back. He sent for his big guns (cannons), but my men had captured them and all the ammunition. We damaged the big guns and carried away the powder and lead. We lost fifty women and children and thirty fighting men. We remained long enough to bury our dead. The Nez Percés never make war on women and children. . . . We never scalp our enemies. . . . We retreated as rapidly as we could towards the buffalo country. After six days General Howard came close to us, and we went out and attacked him and captured nearly all his horses and mules (about two hundred and fifty head). We then marched on to the Yellowstone Basin. . . . Nine days' march brought us to the mouth of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, but another new war chief (General Sturgis) attacked us. We held him in check while we moved all our women and children and stock out of danger, leaving a few men to cover our retreat. We began to feel secure, when another army, under General Miles, struck us. This was the fourth army, each of which outnumbered our fighting force,

that we had encountered within sixty days. . . . We had no knowledge of General Miles' army until a short time before he made a charge upon us, cutting our camp in two and capturing nearly all of our horses. About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. . . . The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near us. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove the soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands. We secured their arms and ammunition. We lost, the first day and night, eighteen men and three women. General Miles lost twenty-six killed and forty wounded. The following day General Miles sent a messenger into my camp under protection of a white flag. General Miles wished me to consider the situation; that he did not want to kill my people unnecessarily. A little later he sent some Cheyenne scouts with another message. They said they believed that General Miles was sincere and really wanted peace. I walked on to General Miles' tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said: 'Come, let us sit down by the fire and talk this matter over.' I remained with him all night; and next morning Yellow Bull came over to see if I was alive, and why I did not return. . . . We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women, and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. . . . General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. General Miles said: 'If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you back to the reservation.' On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun, and said, 'From where the sun now stands I will fight no more.' My people needed rest—

SNAKE CREEK, THE LAST STAND OF THE RED MAN

we wanted peace. I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would be sent back to our country. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received orders to take us to Bismarck. . . . I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses—over eleven hundred—and all our saddles—over one hundred—and we have not heard from them since. . . . General Miles turned my people over to another soldier, and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who now had charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth. At Fort Leavenworth we were placed in on a low river-bottom, with no water except river water to drink and cook with. Many of our people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. At last I was granted permission to come to Washington."

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Charles Smith, who was a teamster in Miles' command and had been present at the fight, was of the party of local people who met us at Havre. He pointed out all the points on the battle field, where Chief Joseph made his last stand, advocated that the Government set aside a thousand acres as a national monument to the regular Army for the part it took in protecting the pioneers. What worthier cause could command the interest of the Congress and what fitter site could be found than the last great stand of the Red Man's supreme military

genius? Then the motors again whirled us back to the train—this time not along the trails of Indian wars, but between fields of wheat, fence-high. Call it destiny, call it ruthless, theorize as you may—along that trail of human progress the race passes willy-nilly. La Verendrye and Thompson marked the passing of the era of discovery. Fort Union marked the passing of the era of the fur trade. Joseph's battle field marked the passing of the era of the Indian; and now we go on to dedicate monuments to two other eras in the Winning of the West—the explorer and the railway builders. Who can say that the heroes of any of these eras were conscious of their part in destiny; or that we ourselves are conscious of ours? Am I a fatalist? I don't know. I think no one can read the story of the Winning of the West and not acknowledge there is a destiny greater than any human actor in its onward sweep can guess or foreknow. It takes us all in its current—good and bad—and Joseph was one of the best.

PART IV: LEWIS AND CLARK'S FARTHEST NORTH (1804-1806)

SOME good manitou of the weather spirits seemed to be acting as the tutelary deity of the Missouri River Expedition, for on the week of the trip in the midst of a torridly tempestuous summer, the thermometer turned on perfect sunny weather not above seventy-two degrees for the six days, with only that one wild hurrah of a ramping wind at Fort Union to celebrate properly the equally wild days of the old fur post. Monday dawned so sunny and calm you heard old-timers of Montana, who had joined the trip to witness the dedication of a shaft to Meriwether Lewis, paraphrasing the poem,

> "Turn back, O Time, turn back in your flight—
> Just thirty years, just for to-night—"

to which Charlie Russell, the famous frontier artist, returned in his terse, inimitable drawl: "Yes, and if Time did turn back, do you think you fellows would be sober enough to catch this 9 A.M. train?"

"No; but it's so cursed to be getting old when the world is such a beautiful place to live in and life such a joyously happy old game"; and the train was speeding back twenty-eight or thirty miles East of Glacier Park,

where we had spent the night, to the place named Meriwether, which marks the farthest North reached in the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Was it design or happy chance that each dedication commemorated not only the zenith of some hero's endeavor but the apogee of some historic era? La Verendrye and Thompson stood for the discoverers, Fort Union for the fur traders, Chief Joseph for the Indians, Meriwether Lewis for the explorers. Between discoverer and developer always was the explorer, just as the scientific engineer comes between the discoverers of science and the inventions that apply discoveries in commerce.

I have spoken of a destiny greater in scope than any nation, or any individual in any nation, directing or gathering in its onward sweep of progress all the chance currents of individual and national endeavor; and the Lewis and Clark Expedition was the best example of this I know in American history. When Captain Cook circumnavigated the seas and explored the West Coast of America, from 1776 to 1779, there accompanied his crews a young New Englander, Ledyard, as Corporal of Marines. It was Ledyard and Cook's Voyages that first stirred up Jefferson in Paris to question where the exact boundary lay between French Louisiana and the Spanish Domain of the Pacific. Paul Jones, the sea hero of the Revolution, listened to Ledyard's report and loaned him money to stave off starvation. It was also Cook's voyage that stirred up England and New England navigators to get on the ground and grasp the fur trade area, between Spain in California and the Russians in Alaska; and when Gray of Boston and Vancouver of England came scouting this Pacific Coast, from 1785 to 1792, what gave the new American Republic, not yet twenty years old,

first title to the Columbia was the fact that when Vancouver, with his magnificent navy vessels, sailed blithely past the mouth of the Columbia, pronouncing there was no river there, Gray, with his little sloop, slipped past in over the tempestuous sand bar of terrific tide-rip in collision with the river flow of half a continent and nailed American title to the Columbia down for all time.

Jefferson knew this, of course. He also knew his countrymen had not the faintest idea of the vastness or value of that almost unknown and entirely unrecognized discovery. Unless the region between Louisiana and the mouth of the Columbia could be discovered, explored, and charted, title might go by default through sheer indifference. Yet to stir up public sentiment to the fever heat of "fifty-four forty or fight" of the later contest over Oregon, might defeat the very purpose of the expedition by sending Spain up on the ground first, or hastening action by the English. If you will read up the old Spanish State Papers of this period—say from 1780 to 1800—you will find instructions to seize and hold any "Washington" ship—they hardly recognize the existence of the United States—and prevent its intrusion on the North Pacific; and if you will notice how soon after the voyages of Cook, Vancouver was sent out on his heels to nail possession for the British Crown, you will grasp the tremendous significance of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. You will realize, too, why it was so quietly organized and so little heralded after its accomplishment till its hundredth anniversary had swung round.

But the train had stopped beside a high sand-hill overlooking a tributary of Maria's River, which gave the easiest pass across the Rockies to the Columbia, but

which Lewis and Clark had missed on their westbound voyage and which was really not charted as a path to the Pacific, till John Frank Stevens, the great engineer, came on the scene a hundred years after Gray and Vancouver had been on the Pacific.

We were to dedicate a monument to Meriwether Lewis; and the tall pink spire of the shaft, piercing the sunny July sky, pointed for me as plainly as Rodin's "Hand of God" holding humans in its palm—that Divine Destiny of Nations which overrules us all, willy-nilly.

Why should I say that Divine Destiny is willy-nilly —especially "nilly"? Go back and read the Congressional debates over Oregon. We take unction to ourselves for buying Louisiana and Alaska, and securing Oregon. That unction is a sad satire on human blockheadedness, or political stupidity. Alaska was ridiculed as "an ice-box" by patriots who smote their breasts in self-righteous smugness. Louisiana was called "a worthless waste of desert wilds"; and Oregon would have gone by default but for Gray, Lewis and Clark, John Jacob Astor, and a handful of New England missionaries led by Marcus Whitman, who paid with his life in martyr massacre in the days of Chief Joseph's father.

But the spectators had assembled around the foot of the rose-colored shaft pointing to the sky, and Governor Erickson of Montana, having accepted the monument for the State from the Great Northern, was speaking:

"On Saturday we assembled at historic Fort Union, which is so rich in memories. Yesterday we visited one of the battle fields, where General Miles met and overcame Chief Joseph, perhaps the greatest Indian warrior

of all time. Here to-day we are assembled, on the fourth historic occasion, to dedicate this imposing monument to the courage and devotion of a great American, and I trust that in the coming years these historic spots we have visited the last few days will become shrines towards which people of the great State of Montana may assemble from time to time to rededicate themselves to this great nation and this great State of ours, and to reconsecrate themselves to the service of humanity, and in this spirit, Mr. President, on behalf of our great State, I accept this Deed and this great and imposing monument."

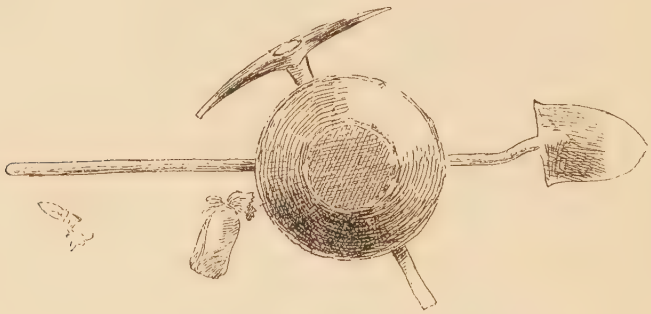
Mr. Litchfield, the architect who planned the designing and placing of all the monuments, then made a short and impressive plea that the women of Montana plant about the base of the monument, and care for, some of the beautiful mountain flowers which blossom in a riot of pink coloring in that locality.

There was something peculiarly appropriate and beautiful in this plea; for within the memory of nearly all present, mountain and prairie flowers bloomed on these foothills knee-deep. When I was a child in the West, prairie roses and tiger lilies were higher than my shoulders; and you could literally sit down in a fairy grove of the pale purple windflower, with its evanescent odor of spring and its tossing tassels of gray-pink hair, soft as down. Ranch herds and Indian ponies have trampled this primeval garden of beauty to extinction; and a wire enclosure thrown round the monument would restore and preserve one of the most beautiful features of national life on the prairies and foothills.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, of the Minnesota Historical Society, his address was read. Mr.

COULTER'S RACE FOR LIFE

Wheeler, one of the greatest authorities on "the Lewis and Clark Trail"—who has traversed every foot of it—has since passed away; and the fact that this was the last word Mr. Wheeler would ever give to the world out of the rich store of his intimate knowledge added an almost sacred impressiveness to the opening ceremonies.



THE FIRST NATIONAL EXPLORATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN 1804-1806, BY LEWIS AND CLARK, THE HERALDS OF PEACE AND FREEDOM, BY OLIN D. WHEELER

IT is a significant, as well as an interesting, fact that the first exploration entered upon by the United States was, as well, taken all in all and considering its objects and sweeping results, the most important one we have ever sent forth. And this country has been prolific in exploration, not at home alone, but also abroad.

The significance lies in the fact that, at a time when it was least to be expected, there was thought at all for any exploratory work by us.

It was at the dawn of our national existence, almost literally; at the formative period of our national life. It

was a time, too, when we might well be wholly absorbed in the task of firmly establishing on its foundations the young republic, upon which the monarchies of Europe looked—and always have looked, at least until recently—askance and with jealousy. But it was a day of strong, patriotic, and farsighted men as well, and one of the great men of his time had for years been obsessed with a vision that at last became reality.

Twice, before he assumed the Presidency, Thomas Jefferson had endeavored, unsuccessfully, to have what is now the Northwestern part of the United States carefully explored. Soon after Jefferson's inauguration as President in 1801, the way opened for the third attempt, with a fair promise of success, although much of the region still remained under foreign domination. Surely the stars in their courses fought for Jefferson, as in the olden, Bible times they fought against Sisera, and Congress authorized the exploration. Before it was fairly launched, by what might almost be termed the miraculous dispensation of Providence, a large part of the unpossessed territory to be explored became ours, through Napoleon's audacious and usurping action, in which he fairly forced upon us what historians term "the Louisiana Purchase." This now renowned purchase, and our first great expansion of territory, cost us $15,000,000, and comprised roughly the land between the Mississippi River and the summit of the Rocky Mountains and reaching from the Gulf of Mexico indefinitely Northward to and beyond the sources of the Mississippi.

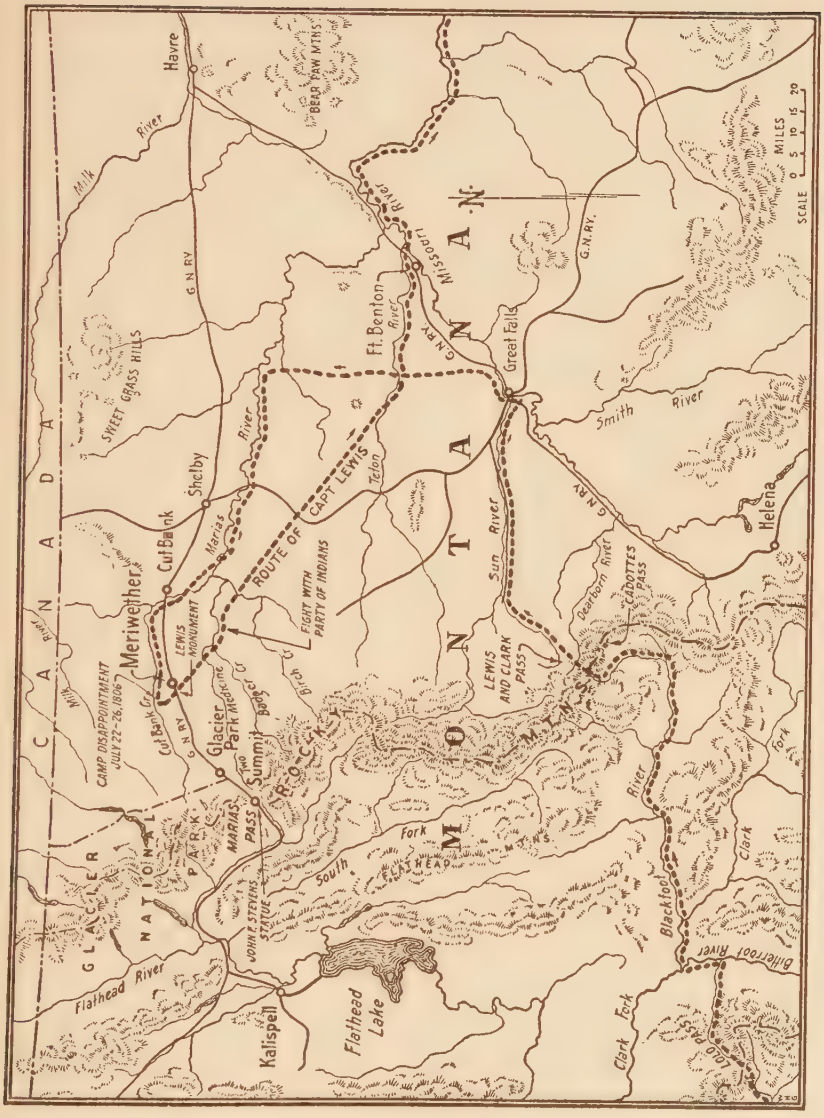
President Jefferson had as his private secretary Meriwether Lewis, a young man of one of the best families of Virginia. Quiet, resourceful, and endowed with splendid qualities of leadership, Lewis wanted to head the com-

ing expedition. Jefferson, knowing him to be fully equipped for the position, at the same time desired him to become its leader. The young man's ambition was, therefore, quickly gratified. Lewis, with Jefferson's sanction, associated with himself as a co-equal William Clark, another young Virginian, and his special friend, then living near Louisville, Kentucky. Clark was a brother of George Rogers Clark, noted in early Middle Western warfare and settlement, and he was equally as well fitted as Lewis for leadership in such an enterprise. Thus was formed the leadership of the now well-known and justly lauded exploration of Lewis and Clark of 1804-6.

Lewis and Clark! Three simple words, and yet what memories they arouse for what was accomplished; what fatigues, adventures, and hardships they bring up; what monstrous results to the Northwest they recall. No wonder that it is the keystone of our arch of explorations, that it more and more assumes historic brilliancy in the passage of the years.

One hundred and twenty-two years since these forerunners of democratic progress performed their stupendous task, and but one man lost. Do you grasp the purport and worth of it all?

As the report of this Expedition has been called our great Epic of Exploration, the Expedition itself may well be designated the great Drama of Exploration. It extended over a period so long that the party was given up as lost; it covered a vast area of wholly new and unknown territory; it comprehended within its scope the amusing, the pathetic, the serious, the commonplace, the patriotic. With practically no precedents to guide them, the leaders must work out their own salvation, be a lamp



THE ROUTE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

unto their own feet, and meet the difficulties which confronted them as they proceeded as best they might. And most gloriously they did this. In all the annals, certainly, of American exploration, none seemingly is more renowned for its complete success, in its every field of endeavor, at as little cost in money or life, and so small a list of jealousies, casualties, or serious accidents. It will stand for all time as a model, not alone in the successful accomplishment of the scientific and political objects aimed at, but in the practical execution and success of the plan, the rare executive ability displayed by the principals, and the loyalty, good nature, and cheerfulness of the subordinates under nearly all sorts of conditions, and their fidelity to the purposes of the exploration.

In endeavoring to recount in one address the exploits, adventures, accidents, hardships, results—in a word, by telling the story in full, of such a venture, it is inevitable that very much of interest and value must be omitted. The story is too long to be more than glimpsed here, and special emphasis is due to the work of the explorers in what now is Montana.

Congress appropriated twenty-five hundred dollars for the enterprise. This sum, however, was but a small part of the expense incurred in carrying out the project The members of the expedition were enlisted as soldiers, a wise provision, and their subsistence and the other usual expenses incident to a soldier's life were likewise borne by the War Department under its own regular appropriations.

The world was informed, previous to the Louisiana Purchase, that the exploration was "a literary venture." Thus its real purpose was masked, and Spain and France, whose territory was originally to be explored, and even

our own country, were ignorant of what really lay back of that plausible, smooth, high-sounding but misleading phrase, which proved in the end to be unnecessary, for the consummation of the Louisiana Purchase made most of the entire Northwestern territory our own, prior to the start of the party from St. Louis in May, 1804.

The objects of the exploration were so many and various that they cannot be enumerated here. They comprehended a wide range of subjects and laid upon the shoulders of Lewis and Clark a tremendous responsibility. As partly indicating their scope, they included a study of the geography of the region passed over, its plants, flowers, trees, streams, birds, animals, mountains. A special investigation, think of it, *as to the practicability of constructing a roadway across the mountains; the possibilities of the country for settlement and agriculture*, and they were particularly enjoined *to cultivate amicable relations with the Indians*, obtaining vocabularies of their language, a knowledge of their history and life, and they were to induce them to trade with and declare their allegiance to, and friendship for, their new brethren, the Americans. The leaders and others were to keep elaborate journals and to carefully preserve them; some Indians were to be carried back to Washington on the return of the party, if possible; if trading vessels were found on the Pacific Coast, two of their men were to be returned by sea, if passage could be secured. Interesting collections of Indian handiwork and art were to be procured and sent to Washington.

The expedition was scheduled to start from St. Louis late in 1803. Owing to unavoidable delays, a camp was finally established for the winter of 1803-4 on the Eastern side of the Mississippi in American territory near

St. Louis. The winter was well spent in exercising and disciplining the men and inuring them to the vicissitudes and duties of a military life. Louisiana Territory was formally turned over to the United States at St. Louis on March 9, 1804, Captain Lewis being one of the official witnesses to the transfer.

As the month of May, 1804, approached, the arrangements for departure were rapidly completed. The soldiers had been carefully selected and an interpreter secured, provisions and supplies suitable for such a trip had been provided, and on the 14th of May the camp at River Dubois, or Wood River, opposite the mouth of the Missouri, was abandoned and the adventure begun.

Lewis and Clark, the leaders! At the time of the exploration both were young men. Interesting to Montanans is the fact that Lewis passed his 31st birthday on August 18, 1805, at Shoshone Cove, near Armstead, Montana.

Lewis was less brusque and self-assertive than Clark. He possessed a gentleness and urbanity of disposition that must have made intercourse with, and duty under, him a pleasure, and must have stimulated the best efforts of each individual. He had, apparently, that sweet, beautiful, indefinable, elusive essence that we associate with exalted and delightful womanhood, that modulates character, smooths down the acerbities of life and ennobles both the individual and those with whom he or she comes in contact.

Clark was slightly older than Lewis, and the two were markedly different in general character. To Clark's firmness, justice, and ability to control and direct men, is due a large part of the lack of friction and the final success of the venture.

WHEN THE MINER CAME

One may easily imagine that men chosen for such work as this must possess special qualifications for it. Temperament, intelligence, bravery, physical strength and endurance, moral excellences and attributes, patience, control of one's temper, freedom from physical or mental weaknesses of any sort, were a few of many things to be considered by the leaders in accepting volunteers for the expedition. Many, indeed, were called; few were chosen.

It was a period of hard yet simple living. This produced self-reliant, strong, hopeful, healthful men and women, and these were the men and women of the "covered wagon" sort, who pushed out into our frontier states in the early years of the republic and laid the broad and enduring foundations of our nation. So the fact that the inspection under which the men of the Lewis and Clark party were selected was stern and severe may account for the further fact that in a journey involving several modes of travel, occupying two years, four months and nine days, and beset by obstacles and dangers innumerable, but one man died and few were really dangerously ill.

Every page of the story of their trip, from its beginning at St. Louis in May, 1804, until its end there, over twenty-eight months later, is full of stirring anecdote. How they religiously advised the Indians to keep peace among themselves and with the whites; how they carried on the most thorough investigations during the winter camp among the Mandans; their good fortune in finding the Shoshone "Bird Woman" there; how, when they reached the mouth of that "turbulent stream" named Maria's, in honor of a fair one, they struggled along the continental divide before they finally crossed

it, and how they finally built new boats and floated down the wide Columbia, where they established Clatsop Camp for their second winter quarters. Then the long and dreary winter, the incessant rain with no adequate shelter, and, in March of 1806, the beginning of their homeward voyage. Without a special incident, the Indian guides now carried them along so that they reached Travelers Rest Creek at the end of the Lolo trail in the Bitter Root valley.

Lewis had come to the conclusion that he wanted to take a party North from Travelers Rest, through Missoula on Clark's River, ford the stream there, and then proceed North by some good route back to their old White Bear Islands camp at the mouth of Sun River, and here the grizzly bears and numerous falls had made all of that section a very important one to them. He was then going to take a Northwesterly course up to some point on the upper part of Maria's River; take some astronomical observations, then return to the junction of Maria's and Missouri Rivers, and proceed on down the stream to meet Clark near the Junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, Clark having in the meantime descended the Yellowstone. This scheme was followed out. He made and crossed Clark's River all right, and then followed the Blackfoot River, along the course of which there was a good Indian trail, over to White Bear Island camp.

Here, with three of his best men, he left the remainder of his company at the Falls and mouth of Sun River. He then proceeded along the Northern side of the river, swinging gradually toward the West, until he reached the forks of Maria's River. These forks are now known as Two Medicine Creek, or River, and the Cut

Bank Creek. These streams, after flowing apart from each other, traverse the entire width of the present Blackfoot Indian Reservation. Leading on from the junction of these three streams, he followed the Cut Bank, reaching the stream again at a point near Cut Bank Station on the Great Northern Railway. Here they forded the stream to the West side, marched on for a distance of five miles and camped for the night. This camp was the extreme Northern point reached by Lewis, and from here they started on their return trip along the stream to a point on the Two Medicine Fork of Maria's River. Bad weather held them here for several days, and Lewis called the place "Camp Disappointment." They were practically out of rations here, but finally killed a fine buck, on which "we faired sumptuously." Up to the present time they had met no Indians, nor had they seen any indications of them.

On July 26th they departed in a direction nearly Southeast, passing two miles West of the present railway station of Meriwether, and near where we now stand. They reached and forded the Two Medicine branch about two miles above its junction with Badger Creek; followed down the valley one mile, and then camped for a time, letting the horses graze, and also eating a little venison themselves. Leaving this point, they had only proceeded about three miles, reaching a plain somewhat higher than where they were, when they saw a collection of horses and discovered that it was an Indian encampment. They were soon discovered, and there was now no way to avoid a meeting, so they continued their march slowly toward them, the Indians watching Drewyer, who was advancing alone. In due time, they came together, and everything went along satisfactorily.

They camped together near the river, and the Indians erected a large tent, in which the whites and Indians slept together. They spent the evening in long confabulations, and everything seemed to be passing off in a very satisfactory way, although the whites were very suspicious and arranged very carefully to have some one on watch all night long.

In the morning the Indians arose before Lewis and crowded around one of the men on guard, who, carelessly enough, had left his rifle lying on the ground. The Indians seized it and also the rifles of the other men, Lewis still being asleep. They made off with the rifles at once. One of Lewis's men discovered the situation and awakened the others, and they pursued the Indians who had the rifles, and in a scuffle one of the men stabbed an Indian to the heart. The Indian died at once, and the men hastened back to camp. In the meantime, the other of Lewis's men, having been awakened when an Indian attempted to grab his rifle away, seized the rifle and took it from the Indian. Another fight ensued, and Lewis awakened and took his part in the encounter. The Indians reached the bluffs, but before they could get behind the rocks and hide themselves Lewis had a good chance to shoot at one of them, which he did, with fatal effect. The net result of the conflict was the almost total blockade of the Indians' scheme, two dead Indians, the capture of the Indians' camp outfit, four of their horses and the loss of Lewis's own horses. This fight took place on Two Medicine River, about four miles below the mouth of Badger Creek.

The white men immediately started on their return to the Missouri River, expecting that they would be attacked by a large band of Indians. The stream which

they crossed, at a distance of eight miles from the battle field, they called "Battle River." It is now known as Birch Creek, and forms with Cut Bank Creek the Southern and a part of the Western boundary of the present Blackfeet Reservation.

At three o'clock that afternoon they reached and forded the Tansy River, after sixty-three miles of travel, stopping here for an hour and a half to rest the horses and themselves before pushing ahead along the South side of the Tansy River for seventeen miles more, when they halted again for two hours, killed a buffalo and refreshed themselves.

At daylight they found themselves scarcely able to stand, on account of hard riding, but it was necessary to press on, so they did. They continued to the Eastward. At twelve miles distance, near the Missouri, they heard the report of a gun. Quickening their pace, they proceeded eight miles further, when, not far from Grog Springs, they heard other rifles, and hurrying to the river bank, saw, with great pleasure, their own friends coming down the river. The party was, of course, Ordway's.

Lewis's men had ridden one hundred and twenty miles in a little more than twenty-four hours, and were just about used up. This meeting, however, was a most fortunate one and enabled them at once to hasten down to their caches, near the mouth of Maria's River, and to turn their horses loose, load their canoes and start on their final trip down the river, which they did on July 28, traveling fifteen miles below the mouth of Maria's River. Thus was ended the only dangerous, and at the same time, for the white men, fortunate, conflict that the exploration had with the Indians.

Wolf Calf, a Blackfoot Indian, in conversation with

Dr. George B. Grinnell, years afterwards, in discussing this fight, in which he took part, placed its location on the hills immediately South of Birch Creek, where Robare, in Teton county, now stands. This location, however, does not agree with the location given by Lewis.

The journey down the Missouri was not a very comfortable one, because of the violent storms and winds. They passed the Musselshell River on August 1, Milk River on August 4, and reached the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone on August 7.

On August 11 Captain Lewis was accidentally wounded in the thigh by one of his men. He was placed in one of the canoes, and made the remainder of the voyage all right. By the time they reached Captain Clark, Lewis seemed to be in a fairly satisfactory condition.

In the meantime, Clark had come down the Jefferson and Yellowstone Rivers. Now united again, they passed on down the river, reaching their old Indian friends near Fort Mandan, on August 14.

The remainder of their voyage down the Missouri to St. Louis was without any particular events, and they reached St. Louis about twelve o'clock on the 23rd of September, 1806.

ADDRESS BY SIDNEY M. LOGAN AT THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS

THE story of the events that have occasioned this ceremony—the conquest of the great Northwest—is one to sound the deepest emotions of human nature and cause the imagination to riot among scenes of adventure and achievement unequaled in history; yet how prosaic has been the telling—how inadequate seem words to picture the story.

So imposing and heroic it is, that the voice of the *raconteur*, the pen of the historian, the brush of the artist, and the chisel of the sculptor falter in its portrayal. Painstaking, carefully edited chronicles, narratives and historical sketches have been given to the world by the explorers themselves and by the brightest minds and most conscientious historians of our own times—volumes have been published in the attempt to convey to the world a vision of what these men suffered and accomplished, but after all, only an infinitesimal part of the story has been told, and it has been left to the imagination to reconstruct a tale of hardship, suffering, and peril sufficient to daunt the courage and bring panic to the hearts of men less sturdy and heroic than the pioneers of the West.

He who would tell the story must, with Coronado from the ancient city of Compostelo, traverse the deserts to the Gulf of California, to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, to the Northern boundary of Kansas, through Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola; must sit beside the solitary figure of Alexander Mackenzie in a frail canoe, piloted by un-

tutored savages, down the rock-strewn channels of a wild and turbulent stream to the mingling of the waters of the Mackenzie with the Arctic Sea; must travel by the side of the same adventurous explorer along the palisaded Peace River and its tributaries to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and along the Fraser to the sea; must accompany Simon Fraser, the indomitable clerk of the Northwest Fur Company, erect his trading posts on the river that bears his name, and with him give to the breezes of the Pacific the folds of the British flag. He must follow the pathway of Hearne and Harmon and other enterprising Northwesters through the Northern wilderness to the sun-kissed Californias. He must venture along the Red River, Missouri, Saskatchewan and Kootenay, Columbia and Flathead with that tireless super-explorer and geographer, David Thompson. He must go with Wilson P. Hunt and his companions up the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, across the Rocky Mountains, down the turbulent waters of the Snake and the Columbia, to Astoria. He must, with Gray, navigate the lonely and uncharted Pacific to the Straits of Juan de Fuca and across the estuary of the Oregon. He must, with Monroe and Livingston, wait in the antechambers and sit at the council table of the great Napoleon. He must match wits with the sagacious but tricky Talleyrand. He must, with Jefferson, plan the purchase of Louisiana and with Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark make the famous journey that gives rise to the present occasion.

Homeric verse might do justice to the theme, or perhaps the wild Norse Saga—of viking ships, indomitable sea rovers, fearless forest pathfinders, unterrified navigators of turbulent mountain streams, of dogged

Bedouins of prairie and desert, fierce fighting men from every quarter of the globe, lascar and coureurs de bois —the sons of sunny France—the restless Spaniard—the unterrified and unconquerable Anglo-Saxon. Tied in the four corners of the story is the colonial history of France, Spain, Holland, Russia, and Great Britain. It is the story of Danish explorers and French adventurers; the taming of the ice fields of Hudson Bay and the subjugation of its thousands of miles of tributaries; the conquest of the Great Lakes, of Puget Sound, and the Columbia. In short, it is the history of the great Northwest, from the Southern boundary of California to the Arctic, from Newfoundland to the Bering Sea, an area of territory that would overlap Russia and Siberia combined.

The story would involve almost three centuries of warfare, rivalry, jealousy, intrigue, and statecraft, to say nothing of the legends and traditions, the folklore and life story of the red tribes that traversed its snowy silences in winter, and coursed the buffalo, the antelope, the elk and the deer in summer. It would be a story of fierce tribal warfare with the soil, reddened from coast to coast with the blood of vanquished and victorious. It would be the story of the flint arrowhead, the coming of the horse among the tribes of the North, the evolution of Piegan, Nez Percé, and Blackfeet, from the solitary footsore wanderer among the rocks and ravines to the fierce warrior on horseback, with pennoned lance and rawhide shield, opposing with clannish jealousy the inroads of neighboring tribes upon his favorite hunting ground.

Then the coming of the whites, forcing their way through the icebound Straits and Bay of Hudson, up the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes, traversing

WHEN NATURE'S STORE SEEMED ENDLESS

the Hudson, Mississippi, and Missouri Rivers, around the Horn, sailing their ships to the mouth of the Yukon, to the Straits of Juan de Fuca and into the Columbia, of the endless procession of moccasined feet along the banks of the Churchill, the Saskatchewan, the Liard, and the Mackenzie, across the arid plains, along the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and through the mountains down the Clark Fork, Flathead, Kootenay, Pend Oreille, and the Columbia. It is the story of clan warfare between England's Company of "Gentlemen Adventurers Trading in Hudson Bay" and its Canadian rival, the bourgeois but aggressive Northwest Company; of adventurers flying the flag of John Jacob Astor and the Pacific Fur Company; of the epoch-making march of Lewis and Clark; of half a century of statecraft and diplomacy, involving the governments of Great Britain and the United States, vexing, almost to the point of distraction, every president from Jefferson to Polk, and taxing the genius of British diplomatic agents to retain the friendship of the United States and meet the demands of the Hudson's Bay Company—that group of friends of Charles II to whom, by the stroke of the pen, he gave practically unlimited and unrestrained feudal powers and proprietary rights over an extent of territory in which his own kingdom could be deposited and lost.

It is the story of the frontier soldier, the pioneer, of black-gowned priest and Protestant missionary; the fur gatherer of mountain and prairie; of vast stretching woodlands, teeming lakes and streams and illimitable meadows; of the gold-seeker following the meanderings of unmapped streams and unnamed canyons, feasting and starving with the stoic philosophy of his red neighbors;

of the half-wild, half-civilized herdsman, that *sui generis* of American development—the western cow-puncher. It is the story of the bull-whacker and the mule-skinner, the pony-express rider and the stage driver, the navigator of western waters, the steamboat captain, the keel-boat, the railroad construction engineers —the dog-team and the travois and the canoe. It is a story of hardship and suffering from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf; of wild adventure through the centuries; of unexampled heroism, devotion, and loyalty; of unmitigated cruelty, treachery, and barbarism. It is the story of intrigue and greed indescribable and unexampled —of loves and liaisons in the wilderness, of confidences betrayed and hospitality abused, of achievement here, defeat there, of success and failure, of feasting and starvation, of wild saturnalia in times of plenty, of death and despondency in times of want and famine. The adventures of Dick Turpin and Robin Hood, the valorous and romantic heroes of Scott and Dumas become commonplace when matched against the exploits, on land and sea, of the motley crew of adventurers who won the Northwest for civilization.

Of all the pathfinders who challenged the hardships and perils of the Northwest, Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark make the greatest appeal to sympathy and admiration.

Of all these pathfinders—the Verendryes, perhaps, to be excepted—Lewis and Clark were moved by the most unselfish motives. There was no element of personal profit to self involved. Their purpose was the common good of their countrymen.

Alluring as the theme is, our time is limited and we

must for the most part confine the scope of this address to the exploration of Maria's River, by, as he has been aptly described, the "Ulyssian young captain."

Some historians, notably Theodore Roosevelt, attach but little importance to the purchase of Louisiana and give but scant credit to Jefferson and Madison for their part in the negotiations which finally brought about the acquisition by the United States of this vast Western territory. The frontiersmen, says Roosevelt, would in any event have pushed across the Mississippi, and in the course of time would have invested New Orleans, destroyed the Spanish rule and pushed their outposts to the Pacific. The great American had in mind, of course, the situation as it concerned Spain, but it is impossible to read the contemporary history of the Canadas, the Northwest, and the Hudson's Bay Company without coming to the conclusion that the purchase of Louisiana was of paramount importance to the United States. If Jefferson had not come to terms with Napoleon, Lewis and Clark would not have been sent forward on their famous expedition. Astor would not have conceived or executed his fur-trading enterprise. Wilson P. Hunt and his associates would not have journeyed to the Pacific. Astoria would not have been established, and David Thompson and the Northwest Company in 1811 would have found the territory of the Oregon (or Columbia) unoccupied. Congress was skeptical of the value of the upper Missouri River and the Oregon country. It would not have been explored by Americans at an early date. As a consequence, the advantages which accrued to us, by reason of the purchase and the exploration by Lewis and Clark, would not have availed us in the protracted and painful negotiations which were continued for

nearly half a century after the discovery of the Columbia. On the other hand, the Canadian explorers were active, militant, and aggressive. In 1810-11 David Thompson pushed his way across the mountains, and on the upper waters of the Columbia, hearing of the American trading post of Astoria, posted at the mouth of Snake River his notice of location, claiming the entire region for Great Britain and the Northwest Company. He pushed his way to the coast and found the fort of Astoria, "in its raw newness with guns pointing across the river." *

In his memorandum of instructions to Captain Lewis, President Jefferson said:

> The object of your mission is to explore the Missouri River, and such principal streams of it, as, by its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific Ocean, whether the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado, or any other river, may offer the most direct and practical water-communication across the continent, for the purposes of commerce.

Having instructed the captain to take particular note of the Indian tribes with which he came in contact—the limits of their possessions, their intertribal relations, language, traditions, monuments, occupations, "food, clothing and domestic accommodations," diseases, remedies, moral and physical circumstances, peculiarities in their laws, customs and dispositions, and their needs of articles of commerce—he says:

> As it is impossible for us to foresee in what manner you will be received by those people, whether with hospitality or hostility, so is it impossible to prescribe the exact degree of perseverance with which you are to pursue your journey.

* Agnes C. Laut, *Conquest of the Great Northwest.*

He also admonished the captain: "In all your intercourse with the natives, treat them in the most friendly and conciliatory manner which their own conduct will admit."

Again the President said:

> Your observations are to be taken with great pains and accuracy; to be entered distinctly and intelligibly for others as well as yourself; to comprehend all the elements necessary, with the aid of the usual tables, to fix the latitude and longitude of the places at which they were taken; and are to be rendered to the war-office, for the purpose of having the calculations made concurrently by proper persons within the United States.

Again:

> The country of Louisiana having been ceded by Spain to France, the passport you have from the minister of France, the representative of the present sovereign of the country, will be a protection with all its subjects, and that from the minister of England will entitle you to the friendly aid of any traders of that allegiance with whom you may happen to meet.

Thus armed, Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark embarked upon an enterprise of momentous consequence to their country and to the world. It is almost impossible for the imagination to picture the dangers and hardships of a journey through the wilderness from St. Louis to the Pacific. West of the Mandan Village on the Missouri, the character, habits and dispositions of the tribes were absolutely unknown. Every bend of the great river, every stretch of forest, every ravine and coulee held their secret hazards, and death stalked constantly by the side of the explorers. It was a constant gamble with death. Were a party of Indians to be met,

THE PRIMÆVAL HOLDS THE RIGHT-OF-WAY

either in small groups or in overwhelming numbers, there was to be no turning back, no hesitation. By reason of the nature of their errand and the fixed purpose of these soldiers of the Republic, advance was the only word they knew and the only course for them to pursue. In these meetings between whites and reds, the latter was an unknown quantity. At no time could the white man approach them with a feeling of security. Always there were the potentials of a life-and-death struggle. Night and day for over two years these men lived, marched, slept, feasted and starved under the constant menace of violent death. How well they kept the faith, how bravely they faced the dangers, how intelligently they responded to the admonitions and instructions of the president and the requirements of their undertaking is told in simple language without self-laudation and with soldierly modesty, in the priceless journals they have left to posterity. Of these journals, Theodore Roosevelt in his *Winning of the West* said:

> In their notebooks the two captains faithfully described all these new animals and all the strange sights they saw. They were men with no pretensions to scientific learning, but they were singularly close and accurate observers and truthful narrators. Very rarely have any similar explorers described so faithfully not only the physical features but the animals and plants of a newly discovered land. Their narrative was not published until some years later, and then it was badly edited, notably the purely scientific portion; yet it remains the best example of what such a narrative should be. Few explorers who did and saw so much that was absolutely new have written of their deeds with such quiet absence of boastfulness, and have drawn their descriptions with such complete freedom from exaggeration.

Passing over the early part of the journey Westward, we find that on Sunday, June 2, 1805, Captains Lewis

and Clark made their camp on the North bank of the Missouri River at the point formed by its junction with a large river which came in from the North. This river they named Maria's River, in honor of Miss Maria Wood, a cousin of Captain Lewis.

> It now became an interesting question [says the journal] which of these streams is what the Minnetarees call Ahmateachza, or the Missouri, which they described as approaching very near to the Columbia. On our right decision much of the fate of the expedition depends; since, if, after ascending to the Rocky Mountains or beyond them, we should find that the river we were following did not come near the Columbia, and be obliged to return, we would not only lose the traveling season, two months of which had already elapsed, but probably dishearten the men so much as to induce them either to abandon the enterprise, or yield us a cold obedience instead of the warm and zealous support which they had hitherto afforded us.

Accordingly it was decided that Captain Lewis explore the North branch, while Captain Clark should proceed up the South branch.

From the high grounds in the fork of the two rivers the captains surveyed the surrounding country.

> On every side [says the journal] it was spread into one vast plain covered with verdure, in which innumerable herds of buffalo were roaming, attended by their enemies the wolves. Some flocks of elk also were seen, and the solitary antelopes were scattered with their young over the face of the plain.

Two days later, June 4, 1805, Captain Lewis set out to explore Maria's River, following its general course for a distance of about sixty miles.

On June 5 he saw great quantities of buffalo, some wolves, foxes, and antelope, the largest colony of "bark-

ing squirrels" he had yet seen, a flock of the "mountain cock," or a large species of "heath hen," and "some lofty mountains" (Sweet Grass Hills) to the Northwest of Tower Mountain and bearing N. 65° W. at eighty or one hundred miles distance. The journal describes the topography and fauna of the country traversed with characteristic fidelity.

On June 6 Captain Lewis, "now convinced that the river pursued a direction too far North for our route to the Pacific, resolved to return." On the return trip an incident occurred which nearly cost the lives of Captain Lewis and one of his party.

This incident is recorded in the journal as follows:

> In passing along the side of one of these bluffs at a narrow pass thirty yards in length, Captain Lewis slipped, and but for a fortunate recovery, by means of his spontoon, would have been precipitated into the river over a precipice of about ninety feet. He had just reached a spot where, by the assistance of his spontoon, he could stand with tolerable safety, when he heard a voice behind him cry out: "Good God, Captain, what shall I do?" He turned instantly and found it was Windsor, who had lost his foothold about the middle of the narrow pass, and had slipped down to the very verge of the precipice, where he lay on his belly, with his right arm and leg over the precipice, while with the other leg and arm he was with difficulty holding on to keep himself from being dashed to pieces below. His dreadful situation was instantly perceived by Captain Lewis, who, stifling his alarm, calmly told him that he was in no danger; that he should take his knife out of his belt with the right hand, and dig a hole in the side of the bluff to receive his right foot. With great presence of mind he did this, and then raised himself on his knees; Captain Lewis then told him to take off his moccasins and come forward on his hands and knees, holding the knife in one hand and his rifle in the other. He immediately crawled in this way till he came to a secure spot.

Returning to the mouth of Maria's River, Lewis rejoined the party under Captain Clark, and moved up the South branch to the discovery of the Great Falls of the Missouri. Moved on to Three Forks, crossed over the range, eventually reaching the mouth of the Columbia, where he established Fort Clatsop, thus strengthening the United States claim to the vast Oregon country. There exists a popular notion that the territory of Montana lying West of the main range was included in the Louisiana purchase, but *this is not fact.* The map prepared by Samuel Lewis under the directions of President Jefferson, from an original drawing made by Captain Meriwether Lewis, shows the Western boundary of Louisiana as being along the Eastern slope of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. The boundary line as thus indicated apparently passes close to the present station of Glacier Park to a point a few miles North of Meriwether station. The Northern boundary line swings slightly to the Southeast for a short distance and thence Northeast, intersecting the present international boundary line on forty-ninth parallel, East of the Sweet Grass Hills.

On Wednesday, July 16, 1806, Captain Lewis, on his return trip from the West, arrived at Medicine, or Sun, River (now Great Falls), and on the following day started on the reconnaissance which is the subject of this sketch.

Taking a slightly Northwest direction, he crossed the Tansy, or Teton, River at a distance about twenty miles from the Falls. Here an incident occurred which has some bearing on the questions hereafter to be discussed.

> As we approached the river [says the journal] we saw the fresh track of a bleeding buffalo, a circumstance by no means pleasant, as it indicated the Indians had been hunting, and were not far from us. The tribes who principally frequent this country are the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie [Edmonton] and the Blackfoot Indians, both of whom are vicious and profligate rovers, and we have therefore everything to fear, not only from their stealing our horses, but even our arms and baggage, if they are sufficiently strong.

On the following day they came to Maria's River "and encamped in a grove of cottonwood on its Western side," at a point about six miles above that to which he had formerly ascended.

On the following day, he proceeded up the river about twenty-eight miles. On this day, he speculates as to the probability of the South branch of the Saskatchewan receiving some of its waters from the plains he was then traversing, and says:

> One of its streams must, in descending from the Rocky Mountains, pass not far from Maria's River to the Northeast of the Broken Mountains.

In this surmise he was right. Near the fiftieth parallel of latitude, then the supposed Northern Boundary of Louisiana, the South Fork of the Saskatchewan takes its head. The Captain was, in fact, almost on the top of the world. Here is the source of the three great river systems of the Western continent—the Saskatchewan flowing into Hudson Bay, the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Columbia to the Pacific.

On July 21 the party arrived at the forks of Maria's River, "the largest branch of which bears South 75° West to the mountains, while the course of the other

LEWIS AND CLARK AT MARIA'S RIVER

is North 40° West." The Southern branch is known as Two Medicine Creek and the Northern as Cut Bank. Proceeding across the plains, he came to the North branch of Cut Bank at a distance of about eight miles above its junction with the South branch.

Crossing to the South side, they proceeded five miles. "Camped under a cliff and made a fire of buffalo chips."

On the following day, July 22, they continued their journey with considerable difficulty—the horses' feet being very sore. At a distance of about eleven miles they again crossed the river.

> Here we halted for dinner, and having no wood, made a fire of the dung of buffalo, with which we cooked the last of our meat, except a piece of spoiled buffalo.

They then proceeded across a bend of the river forming a "beautiful plain" for a distance of about ten miles to a clump of cottonwood trees, the first they had seen that day, and camped there for the night.

> This place [says the journal] is about ten miles below the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and being now able to trace distinctly that the point at which the river issued from those mountains was to the South of West, we concluded that we had reached its most Northern point, and as we have ceased to hope that any branches of Maria's River extend as far North as the fiftieth degree of latitude, we deem it useless to proceed further, and rely chiefly on Milk and White Earth Rivers for the desired boundary. We therefore determined to remain here two days, for the purpose of making the necessary observations, and resting our horses.

This encampment was named "Camp Disappointment," and marks the most Northern point of Lewis and Clark's expedition, and is about six miles in a Northwest-

erly direction from the monument we are to-day dedicating. It is very close to the one hundred and thirteenth meridian.*

On the 23d, Drewyer was sent to examine the bearings of the river "till its entrance into the mountains," which he found to be at the distance of ten miles, and in a direction South 50° West. Drewyer saw the remains of a camp of eleven leathern lodges, recently abandoned, which induced Captain Lewis to suppose that the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie (Edmonton) were somewhere in the neighborhood. On account of the scarcity of game, the party was in bad straits for food and were obliged to subsist on a few pigeons and a "kettle of mush made of the remainder of our bread of cows." This supplied them with one more meal in the morning.

The following day, however, the hunters procured a fine buck, upon which the party fared sumptuously.

On the 26th, the captain—convinced that no celestial observation could be made on account of cloudy weather—the party mounted their horses and leaving Camp Disappointment with reluctance, moved across the open plains in a direction nearly Southeast. On this course, according to Mr. Wheeler, the party "evidently passed between the present railroad stations of Blackfoot and Carlow" and reached and forded the Two Medicine branch two miles above its junction with Badger Creek. At a distance of about four miles below the junction mentioned, occurred one of the most exciting incidents of the entire trip and one from which, in my judgment, unwarranted conclusions have been drawn by many

* James A. Perrine, who for many years has been a resident of Glacier County, locates Camp Disappointment on the Malcolm Clark ranch in Section 5, Township 33 N., Range 10, W.M.M.

writers. This is due probably to the fact that the names of Indian tribes have been loosely used and the failure to make use of contemporary historical and ethnological data.

The journals say:

> At the distance of three miles, we ascended the hills close to the river side, while Drewyer pursued the valley of the river on the opposite side.

Scarcely had Captain Lewis reached the high plain, when he saw, about a mile to his left, a collection of about thirty horses, some of which were saddled, and on an eminence above the horses were several Indians looking towards the river, "probably at Drewyer."

It will be remembered that on the Maria's River trip Captain Lewis was accompanied by only three men, Drewyer and the Field brothers. He knew that the Indians in the country he was about to explore were hostile. It was in keeping with the fearless character of Captain Lewis that he should penetrate the enemy's country with a force so insignificant. He not only entered a hostile territory with this small force, but before leaving the Falls gave imperative order to Sergeant Gass to proceed down the Missouri River with the other men to the mouth of Maria's River and to wait there until the 1st of September. If by that date Lewis did not join him, Gass was to continue to the mouth of the Yellowstone, join forces with Captain Clark and return to St. Louis. No mention was made of a relief expedition in the event Captain Lewis should fail to keep his appointment at the mouth of Maria's River. The grand purpose of the enterprise was not to be jeopardized by considerations

of the personal safety of its leader. Lewis might suffer all the horrors of captivity in the hands of ruthless and barbarous Minnetarees, or his bones might bleach on the prairies of the Northern wilderness, but the precious records must go on to Washington.

On his discovery of the Indians, he concluded that any attempt to escape in the present condition of their horses would be hopeless. He therefore approached the Indians in a friendly manner, telling his followers that he believed that these were the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie, "who, from their infamous character, would in all probability attempt to rob them; but being determined to die, rather than lose his papers and instruments, he intended to resist to the last extremity, and advised them to do the same."

The Indians, however, met them in apparent friendship, and by signs indicated that they were Minnetarees of the North, thereby confirming the suspicions of Captain Lewis and adding to his discomfort. The Captain proposed that the two parties camp together, presenting to one of the Indians a small American flag, another a medal, and a third a handkerchief. The following morning the Indians attempted to loot the camp of the whites, and then followed a skirmish in which two Indians were killed. As above suggested, this incident has been referred to by many writers as being the cause of the hostilities of the Blackfeet Indians and their ruthless war on the white trappers and traders for nearly half a century. As a matter of fact, the Indians encountered by Lewis on this occasion were not Blackfeet, but Grosventres. Lewis himself makes this clear in the quoted and other parts of the journals in which he differentiates between the Minnetarees and the Blackfeet, and also

in that part of his journal in which he tells us that the Indians told him that they were Minnetarees.

Long before Lewis and Clark ascended the Missouri River, these Indians were at war not only with the whites but with practically all neighboring tribes. They were practically the only Indians with whom the Northwest Company traders had any difficulty. Lieutenant Bradley, one of the best informed Western writers, in his notes on Fort Benton, makes the curious mistake, or at least lapse, of attributing the hostility of the Blackfeet to the killing of the two Indians by Lewis and his party.* Irving and others have also given the incident the same slant.†

Mr. Wheeler, quoting from George Bird Grinnell, tells of the latter's association with Wolf Calf, a Piegan member of the Blackfoot tribe. Of this Indian, Mr. Grinnell is quoted as follows:

> He told me that he was with a war party to the South when they met the first white man that ever came into the lower country. They met these people in friendly fashion, but the chief directed some of his young men to try and steal some of their things. They did, and the white men killed the first man with their "big knives." This was the man killed, I suppose, by Fields. Afterwards the Indians ran off some of the horses of the white men. The name of the first man killed was Side Hill Calf, or Calf Standing on a Side Hill.

This is the only direct evidence that the Indians in question were in fact Blackfeet, and it may be that Wolf Calf was a member of the party, but Indians have been known to "draw the long bow"; and it may also be that Wolf Calf became a little mixed in his narrative. In any

* *Affairs at Fort Benton*, Vol. 3, Montana Historical Society Contribution.
† Astoria.

A TRAPPER'S FRACAS OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF FORT UNION

event the inference or conclusion that the encounter of Lewis with these Indians was the cause of their subsequent hostility is without warrant. As has been noted, Lewis knew of their hostile character before he met them.

Alexander Henry (1799-1814), speaking of the Slave Indians, in which he groups the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans and certain branches of the Grosventres, says:

> The principal occupation of the Slaves is war, and like all other savages, they are excessively cruel to their enemies. I have heard of instances that chilled my blood with horror.

Again he says:

> The Fall Indians, I have already mentioned, formerly inhabited the tract of land between the North and South branches of the Saskatchewan. They always had the reputation of a brave and warlike nation. . . . The Fall Indians are notorious for their vicious and bloodthirsty disposition toward their foes. They are the only nation of Slaves who have actually attacked our establishments on the Saskatchewan. In both of two instances they succeeded in plundering the forts and murdering the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, but were repulsed by the persons in charge of the Northwest Fur Company's forts, who obliged them to retire with the loss of some of their principal men. Since then they have thrown off the mask and committed depredations, pillage, and murder wherever opportunity offered.

In his notes to the above paragraph Dr. Coues says:

> The "Big Bellies of the Missouri" and the Crows are both of Siouan stock; but the Fall Indians are the Atsina tribe, of Algonquian stock, who formerly lived on the Saskatchewan. They became known as Fall Indians after Umfreville, 1790; were also called Rapid Indians by various authors; by others again, Grosventres of the Falls, Grosventres of the Prairie and Grosventres of the Plains. This double use of "Big Bellies" or "Grosventres"

seems to have led to the confusion of the Algonquian Atsinas with the Siouan Minnetarees or Hidatsas, who are the Grosventres proper.

Henry places the habitat of the Grosventres as follows:

> The "Big Bellies," or Rapid Indians (Grosventres), are now stationed South of the Slaves between the South branch and the Missouri. Formerly they inhabited the point of land between the North and South branches of the Saskatchewan to the junction of those two streams; from which circumstance, it is supposed, they derived the name of Rapid Indians. They are (not) of the same nation as the "Big Bellies" of the Missouri, whom I have already mentioned. Their dress, customs, and manners appear to me to be the same.

In 1846 Fort Benton was established by Major Alexander Culbertson for the purpose of carrying on the trade to the Blackfeet and related tribes. During the course of the trade with the Blackfeet, the Indians told Kenneth McKenzie that the Hudson's Bay Company often sent men to induce the confederated Blackfeet to go North and trade, and they also told him that the agents of the same company had offered them, the Indians, large rewards to kill the traders on the Missouri River and destroy the trading post. McKenzie indignantly wrote to George Bird, the head man of the Hudson's Bay Company in the North, with regard to the matter. Bird answered as follows:

> When you know the Blackfeet as well as I do, you will know that they do not need any inducements to commit depredations.

If it were necessary to look for any extraneous cause of the hostility of the Grosventres, Blackfeet, Piegans,

and Bloods, it would be found in the conduct and character of a great many of the white men who came in contact with these Indians in the early part of the last century, and in the total lack of efficiency on the part of our Government in dealing with the Indian question. Captain Lewis, with prophetic vision, forecast the consequences which would follow the failure of the Government to heed the recommendations he made after his return to the States. These recommendations, in short, were that the Government should establish military forts in the West, garrisoned with a sufficient force to impress upon the Indians some appreciation of the strength of the Government, and to supervise the trade among the latter. These recommendations were completely ignored, and the inevitable result followed. Irresponsible white men mistreated the Indians in almost every conceivable manner. The Westerner, with a few exceptions, had little or no conception of the real character of the Indians, or any sense of obligation arising from the higher civilization and superior intelligence of the whites. Nothing could be more brutal than some of the atrocities committed by them. One of the outstanding incidents of this character occurred within the area covered by Captain Lewis's Maria's River reconnaissance. On this occasion, one F. A. Chardon played the star but unenviable rôle. The story has been often told, and I here give Lieutenant Bradley's version of the incident:

> In January, 1842, a war party of twenty-odd Blackfeet, passing by the fort, requested admittance; but the gates were closed against them. Incensed at the treatment, as they moved off, they killed a pig belonging at the fort. Harvey counseled retaliation for the act, and Chardon and himself, with half a dozen men, set out in pursuit of the Indians, who, discovering that they

FORT BENTON

were followed, awaited in ambush in the Teton Valley. As the party approached, Reese, a negro, who was in the advance, crept to the brow of the bluffs to reconnoiter, and received a shot in the forehead which was instantly fatal. The remainder of the party, intimidated by this event from further pursuit, returned with the body of Reese to the fort, Chardon and Harvey vowing a bloody revenge. Major Culbertson's policy of good will toward the Indians had taken root so deeply in the popular sentiment at the fort that Chardon and Harvey feared to make their murderous designs generally known, and therefore admitted only some half dozen to a participation in their plans. The cannon commanding the approach to the main gate was secretly loaded, being charged with about one hundred and fifty half-ounce lead bullets, while in lieu of the match ordinarily employed, and which might at the decisive moment attract attention and overthrow their plans, Harvey's pistol was to be charged with powder and fired into the vent. Circumstances were to determine the remaining dispositions; and thus prepared, Chardon and Harvey awaited the arrival of some unsuspecting trading party of Blackfeet. Such arrivals were too frequent, thanks to the thriving trade, to permit of long waiting on the part of the conspirators. A numerous band of Blackfeet, warriors and squaws, soon arrived at the fort with a quantity of robes to trade. The three chiefs were admitted without hesitation, while the rest were directed to gather at the gate, which they were told would be opened as soon as they were all assembled. Without a suspicion of the black treachery meditated against them, a laughing crowd of warriors and squaws, with their bundles and peltries, was soon gathered at the gate awaiting admittance. Harvey, from his station in the bastion, by the side of his cannon, pistol in hand, watched through the port-hole the dense crowd assembling below, until, satisfied with the number of his contemplated victims, he discharged his pistol in the vent. A sudden roar, and a storm of bullets is hurled into the unsuspecting throng. With a wail of terror, mingled with some notes of agony from the wounded, the crowd disperses in flight. Twenty-one corpses strew the ground, while some dozen or more are staggering away with severe wounds. In an instant the gates are flung open and several of the garrison rush forth in pursuit. Several of the wounded are overtaken and dispatched,

but, fleeing with the wings that terror gives, the remainder make good their escape. Three of the conspirators had been selected to dispatch the three chiefs at the discharge of the cannon; but when its thunders startled them, followed by the cries outside, they comprehended the villainy that was being perpetrated, and scaled the walls and leaped the pickets with such celerity that the would-be assassins had no time to perform the task allotted to them.

Once outside they mounted their horses and escaped. All the peltries and many of the horses of the Blackfeet were seized by the victors; but the most damnable part of the whole affair remains yet to be told. Removing the scalps of their thirty victims, they made night hideous with the cries and howls of the Indian scalp dances! Can any white man read such a story without feeling the hot blush of shame, that there can be assembled a score of his race, calling themselves civilized, and yet capable of such an atrocity? *

As to the major suggestion of Captain Lewis and its treatment by the Government, the world is familiar. Not only did the Government fail to establish military forts and garrison them with adequate forces during the fur trading days, when it was of the utmost importance to establish a fixed and effective Indian policy, but this neglect characterized its attitude during the long period of Indian hostilities that followed, even after the world was shocked by the Sioux atrocities in Minnesota.

The policy suggested by Lewis was both humane and wise. Had the Indians in an early day realized the real strength of the Government, many bloody wars would have been averted and the lives not only of white men but of Indians would have been saved. Even after the outbreak of hostilities, had the Government dealt vigor-

* It was largely because of such crimes that Malcolm Clark refused to shake hands with the bully, Harvey, and threatened to break his head. Malcolm Clark was the grandfather of the sculptor, Clark, of Glacier.

ously with the situation bloodshed would have been spared. Instead, it put in the field comparatively small forces, poorly equipped and armed with single-shot rifles, to cope with an enemy, frequently ten times their number, armed with repeating rifles.

In the Sioux campaign of 1876, the total number of troops on the Yellowstone was less than one-third the number of Indians known to be on the war-path. Custer's cavalry were armed with old-fashioned carbines having defective breech-blocks and ejecting apparatus. Exploded shells frequently wedged in the chambers and could not be ejected. On the other hand, the Sioux were armed with repeating Henry and Spencer rifles and could fire several shots to the troopers' one. As stated, in many instances the latter were rendered absolutely hors de combat by reason of the defective ejectors.

During the Nez Percé war of 1877, the entire territory of Montana was garrisoned by the 7th Infantry. This regiment had not been recruited for a long period. As a consequence it was very much reduced in strength, and at the time of the Battle of the Big Hole numbered less than two hundred effective fighting men. All these were engaged in the Nez Percé campaign in Western Montana, and had there been an outbreak of other tribes in the Eastern or Central part of the territory, the people would have been absolutely defenseless, except in so far as they might muster sufficient civilians or bring troops from other territories by the slow process of marching afoot overland. This policy necessarily gave to the Indians a false notion of the real strength of the American people, aroused contempt for the Government, and led to hostilities that otherwise might easily have been avoided.

In 1877 the two hundred men composing the 7th Infantry were for the most part stationed at long distances from the Bitter Root Valley, the place of entrance of the Nez Percé into the territory. Two small companies—fifty men—were stationed at Fort Missoula, then in process of construction. The others were stationed at Fort Shaw on Sun River, Camp Baker on Deep Creek, or Smith River, and Fort Ellis near Bozeman. To join the forces of Captain Rawn at Fort Missoula, the troops from the three posts last named were compelled to travel on foot to Helena, and thence across the main range by way of the Little Blackfoot and Hell Gate River to the Bitter Root. The wonder is, under these conditions, that the whites ever gained a foothold in the West. Had they not been the most fearless, reckless and hardy of men and women, the feat would never have been accomplished. What has been said of Montana may be repeated of the garrisons of Phil Kearny, Reno, F. C. Smith, Buford, Laramie and other Western military posts.

There has been some speculation as to whether Captain Lewis had any inkling from the Indians as to the existence of Maria's Pass. This is extremely improbable. If he had any such information before reaching Maria's River on his journey Westward, and had taken advantage of it, it would have saved him hundreds of miles of toilsome travel. At Camp Disappointment, on his second reconnaissance, he was actually within fifty-five miles of one of the principal tributaries of the Columbia, that is to say, the Middle Fork of Flathead or Big River at its confluence with Bear Creek, near the present Great Northern Railway station of Java.

Had he met in 1805 any of the Blackfeet and found

them as friendly and communicative as the other tribes he encountered during the course of his explorations, the story of Lewis and Clark would have been materially altered. The Blackfeet and their allied tribes knew not only of the existence of Maria's Pass but of the old Kootenay trail from St. Mary's Lake through the Northern part of Glacier National Park to the North Fork of Flathead River near the international boundary, up "the Yah-kin-ni-kuk," down Tobacco River to the Kootenay or Flat Bow, or McGilvary's River, as it was called by Thompson and his contemporaries. This river is one of the most important tributaries of the Columbia and was in fact mistaken by Thompson and Henry for the great river of the West.

Long before the white man made his appearance, the Blackfeet used these passes for their forays against the Flatheads, Nez Percés, Kootenays and other Western tribes. To the Indians East and West of the main range, these passes were a veritable dark and bloody ground. The Indians of the West used them in their visits to the buffalo country surrounding us. The Eastern Indians used them in their horse-stealing expeditions against the opulent Nez Percé. The grim canyons and defiles, the beautiful lakes and streams of the nation's favorite playground, knew the twang of the bow-string and the echo of the savage war-whoop. When I followed the Western part of the old Kootenay trail twenty years ago, the ground in places was worn to a depth of eighteen inches by the unshod feet of ponies bearing savage riders who had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds before Captain Lewis was born, or John Jacob Astor had dreamed his dream of Western empire.

Perhaps the first imprint on this trail was that of

moccasined foot before the horse had wandered North to revolutionize the lives and habits of the Northern Indians.

In 1873 two young lieutenants, Charles A. Woodruff and John T. Van Orsdale of the 7th Infantry stationed at Fort Shaw, made a reconnaissance of the country between Fort Shaw and Fort Colville, Washington Territory, following on their Westward journey, in the main, the route followed by Captain Lewis on his return trip from the Columbia. On their return trip, Woodruff and Van Orsdale left the trail of Captain Lewis at Horse Plains, turning North around the West shore of Flathead Lake and exploring Maria's Pass from its Westward extremity almost to the summit, crossing the summit at a point North of the Pass and making their way across the prairie by way of Badger Creek to Shaw. These officers were among the first white men to discover and report on the glaciers and scenic beauty of what is now Glacier National Park, and in their report to the War Department recommended that it be set aside as a national playground.

The Maria's River trip by Captain Lewis was not only one of the most perilous adventures of his historic journey but is associated with great events in the development of the West, and gives a historic background to enterprises of adventure and achievement that fire the imagination and give romantic interest to the country lying to the North and West of the Missouri.

In the winter of 1830-31, to the head of Badger, within a few miles of where we now stand, came the first of the American fur traders to enter the Blackfeet country. Hither, in the winter mentioned, came James Burger, with dog-sleds, under orders from Kenneth Mc-

Kenzie to establish friendly relations with the Blackfeet and to arrange for the extension of trade among them. At the head of the Badger they unfurled the Stars and Stripes, as usual, over their camp, their only sentinel and protection in their slumbers except their dogs.

> A passing war party of Piegans [says Bradley], discovered them at break of day; a portion of the party, influenced by Nina-Steek-oo, Chief-Mountain, desired at once to attack and destroy them. "No," said an old warrior, Achsahp Ad-kee, "Pretty Woman." "No. Let us receive them as friends. See the flag waving over them, a symbol of their peaceful intentions and their trust in the hospitable nature of the people whose country they are traversing; for if they sought war, they, a small band, would not thus carelessly expose their presence to any passing enemy. We must receive them as friends."

This meeting was of historic importance, because, as a result of it, famous old Fort Benton was established.

It was within this area, near the eminence Northwest of Fort Benton called the Beque d'Obard, or Goose Bill, that the dying words of the Crow Chief, Rotten Belly, mortally wounded in a battle with the Grosventres, were uttered. To his followers he said:

> "Go back to my people with my dying words. Tell them ever hereafter to keep peace with the whites."
>
> These were repeated to his people and were remembered and faithfully obeyed.*

From that day to this the people of Curley, sole survivors of the Custer fight, as a nation have never been in arms against the whites.

* Bradley, *Affairs at Fort Benton*, Montana Historical Society Contribution.

IT was a peculiarly happy thought that the afternoon of Monday, July 20, should be given over to a run by motor up the Two Medicine Valley of Glacier Park to the Middle Two Medicine Lake, and up the lake in a launch to the magnificent amphitheater of peaks that encircle the lake—every peak commemorating some character famous in the annals of the eras which had been lived again under our very eyes. The Blackfoot Confederacy—of Blackfeet, Piegans, and Bloods—was the terror of Fort Union and the bar up Maria's River which drove Lewis back; and the Two Medicine Glen of Glacier Park was the gathering place of the Confederacy for their "sacred lodges or medicine [mystery]" conferences to plan raids, invoke the Great Manitou's blessing on buffalo hunt and war, and hide, crouched like tigers, to spring on Flathead, or Nez Percé band, who dared to come through the Pass for the yearly supply of buffalo meat and tepee leather and winter clothing. Here were held the mystic rites of feasts to the Sun, of sacrifice and horrible torture to prove and test the braves, of long vigil and fast to invoke the trance that was to reveal to each warrior his tutelary manitou for life; and when moderns, full-fed with meat and

cynical materialism, cannot resist dreams in the beauty and mysticism of this valley, one need not be surprised that the Indian youth, wandering up to the narrow ledge of precipice, weak from fast and dance and trance, saw, or thought he saw, things in heaven and earth which our human philosophies do not explain. Exactly where, in the Two Medicine Valley, did the Indians hold their mystic lodges? As far as can be judged from the fairy rings of stones holding down the big medicine lodge tent skirts—which the Crees peg and the Blackfeet weight down with poles and stones outside and buffalo robes hung curtain-wise inside—just between the Middle and Lower Lakes. Here the scraped buffalo horns of the "medicine" priest have been dug up. James Willard Schultz, the great authority on Blackfoot life, was with us; and it was my regret that there could not be a James Willard Schultz in each of the dozen big cars motoring us in; for Schultz is a mine of Indian lore, who should be mined of all his golden nuggets before he, too, like the rest, "goes to the Sun," a legend which he does not credit with facts behind it, on one page of his fascinating books, and then substantiates with "such stuff as dreams are made of," on the next page. Schultz, like Charlie Russell, the Indian artist, is one of the most modest men that ever lived. Fortunately, the public are awarding to-day, to both Schultz and Russell, the peerless meed that is their due.

After dinner, in the Chalet on the Lake, the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition elected officers as follows:

Honorary President: Ralph Budd.
President: General Hugh L. Scott.

Vice Presidents: Hon. Pierce Butler, Lawrence F. Abbott, Lawrence J. Burpee.
Recording Secretary: Agnes C. Laut.
Corresponding Secretary: Gertrude Krausnick.
Artist-in-Chief: Charles M. Russell
Architect: Electus D. Litchfield.
Sculptor: Gaetano Cecere.

Judge Hanford then paid a beautiful tribute to the late General Chittenden, whose history of the fur trade is one of the classics of the West:

"I crave the privilege of speaking to those assembled here—not for the love of hearing my own voice, but for the opportunity to bespeak the appreciation of the life work and the character of Brigadier General Hiram M. Chittenden, in all that pertains to the history of the Northwest, in the development of its resources, extending from the state of Ohio to Puget Sound.

"He had become interested in historical research while he was working on the Yellowstone. He became associated with Doctor Elliott Coues—and Dr. Coues encouraged him greatly to undertake the writing of the history of the American fur trade. He was, about that time, stationed in St. Louis, where he had become acquainted with those who had in their possession all of the records and manuscripts of the fur trading history in that time, which they gladly turned over to him; and there he found a stupendous task—more than half a carload of printed matter, Government reports, most of which was immaterial for his purpose, and yet extracts, like gold in the chaff, were scattered all through it, and he had to labor at great length collecting the material he needed. The thing grew. Later he enlarged his memorandums,

and Mrs. Chittenden helped in that work. The work, when produced, commanded instant appreciation. Most of you, no doubt, are familiar with it, more or less.

"The *Life, Letters and Character of Father De Smet*, written in four volumes, is what Chittenden styles his 'monumental work.' He states in that history that he found the trail of Father De Smet interlaced with the Northwest all the way from St. Louis to Puget Sound. Father De Smet was not only a missionary, but a man of public spirit and enterprise, and he took an interest in national and international affairs. He crossed the Atlantic nineteen times, traversed all parts of the American Continent, and was engaged in whatever his mind found to be for the good of mankind.

"After his retirement in 1910, he was elected to and accepted the position of Port Commissioner of Seattle, and was President of that Board—holding the office for four years. During that time great docks and warehouses, running five miles into the harbor, were completed, and, to a large extent, constructed under the supervision of Chittenden. To tell you how important these port facilities were, when James J. Hill wanted to bring oriental commerce into Puget Sound, he built a great ship with a larger carrying capacity than any other in the world, and it was intended to carry ocean commerce in connection with the Great Northern Railway from Seattle. Portland newspapers poked fun at Seattle because there was no dock at which such a ship could be moored. But Mr. Hill was not the kind of a man to have his projects sneered at, and he had constructed a dock in Seattle and a warehouse, and was ready to receive the *Minnesota* when she arrived, and there were waiting for her great cargoes for her first voyage to the Orient.

FREIGHTING FROM FORT BENTON

"The work of the Port Commission of Seattle was initiated and carried on, to a large extent, by Chittenden. His last important work was in preparing two pamphlets setting forth advantages and benefits to be derived from lower level tunnels—published in 1916."

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Following Judge Hanford, Mrs. Scott was called on to give reminiscences of army life in the West. Though General Scott had spoken repeatedly, always he praised other men's work and gave little of his own life. Mrs. Scott was called extemporaneously, and gave one of the most delightful talks of the trip:

All I have to say is—on your heads be it!

Mr. Robinson suggested the other day, when I told him of some incident of my husband's career, that it would be very nice if he got a few people together and would I be kind enough to repeat it, and I said yes, and that I would be glad to repeat it. These are the few people. Thank you very much for listening. In the first place I think my subject was meant to be, "My Soldier Man's Disposition," and to tell a few things he might not be apt to tell, or the circumstances wouldn't lead up to. But in order to do that, I think it will not be entirely out of place to give a few reminiscences of my own life. I lived, as a child, at a time when not only this part of the country, but much farther East than here, was in a very agitated and interesting condition. My father expected us children always to behave—that was just a simple rule. We were expected to behave, and when we

were taken on a train we used to turn the middle seat up to play cards on and when we tired of that, we would count the miles by mile-posts or telegraph poles. All that sort of thing we did as a matter of course.

When I was a very small child, I once heard a woman say she "screamed and screamed." It struck me as being most desirable—to scream and scream, and I decided that the next opportunity I had I would scream. The next opportunity came when my father took us down to Mountain Silver Hill in South Carolina. The sound of the stamp mills frightened the very spirited horses. I was sitting in the front seat, and wasn't in the least alarmed, but here was my opportunity to scream—and I screamed. My father turned and said: "*Be quiet!*" And I have been *quiet* ever since.

My father was in great danger always (from the Klan). My sister and brother, who were older, were sent away to school, and I was kept home because my mother couldn't bear to have us all away, and I lived constantly in the knowledge that there were men planning every day to murder my father. The fact that it was never done, we never understood. On one occasion we were playing cards and a man, apparently drunk, fell into the room through the window. He evidently found more people in the room than he expected, because the assassination did not take place. I remember being terrified in a way and of recognition of my not seeming to take any notice of the terrible affair, by pressure on my arm. That went on for a number of years—the awful fear.

At the time my father had an opportunity for a life of more ease, I married a lieutenant in the army and got all the rest of the frontier life. My oldest boy was born at Fort Totten, and I went out and spent the sum-

mer, when he was a few months old, with my father at Yellowstone.

Here Mrs. Scott told of going overland from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Meade and of the discomforts of traveling—of sleeping on makeshift beds, and being perfectly comfortable the early part of the night until General Scott's five dogs would climb on top, and "that meant, unless you had gotten into a perfectly comfortable position before they got there, you were helpless the rest of the night, for you couldn't turn either one way or the other if you wanted to. And," she added, "you see I was well trained."

There was a time a recruit we knew was frozen to death while on a hunt for buffalo, and this has to do with an experience we had when General Scott, after a long march, was to join us in a new camp. We got in very early, the tent was pitched as usual. I had dinner, and Mr. Scott didn't get back, supper, and he didn't get back, nine o'clock, twelve o'clock, and still he wasn't home, and, of course, using Mr. Abbott's principal quality for the adventurer, my imagination got to work and I saw him frozen solid all over the plains—and a little after daybreak Mr. Scott walked into camp as cheerful as possible, and I thought my remark was rather mild when I said: "Oh, I am so glad you are home—I was uneasy about you." And he said: "Uneasy about me? Didn't you know I had my matches?" It enraged me so, I am mad even as I tell it to you now. But I wish to tell you it cured me of any undue solicitation for him. I thought I would never get even with him, but later on I did.

When we were stationed at West Point, Mr. Scott was sent on a very diplomatic and secret mission among the Indians. No one knew where he was. Reports kept coming in that he had been scalped, but for various reasons I was perfectly certain he had not been; but I was mean enough one day to send him a telegram asking: "Have you your matches?"

When my second little boy was still very small, I went East to visit my father, and on the way back I was to go down to Pierre and up to Deadwood by coach. When my friend, Mrs. Hare, and I got to Chicago, we held a consultation to see how much money we could spend. We counted up how much our hotel bill would be, and then each of us engaged a whole section for the trip, which was very expensive. We then proceeded to spend every cent we had left—the last I had went for a pair of long black lace gloves. When we came to pay our hotel bill, it was just twice what we counted on. That was a question. We got in touch with Colonel Sheridan and asked him to do what he could—we wanted him to say to the hotel man that we usually didn't pay so much. He said he would do what he could, but the hotel man was obdurate. So we sold the upper berths of both sections and paid the hotel bill. We had very little money, but succeeded in getting to Pierre, and there we struck gumbo. We started out in the morning by stage, which should have reached Fort Meade in thirty-six hours—that is, moving constantly, with relays of horses at the end of each twelve or fifteen miles. But it didn't work that way at all. We made about seven miles a day. During half the time we were scraping gumbo off the wheels, which was made into sort of a plaster by the short grass which grew on top of the surface—froze at

night and thawed in the daytime enough to let the wheels down so this gumbo was regular plaster—men would dig it out from the spaces between the spokes. Having been told there are still baked casts of wheels along that highway, I believe it. The consequence was we were five days and six nights on the stage, myself and child, my friend and her little girl and three men in each of the two front seats. These men had brought from somewhere the most extraordinary lunch you ever heard of in your life, many of every smelly thing you ever dreamed of, and that really kept us alive, because we kept guessing what the smell was!

In the meantime, the few provisions kept for meals were fast diminishing, because we stopped at regular meal stations and stopped off at stations to change horses, and finally we had very little left, and the day after we started out my boy was seized with convulsions. I was nineteen. I had never seen convulsions. Mrs. Hare was about as young as I was. There was no hot water. I didn't know what to do. I had heard that if you lanced the gums of a teething child it might relieve the tension. I had no knife, so I looked at the least undesirable-looking man of those along and decided to borrow his knife. It was a most extraordinary-looking knife, all covered with little flakes of plug tobacco. There was no water. I was terribly uneasy and didn't know whether it would kill the child, but I thought he was going to die anyway, and I lanced the gum. It relieved the tension and stopped the convulsions, but he was terribly sick all the rest of the way.

When we reached the Cheyenne River, all the rest were asleep. I heard the driver say to some one: "Get off and see if we can cross the river," and this man took one

THE END OF THE PROSPECTOR'S RAINBOW TRAIL

of the horses and I heard a splash, and the driver said: "Well, can we make it?" The man said, "No, we can't," and the driver said, "Go a little the other way." But all the time it was discouraging about our making it. I got out to see, wondering what we would do, but we finally plunged down into the river, the water coming into the old stage, soaking our feet, and those men in front sound asleep. But we got through safely, and on the other side met an officer, who told me my husband had been sent out after hostile Indians and wasn't even at the Fort. This was most discouraging.

When I promised to talk, I insisted that my "old man" stay outside, and he said he would, and he has stayed inside. Here is an incident characteristic of his ability to do what he is told to do: A commanding officer had sent for a certain captain and told him he wanted him to go out and bring back some Indians who had left the reservation. He asked the captain when he could go, and he said: "The day after to-morrow." They sent him off. He sent for another captain, and asked him when he could go. He didn't know, perhaps the next day. He sent for Mr. Scott, and said: "Scott, when can you go for those Indians?" He said, "Now," and the Captain said, "All right—go." Scott started out with a pack train, and in order to make a command took a number of different troops with lieutenants. When they got to the Little Missouri, they found it not only bank high, but with floating ice everywhere, and some wanted to turn back, and when the other officers told this to Scott, he said: "Yes, but there isn't anything in that order about going back. If you read the order, it just says to send those Indians back to the reservation. It doesn't say the river is frozen." He asked for volunteers and there were

none, so he stripped and put a strong rope around his chest and swam around those blocks of ice, and in this way crossed not only this, but two other rivers in the same condition, and all three coming back.

One or two more incidents—one in the Philippines: A Moro attached himself to Mr. Scott. When I arrived in Manila I saw this extraordinary creature, wearing black, purple and green breeches, little black jacket, gold buttons, very bright colored sash, bright yellow turban—and he carried a stick which he used to get people out of the way with. I looked at this creature, who preceded Mr. Scott about the streets. I have never seen anything in my life like his devotion. Many times he saved his life. One occasion I would like to tell you about, because I would like to have you understand that Mr. Scott has always been very careful of the lives of his and other men—he never lost sight of the value of the life of men. Among the Moros was a man named Barra, who had committed a misdemeanor—not serious, but it meant that he should be sent to jail. Mr. Scott didn't want to punish him, but as long as he remained at liberty, he was a nuisance. One morning they surrounded the Moros, and were there when day broke, and as they came out to stretch themselves in the early morning sun they found they were completely surrounded by troops, and Mr. Scott sent word to Barra to come down and talk together. Barra didn't care to do that. Mr. Scott said: "If you are afraid to come down here and talk to me, I am not afraid to go there and talk with you." Scott was about one hundred and fifty yards from where they were with troops surrounding them from the outside. He said: "I am going to sit here. Will turn my back on you and stay here until

you come down and talk to me." All day he sat there in the hot sun, with no water and nothing to eat. An old man came and sat down by Scott and told him he was Barra's father, and Scott told him what he thought of him for having a son of that sort, and a few other engaging remarks, and advised him to go and talk with his son.

The old man climbed up there where the son was, and about half-past four Barra came down, and after talking with Scott half an hour, consented to go to jail, and was sent into Honolulu with a guard to jail, and the people were told to leave the Fort, and there were from three to four hundred men—and the war was over. The next morning they went up to look over the Fort, and found it was practically impregnable, and to have attempted force would have meant terrible slaughter and many of our own men would have been killed and we would have had to kill all the men in the Fort.

When Scott reached the Fort he found Barra's father lying up there on the rocks—he showed Scott an old blow gun, to be used with poison darts. Scott was much interested in it, tried it, and gave it back to the old man. Scott went back to Honolulu with the troops. Two or three months after that Barra came in. In the meantime, he had never given us any further trouble in that section. His father had died. He sent for his son and said: "When a man dies with property in Honolulu, the sons usually quarrel over it. I don't want you to do that. I want you to take my property down to that Governor in Honolulu —he is a just man. He will divide it—he looked at this gun when he was here—may shoot with this gun—take it to him and tell him I sent it to him."

PART V: JOHN F. STEVENS DISCOVERS MARIA'S PASS

TUESDAY, July 21, marked the last day of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition. It also marked the Continental Divide in the Northern Rockies; and more significantly it marked the summit of proceedings in the dedication of monuments to the heroes of a great historic highway.

Looking back coldly and detachedly on the proceedings of the week, I find it hard to articulate and harder still to analyze and put in words the elusive beauty and touching poignancy of that clear, cloudless, sun-drenched summer morning. The sun shone on the surrounding peaks as it had shone long, long ago, when La Verendrye first heard of the Shining Mountains Going to the Sun. The mountain streams tumbled over the far precipices in sheets of wind-blown spray as Thompson must have seen them when coursing the Kootenay Plains and the Upper Columbia a century ago. The bluebell and the brown-eyed sunflower and the gorgeous red paint-brush tossed their chalices of morning greeting to the rising sun as they had done when Meriwether Lewis stopped here to gather flowers and name the river of this pass Maria's, after a friend of his youth. Blackfeet cayuse ponies grazed on the russet brown foothills as they had wandered at will in the days when old Fort Union was at its zenith, or in the later days, when Chief

Joseph broke through a Southern pass and tried desperately but in vain to escape across the Canadian Border.

The very wind of the mountains seemed to be chanting a requiem to a magnificent Panorama of the Past, recalled from the mists of oblivion to live again under our eyes; and the fact that the idea was not a fancy was evident in every face present—cowboy's, Park and Forest Ranger's, hard-boiled newspaper correspondent's and moving picture man's, train hand's, president's, vice president's of the rails, guest's, and casual visitor's. Something had touched us out of the Past. What was it? Was it a realization that canoe of discoverer, keelboat of explorer, steamer of trader, covered wagon of settler, steel rail of engineers—were all bearing us to the culmination of a Higher Destiny, for which we and our children's children must carry on the Torch to far reaches not yet guessed?

I cannot answer that.

Each must draw inference for himself. I only know I have never witnessed a more sacred nor more beautiful ceremony than the unveiling of the bronze statue in honor of John F. Stevens, the reconnaissance engineer who found Maria's Pass, for the steel rail to leap across the insuperable barrier of the Rockies by a direct route to that far Western Sea, which men had sought from the days of Columbus.

When I say that two or three times during the ceremony "there was not a dry eye" among the spectators, I am not repeating a threadbare newspaper phrase. I could add to it that during the ceremony there were times when the most cynical newspaper correspondent and the most stoical of the railroad managers had to

make quick retreat down the hill to conceal the fact that tears were coming, so fast were emotions getting beyond control.

Mr. Stevens himself was with us. His career is given so intimately in the four main addresses that I am not going to repeat. Enough to say, the dedication at the summit was the culmination of one of the most distinguished careers in the modern engineering world. A man who has given almost sixty years to public service is near the place where he, too, must cross Life's Great Divide. Perhaps that added solemnity to the general consciousness that we were witnessing the drop-curtain in the last act of the Panorama of a Past closing forever on the West. Perhaps, too, as President Patton of Princeton said, when the United States declared war on Spain, over Cuba—dim and inarticulate and fraught with responsibility was a deeper consciousness that every curtain that falls over the Past but falls that a new veil shall open to a vaster, greater future, from which we may shrink, but from which we can never retreat.

Each of the addresses in its own way deals with the puzzling question: Why was Maria's Pass—the easiest and best route by the Northern Rockies—not discovered and opened till our own day? The Flatheads knew it. Their deep-rutted pony trail is marked to this day. The Blackfeet knew it. It was here they battled to keep the mountain tribes from getting across to procure firearms from the fur traders of the Upper Missouri. Bruger, the old trader of Edmonton and Fort Union, must have known of it. Meriwether Lewis saw its entrance and guessed it was there. Governor Isaac Stevens, in his great survey of 1853-4, Tinkham and Doty, his assistants, knew there was such a pass, but missed it by a few miles

and got entangled in the Cut Bank trail, which was impracticable for steel rails.

The only answer I can give is an explanation I have given so often in this narrative that it seems platitudinous —Destiny. Things are only revealed when the time is ripe for the revelation; and when the time is ripe for the revelation, the time is also ripe for the use of the revelation.

The Honorable Charles A. Carey, historian of Oregon, opened proceedings with these words:

We have gathered here from all parts of the United States and from the neighboring provinces of Canada, to do honor to a great citizen of Oregon and of the West and of the United States—a great engineer, whose work is a visible indication of his genius.

The monument to be unveiled here is intended not only as a recognition of Mr. Stevens' accomplishments as a great engineer, but also to typify the locating engineer, the pioneer of rail extension in the country, and particularly in the great West—and here in these mountains is a fitting place for such a testimonial.

The spot on which we now stand is Maria's Pass at an elevation of approximately five thousand two hundred feet, the lowest pass used by any railroad in crossing the main divide of the Rocky Mountains in the Northern United States.

North of us is the wonderful Glacier National Park, well named because of its many shining glaciers, and consisting of over fifteen hundred square miles of picturesque rugged mountains and alpine valleys, with peaks of striking individuality, and with precipices thousands of feet in depth.

Near the place where we stand in the Pass is the so-called Triple Divide, from the sides of which waters flow to the Arctic, the Pacific, and the Atlantic Oceans. There is a farm near the International Boundary, just North of here, on which is a shallow ditch, such as could be made in a few hours by an active boy with a shovel, that diverts a rill of water from its natural course leading to Hudson Bay and turns it to an almost equally distant destination, through the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico.

What mighty convulsions of nature, and what awe-inspiring scenes were here during the formation of this marvelous region! Geologists tell us that the rocky crust of the earth's surface was pushed upwards and then cracked, and the West side was thrust forward until it overlapped the Eastward part, thus forming the ridge now constituting the Rocky Mountain System. This ridge, during the following ages, was gradually worn and carved into mountain shapes. Ice and water, cold and heat, earthquake and friction, have had their part in bringing the transformation. But in spite of Titanic jarrings and shakings and sliding and upheavals, and in spite of weathering and erosion, the range has not lost its rugged character. Now it stands with its "snowy summits old in story" shining in the bright sunshine as for many centuries before. It is not surprising that early narratives and early maps name these mountains as the "Shining Mountains." No part of the Rocky Mountain System is more majestic nor more impressive than in this vicinity.

It is a strange fact that Maria's Pass was the last to be found, although in many respects the most open and direct route through the range. Lewis and Clark, who

were the first white men to cross the Rocky Mountains South of the International Boundary Line, found a pass about one hundred and twenty-five miles South of this place. On the return journey, after their brief visit to the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia, Captain Lewis parted from Captain Clark at the mountains and crossed the main divide through a pass now known as the Lewis and Clark Pass or the Lewis Pass. This was upon the usual Indian trail used by Western tribes in going across the range for their buffalo hunts upon the great plains of Montana. Another pass in that immediate vicinity, which was used by the Indians in similar manner, was later called Cadotte's Pass, and these two became the principal avenues for continental railway construction.

After Captain Lewis crossed Eastward through the Pass that now bears his name, he directed his course Northerly with the intention of exploring the headwaters of Maria's River; and it is possible that he might have discovered Maria's Pass but for an unfortunate clash with thieving Indians, which occurred several miles from the easterly entrance to this Pass. The encounter, resulting in the death of two of the Indians, is sometimes assumed to have been the cause of the hatred of the Blackfeet tribes and to explain their relentless hostility toward white men for many years afterward. Whether from this cause or from their natural ferocity, it is true that the country eastward of Maria's Pass, known as the Blackfeet country, now partly occupied by the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, was so dangerous to the whites that it was visited by few travelers or hunters.

There was another circumstance that prevented the

early discovery of this Pass. The various tribes are said to have had a theory that the Pass was "bad medicine." Either from fear of evil spirits, or from fear of the hostility of the Indians who lived in the grassy country to the Eastward, Maria's Pass was not generally used as a pathway by the tribes living to the West, and these tribes, in crossing the mountains for their buffalo hunts to obtain provisions for the winter, generally made use of trails that crossed the divide farther South.

Thus we have an explanation of the fact that for a period of half a century after the first white men crossed the continent, during which period nearly every part of the Great West was more or less explored, and during which period a great migration of white people across the plains had flowed to the Western part of the continent, no white man is known to have gone through Maria's Pass or to have been aware of its existence.

In making surveys for the Pacific Railway under the Act of Congress, Governor Isaac I. Stevens, in the period between 1853 and 1855, caused numerous examinations to be made for passes leading across the Rocky Mountains. One of his parties under A. W. Tinkham actually made a journey through what he called Maria's Pass in 1853, but it is apparent from his description that he missed the real Pass, and he crossed the range farther North, where the route was at much higher elevation and was, as he reported, so blocked with mountains and cliffs as to be impracticable for railway or wagon road construction. He estimated that a tunnel at least two miles long would be required, and he said that the grades were prohibitory.

Another member of the government railway survey

party, James Doty, examined the district just East of the mountains in this vicinity. His report, dated December 15, 1854, concludes with the remark that "it was practically demonstrated that a party of four white men *can* travel for forty-one days in the heart of the Blackfoot country without loss of either horses or scalps." He did not attempt to enter Maria's Pass, but was satisfied when he commanded a view of the Eastern entrance from a lofty hill. He subsequently reported that its character was "entirely different from what had been previously supposed." This doubtless alluded to Tinkham's report, which Doty said he was satisfied was inaccurate, and not so difficult as his "report and topography represented it."

It may be surmised that in this period of the Pacific Railway surveys it would have required more than ordinary courage for Doty and his small party to attempt a penetration of the pass itself, and his view of the entrance from a distance of fifteen miles may have seemed to him quite sufficient under the circumstances, notwithstanding the fact that his instructions were to explore this very region for a practicable railroad route. Governor Stevens persisted in his efforts, and he had numerous expeditions sent across the range with the hope of finding the best pass for railway purposes. Five passes were reported upon. He indicated in his report that in spite of all of these surveys he still felt that there should be found a pass in this locality, but the fact remains that the Pacific Railway surveys of 1853-5 did not find a route through Maria's Pass, and that another third of a century was to elapse before it was really discovered. Lieutenant Mullan, of the government railway engineers, summarized by saying emphatically that there

THE IRON HORSE COMES TO THE UPPER MISSOURI

was no pass between the International Boundary and Clark's Fork.

Great engineers, like great architects, and great artists, and great poets, and great musicians, must have the gift of imagination. No enterprise of first magnitude was ever projected without some forward-looking mind visualizing the objective. What a stupid world this would be without imagination! It is a gift, like a marvelous power conferred by a benevolent fairy upon the handsome prince. It is a magic wand that solves difficulties and opens up vistas and pathways.

When imagination has place side by side with practical wisdom, or judgment, and roving fancy is controlled by hard common sense, there is a combination that will serve to guide the destiny of nations, to lay the foundations of empires, to master great business problems, to reduce the theories of astronomy, of cosmography, of evolution, of chemistry, to logical systems; to deal with pulsing sound waves, or swift moving electrons, upon a practicable and reasonable working hypothesis.

When, in 1889, John Frank Stevens was sent by the empire builder, James J. Hill, to locate the route for the Westward extension of the Great Northern over the Rockies, the line had been directed up the Missouri and then Southerly toward the rich mining country in the vicinity of Butte and Helena. Its Westward course had been tentatively projected through the well-known pass to the South, one of the same passes that was known in the days of Lewis and Clark. The Pacific Railway surveys of the earlier period, filling twelve great volumes printed at the government printing office at Washington, and containing the elaborate reports of the many compe-

tent engineers who had examined this general region for a low gateway through the range, was familiar to Western engineers and railroad builders. They knew, too, that for eighty years since the expedition of Lewis and Clark, in all the expansion of the Northwest, in the development of its resources, in the fur trading and in the dealings back and forth between the whites and the aborigines, there had been no indication that another and better pass existed, wherein a railroad might be located at lower elevation, without tunnel, and upon easy grades and curvatures. Stevens, however, was a man of imagination. Not only that, but he was a man of indomitable energy and courage. He was not satisfied. He would not accept the record as complete. He had to see for himself. He conceived it possible that, in spite of the earlier railroad surveys, a direct route could be found. He visualized a new and original opening between the source of Maria's River and Flathead River.

It was in the dead of winter that he began his investigation, and the snow was deep upon the range, but he was too impatient to wait for spring. From the East toward the West, in bitter cold weather, suffering and enduring every hardship, he made his reconnaissance. But the result was worth all it cost. It was a triumph. It was a demonstration of fact. His conception became a proved reality.

Mr. Stevens had but one companion upon the latter part of his expedition, for it was December and too late in the year for a regular party. This companion and guide was a half-breed Flathead, but even he gave up, exhausted, and unable or unwilling to go farther in the deep snow, and he was left in camp while Stevens pressed on alone until he had satisfied himself that he had

reached the drainage toward the Pacific and that this pass would afford the feasible route for which he was searching. Night found Mr. Stevens alone and five miles from camp. He kept himself awake and avoided freezing by pacing back and forth through the long hours until dawn, and on returning next day he found that his guide had let the camp fire go out and was half frozen. But, somehow, they got back to the Eastern foot of the range, and then Stevens hurried away to St. Paul with the news of the great discovery.

There is something peculiarly satisfying to the human soul in having accomplished a feat against difficulties and in spite of obstacles. Without this reward for labor and hardship endured, there would be little inducement to strive for a goal. There would be no incentive for ambition. There would be no progress. A professional man, whose whole heart is in his work, would rather have a victory such as that of Stevens' in Maria's Pass than to fall heir to a fortune.

Nor, in this case, was the victory an empty one. It at once opened a way for the railroad upon a cheaper and better route, at a saving of millions in construction cost and other millions in operating expenses. It brought prompt and grateful praise from the Empire Builder. It added laurels to the wreath already won in other fields by the engineer, and it shortened the route to the West by not less than one hundred miles. The railroad as afterward built had no summit tunnel, and was on a one per cent. grade Westward, and a grade only slightly greater Eastbound, with wide curves and no serious construction difficulties.

Mr. Stevens was at that time no mere tyro in his profession. He had had some fifteen years of varied and

interesting experiences in locating and in constructing railways throughout the continent, from New Mexico and Texas to the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirk Range. He had already helped to create such important railway systems as the Denver and Rio Grande; the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; the Canadian Pacific; the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic; and the Spokane Falls and Northern. The work had tested his personal courage in the hostile Indian country of the Southwest, and his physical strength and endurance in the bleak and cheerless regions of the North. He was familiar with difficult mountain trails and with difficult engineering problems in the Canadian Rockies, and in the Selkirk Range, as well as in the Colorado and Montana mountain sections.

Mr. Stevens afterward located and built other railroads; notably he discovered the pass in the Cascade Range that bears his name, through which the Great Northern crosses to the Pacific coast. In this particular duty he examined minutely the whole mountain range in the State of Washington South of the International Boundary. Later the lines of that railway system about Puget Sound and over the Cascades were built under his supervision, and some features of this construction are in themselves sufficiently remarkable to have established his reputation as a great and daring engineer. After serving on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, he was made Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal. He served for a short time as chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission; and it was under his management that the labor forces were organized for the work, and the greater part of the machinery required for that vast undertaking was assembled. The preliminary work of erecting

thousands of houses, constructing waterworks, rebuilding the railroad, and laying out the plans for construction of the canal were all carried on with his customary efficiency and celerity. Without detracting from the credit earned by others, it may be said that it was due to his wise planning and organization, in great measure, that the work was later carried on and completed successfully. Subsequent to his Panama service he was Vice-president, in charge of operation, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and then he became President of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway, laying out the route of the Oregon Trunk in Central Oregon.

Among other important duties of his busy life was his service for the United States in Asia during and after the period of the World War. He had before that been engaged as consulting engineer and on construction work in New York City, and he had spent five months in Spain, advising the government of that country respecting new lines of railways. But in May, 1917, he went to Siberia, having been selected by President Wilson at the request of the Russian Provisional Government, as Chairman of the Commission of Railway Experts. On the overthrow of that Government, Stevens went to Manchuria, and in 1918 he was made President of the Interallied Technical Board to supervise all railroads in Siberia and Manchuria in the region occupied by the Allied troops. Various other countries were represented on this Board, but Mr. Stevens continued as chairman until the last foreign troops left Russian soil, late in 1922. The Board was dissolved in November of that year.

Another notable service for his country was on his

BRIDGER BRINGING IN SOME OF HIS CELEBRATED VISITORS TO HUNT AROUND FORT UNION

return to Washington, when he was in attendance upon the International Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in the latter year. He finally resigned his official duties at the end of April, 1923, after six years of service under two administrations.

At the close of his work upon the Interallied Technical Board, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes paid him the unusual compliment of writing to him a long official letter of appreciation, praising highly his ability and his wise and successful administration of the trust. Speaking of the Interallied Technical Board, he said:

> During the three and a half years of the existence of this Board much was accomplished, in the face of most extraordinary difficulties, to preserve the railway lines which are vital to the economic life of Siberia and keep them in operation despite public disorder and general disorganization. . . . Your own leading part in this work constitutes a public service of the highest order. I feel that you have contributed much to the well-being of the people of Eastern Siberia and Manchuria and to the early recuperation of their economic life, and that you have advanced the prestige and honor of the United States in that part of the world with all who have known of your work.

Mr. Stevens has been given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Bates College; he is Honorary Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, as well as of the Association of Chinese and American Engineers and the Northwestern Society of Engineers. He is an Officer of the Legion of Honor of France; he has been decorated by Japan, China, and Czecho-Slovakia. Finally, his professional brethren, through the Board of Award, representing the four great Engineering Societies, have bestowed upon him that highest of all testi-

monials that can come to one of his profession, the John Fritz Medal "for great achievements as a civil engineer, particularly in planning and organizing for the construction of the Panama Canal; and as a builder of railroads, and as administrator of the Chinese Eastern and Siberian Railways."

The bare outline already given will suffice to show that it is not alone the discovery of Maria's Pass in the Rocky Mountains, nor Stevens Pass in the Cascade Mountains, nor his successful construction of railways of the Great Northern System, that entitle him to place as one of the great figures of his times. His has been a rich life, full of usefulness and crowned with success in many fields. It is to be added that in personal qualities Mr. Stevens is not less worthy, and his fine manliness, his sterling integrity, his reasonableness and justness in dealing with others have all contributed to his success. While possessing the qualities of firmness and decision, he has always been eminently fair, and persons dealing with him have always recognized his sincerity and his lack of sham. It is something to be able to say, after a long life of activity, that his men have always been loyal to him and have trusted him as a friend.

John F. Stevens derives his inherited qualities from his English, Welsh and Huguenot ancestors. What part of his character is due to early New England training and how much to the background of heredity need not be inquired into. Doubtless both have greatly influenced his life. He was born at West Gardiner, in the State of Maine, in 1853. Like many New England boys of his time, he had a meager schooling, but he early evinced a desire to learn, and in the years when he was an axman and a rodman in surveying, he showed himself eager to

make up for any deficiencies in his boyhood education, and he was diligent in posting himself in the technical features of his profession. As is often proved in the lives of successful men, his career shows anew that those young men who make use of their opportunities and do their work just a little better than is required of them are those who succeed. His work soon led him to the broad and generous West. It drew him far away from cities and kept him year after year in out-of-the-way places, where contacts with the artificial life of civilization were rare.

It was his fortune, moreover, to begin his professional work at the opening of that remarkable period of railroad building in the United States that lasted approximately twenty years, between, say, 1873 and 1893, wherein more new mileage was built than in any similar period in the United States, or elsewhere in the world. It was a time when many of the great railroad main lines in our country were constructed. In them he had a part, not only as locating engineer, but later in construction and contract work. It is sometimes said that a locating engineer must have a sense of direction acutely developed, and if so, he certainly had that qualification, but doubtless experience and training play a part in success in that field, and the early years of professional life gave him just the preparation required for his greatest work. The responsibilities thrown upon him as a young man on the frontier of the West, where manly qualities are soon discovered and where weakness and indecision cannot long be hidden, strengthened his character while they tested his mettle. His advance was rapid, and the activities that trained him in various branches of his professional work taught him the way to carry on com-

plicated construction operations and to make use of vast numbers of men and machinery in construction work.

Such is the life and career of John F. Stevens. Such is his character and the quality of his success. If it be said that it is not customary in our times and in our country to erect a bronze statue to commemorate the life work of a living man, this is an unusual man and what he accomplished was unusual.

It is not often that a corporation can give special recognition to valuable services of its faithful officers and employees. It is not often that a man's noteworthy achievements can be given a fitting commemoration during the years of his life. In these respects, as well as in the genuine and universal appreciation of the sterling qualities of Mr. Stevens by his contemporaries, the occasion is unique.

Cæsars and Napoleons have erected arches of triumph to perpetuate their names, and to establish memorials of their victories. But the work of a sculptor, or painter, or architect is itself an enduring monument. So, also, the work of the engineer and railroad builder, whose creations are permanent and are the visible and tangible evidence of his genius. Cities grow up, industry and agriculture follow his pathway; civilization takes possession of the vast open spaces; and the reign of law and order replaces the rude and irresponsible makeshifts of frontier life. The engineer lives to see this transformation, and what he has created has become the instrumentality of progress. For him, had he the choice, this would be sufficient, and he would be content. He would not, if he could, emulate the potentates and despots of world wars and erect triumphal arches, or have streets embellished with statues in honor of his name. But the Presi-

dent and officers of the Great Northern Railway are not willing to leave this particular achievement of the discovery and utilization of Maria's Pass entirely to posthumous recognition of history nor to the general and rather impersonal luster of his fame. They justly feel that the episode in the life of this engineer, which has resulted in such important consequences to the stockholders and to the patrons of the railroad, as well as to the general public, should not be overshadowed by the more generally known features of a life of activity that has covered the breadth of the United States and has reached to foreign lands.

Nor is there reason for the too common practice of leaving it until the close of a man's life to say of him those things that ought to be said in praise of his character and what he has accomplished.

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After a song and an invocation, Judge Carey introduced Mr. Robert Ridgway, President of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Mr. Ridgway said:

It is a great privilege for me to be here to-day as the representative of the American Society of Civil Engineers to assist in paying tribute to that great and lovable American civil engineer, John F. Stevens, whose name is to be forever associated with this spot. It is extremely gratifying to the Board of Direction and to the membership of our Society, as it is to engineers in general, to know that the Great Northern Railway has rec-

ognized the debt it owes to its former chief engineer and is recording it in the form of an enduring and esthetic monument placed at the strategic point of its long line, Maria's Pass, the discovery of which as the favorable location for carrying the railroad over the Continental Divide was so graphically described by Mr. Budd when the John Fritz Medal was presented to Mr. Stevens last March.

Alfred D. Flinn, Director of the Engineering Foundation, has prepared a delightful and inspiring description of the deed we are commemorating, and with your permission I shall read this paragraph from it as it was printed in a recent number of the Proceedings of the American Society of Civil Engineers:

> On the night of December 11, 1889, the winds howled through the canyons and defiles of the Rocky Mountains in the Blackfoot Indian country, while on the Continental Divide a lone engineer tramped back and forth through the snow in the darkness fighting for his very life against a temperature of forty degrees below zero. He must live, for he had a momentous message. He had found a way to the Pacific, and knew it to be the best railroad location across the great mountain barrier! John F. Stevens had discovered Maria's Pass.
>
> Only those who have suffered can truly sympathize. To appreciate accomplishment in full measure, one must have achieved. Even to comprehend in part, one must have had comparable experience or be possessed of a well-trained imagination. Pictures and narratives help to understanding; but one who has always rolled about on wheels in cushioned luxury over rails or well-built highways cannot know the self-reliance, the exertion, the privation, the fatigue, the triumph, the joy of one who on foot made his way through trackless forests, across rugged mountains, in winter's freezing winds, over treacherous snow, alone, as did John F. Stevens and other engineers of his generation.

The erection of this commemorative monument is a particularly fitting and graceful act on the part of the railroad and its President, himself a member of our society, and it takes away from the force of the statement so often made that the achievements of the engineer are not recognized as they should be by the public they serve.

It is indeed fortunate that a figure like that of John F. Stevens appears amongst us from time to time to increase our faith in mankind and in the vitality of our American institutions. We may well take pride in the country that can produce such men. He is of the type of the pioneer New England stock, whose sturdiness and stability of character, honesty of purpose and perseverance under discouragement have done so much to advance our nation to the proud position it occupies to-day. Faith in our country will be maintained as long as we can produce such men to take up the burden of service in so efficient and patriotic a way. In all probability he would have succeeded in any work he might have undertaken because the qualities he possesses make for success in almost every line of endeavor. But he was born to be an engineer and there is no doubt that his love for construction work and the desire to see the vision in his mind take the concrete form of the finished structure fitted him for greater success as an engineer than he would have attained in any other line of work. We of the American Society of Civil Engineers are very proud to claim him as an Honorary Member of our society.

His character and personality have a special appeal to me because my first engineering experience, forty-three years ago, was obtained in this wonderful State of Montana, where so much of the work was done which brought him into prominence and gave him standing as

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE SEASON

an engineer. I was then an axman in a locating party and my chief was Daniel S. Hastings, who came from Bethel in Mr. Stevens' native State of Maine. Mr. Hastings was of the same sturdy character as John F. Stevens and like him obtained his education out of college. Blessed with an abundance of common sense, possessing an instinctive knowledge of topography and location, his personal qualities were such as to command the respect of the most obstreperous members of our engineering party. When an ox-yoke broke, he hewed another one out of a pine log. If an error was made in sketching topography, he had an almost uncanny way of finding it out. He passed to his reward only a few months ago. I doubt if any of you ever knew him, but I have always remembered him as my first chief and I am glad to pay this tribute of respect to his memory. Our country owes much to men of his character.

This Western section of our country was a great school for engineers during the period of forty to fifty years ago. It took strong men to pass successfully through such a school. Only those who were sound physically, mentally and morally were graduated; the others gave up, or fell by the wayside. The training developed self-reliance, resourcefulness, initiative and a good knowledge of men. There could be no leaning on others in an emergency. That would have meant failure. Each man stood on his own feet and faced the difficulties as they arose, taking each one as a matter of course and regarding the overcoming of obstacles as a part of the day's work. The men so trained were in their way pioneers. They blazed the trail, so to speak, for others to follow because they had few precedents to guide them. Without men of this type our great Western country would

be decades behind in its development. No task was too great for them to undertake. They possessed a large measure of common sense which, after all, constitutes at least ninety per cent. of the equipment of the mind of a successful man. They advanced to success, not because they were merely technicians, but because the man was behind the engineer, and as a reward for their accomplishments they were willing to let the work which they did speak for them. In such a school John F. Stevens was trained, and how much he owes to this alma mater it would be hard to tell; but I imagine he looks back with thankfulness to the years spent here and appreciates the value they were to him. Without the training of those years, I doubt if his later career would have been as brilliant as it has been. It prepared him for his great work at Panama and for those six trying years in Russia, Siberia, and Manchuria, where he added to his reputation as an engineer, a diplomat and a leader by his patriotic service rendered under most trying conditions. To realize what a task was his from 1917 to 1923, read the admirable address of our former Ambassador to Japan, Roland Sletor Morris, which was delivered in New York at the Fritz Medal ceremony. I wish more of our people were familiar with this bit of history.

The engineer's service to his fellow man is usually unobtrusive. Most of his best work is done in quiet and is not known to the public. When some achievement excites the imagination of the latter, the engineer is placed on the front page, but he is conscious that the spectacular affair which is so advertised does not usually represent his best work. That to which he gives his best thought and energy frequently passes by unnoticed because it has no spectacular features about it. I do not be-

lieve that the good engineer does his work merely to invite public recognition. The consciousness of having done it well is a satisfaction in itself and it is always a privilege to be given the opportunity to serve. I frequently wonder what would happen to the engineer if his name were always on the front pages of our newspapers. I question if he would continue to be the man of the same efficient, constructive force that we like to think he is. Men like Stevens rise through transcendent ability and force of character, not through advertising, as that word is generally understood.

Our modern life with its civilization is very complex. The day has gone by, if it ever existed, when any man or group of men was sufficient unto himself or itself. We would not be satisfied to go back to the primitive and patriarchal days of old, so we must accommodate ourselves to present conditions and accept the burdens imposed by them. The organization of modern life may be likened to an intricate piece of mechanism; one part is dependent on another, but each part is simple in itself. Each of us is inclined to think that his own part is the most important one, and while this is not necessarily so, it is perhaps well to have that idea in one's mind because it is a stimulating thought, if not carried too far. We who are engineers like to think that we are the salt of the earth; but we must remember that we are but one part of this mechanism. Those in other lines of endeavor fill quite as important a part as we do. If we feel that we are so important, then we must accept with that feeling the responsibility that goes with it and give to our part of the world's work the best that is in us. It is true that engineers go to the fundamentals of things and it is also true that without the engineer the world would

not have advanced so far in a material way as it has advanced, but let us not forget that there is another side than the material one. If mankind is to continue to go forward, the spiritual, moral and material features of our life must be coördinated and worked together. The engineer should realize this and plan his life accordingly. He should have a vision of the purpose for which his structures are built; and an understanding that they are a means to a beneficent end, not the end itself.

In all ages of the world, there have been two forces at work in the line of human endeavor, constructive and destructive, graded from the extreme conservative to the extreme radical. While we do not sympathize with the narrow-visioned conservative who opposes every change simply because it is a change, and who is blind to the signs of the times, we must ever be on our guard against the radicalism which tears down for the love of it and which offers no constructive thing in the place of that which is destroyed. The engineer is, by nature and training, constructive, and he should take his place by the side of those other good citizens who by word and deed are helping in the fight to uphold the ideals and institutions of the country in which we have the privilege to live. With rare foresight and faith, our fathers reared our national structure on broad and deep foundations. It is our duty to maintain it, and when, on account of the development of the times, it becomes advisable to add to or modify some of its details, let the work be done in a constructive and reverent way, taking care to preserve and not destroy the original design.

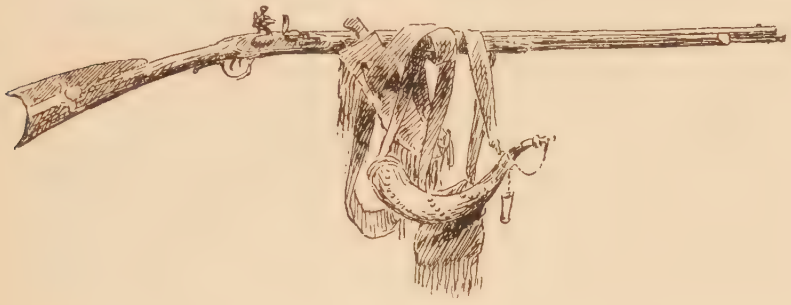
Will you let me read this paragraph from the address which I read as President to the American Society of Civil Engineers in Cincinnati last April:

As we read day after day the sensational matter that is called news and listen to the harangues of the popular orator and self-constituted regulators of the world, we wonder if they represent the standard of the character and of the intelligence of our people. Should we so believe, we could easily become discouraged as to the future of our institutions and even of civilization itself. Faith and courage will return if we realize that these are but manifestations of a small and vicious minority who bask in the sunshine of publicity. The great mass of all thinking men do their work quietly and without ostentation wherever right and duty call. In industrial plants, railroads, public works, schools and colleges, churches and hospitals, and on the farms, quiet thinking men are doing the real constructive work of humanity and of civilization. With an instinctive reliance on and faith in the integrity of human nature, and believing in the permanency of those institutions of man which make for the advancement of knowledge and good of the world, they make their daily sacrifice to duty. They are representative of that divine force of progress which is irresistible in action because it is based on truth, on reason, and on character. Cannot some way be found to employ this force in the interest of civic betterment? All of these workers are of the company of the engineer. With him they must advance to wider fields of greater effort, of greater promise, and of even greater service.

Our faith in the character and good sense of our people will continue as long as we see men of the type of John F. Stevens coming to the front and working with quiet and effective force as leaders in the different lines of human activities. We should see that when men of that type appear they are given the opportunity they require to do their best work for the community.

All good men and women have poetry in their souls, but most of them lack adequate means of expressing it. Some are gifted with the ability to express it in works of verse or prose; some express it in music or in paint-

ings and sculptures, while a few, like the man we are honoring to-day, translate their thoughts into action and write their poems in the form of great engineering works which they leave behind to serve mankind. It is well for our country and for the world that such men live among us and are a part of us.



Judge Carey then introduced the Honorable Pierce Butler, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, a Western man and an old friend of Mr. Stevens, and one of the great authorities on rails in America, who has twice acted on boards of arbitration in Canada on the Canadian National Rails.

Mr. Butler said:

It is appropriate that there should be at the summit of Maria's Pass over the Rocky Mountains a statue of John F. Stevens. He made the reconnaissance which disclosed and justified the use of this Pass for the great purpose which it now serves. The Great Northern Railway Company, as a mark of its appreciation, has caused to be executed and placed here a permanent memorial of his achievement. There is much in the story of the development of the properties of that company that is

impressive and calculated to stir the imagination. At the time of the construction of the Western extension of its railroad there was small population and little development in the regions extending from the Mississippi River and Lake Superior to Puget Sound. Nearly all the territory through which its lines were extended West of the Red River was unoccupied. The thought was that settlement would follow the railroad, and that when the country was opened there would be tributary tonnage that could not be taken by competitors, sufficient to make the undertaking profitable. Long after success had been attained, Mr. James J. Hill, the illustrious founder of the system, referring to the proposed extension, said: "By a few it was regarded as a doubtful venture; by most as a hopeless mistake." He knew that good location was essential to success. A way was found through territory having productive soils. The mileage in barren areas is comparatively small. In many places the line reaches abundant mineral and forest resources. And the route permitted the construction at low cost of a railroad having grades and other physical conditions so favorable as to make possible overland transportation at less expenditure for operation than ever prevailed under similar conditions. It was hoped that low cost of construction and saving in the cost of operation would enable the company, without default, to pass the initial period when there was little to haul, and later to create and maintain a sound foundation for credit. To secure the best possible route a careful and thorough reconnaissance was undertaken. One of Mr. Hill's strong points was confidence in young men who were fit for performance. He was accustomed to lay heavy burdens of responsibility upon them. And it is not inappropriate here

to suggest that the success of his great undertakings shows that he was right. He believed in education—cultural as well as practical—and desired that opportunity should be within the reach of all. While observing their defects, he knew the great usefulness of schools and colleges. But I venture to say that he believed that rightly applied experience was the best of all teachers.

Mr. Stevens was thirty-six years old when he found the way to this Pass. Without training in a technical school or college, he had become a great engineer. He had worked, studied and grown in the field. In the Western part of the United States and Canada, in the mountains and on the plains, he had the experience which was his preparation for the great things to come. He had been successively axman, rodman, instrument man, surveyor, location engineer and in charge of railroad construction. An active imagination and sane vision stimulated him to ambitious effort. Past successes, while not notable, but yet sufficient to justify in a young man a high degree of self-respect, gave him confidence. He was well fitted by experience, temperament, and physical strength to explore the mountains and to determine what routes possibly could be used and which was to be preferred. No better man could have been found for the work. The job given to him was to discover the lowest and best pass for the construction of a railroad across the Rockies. The passes in the vicinity of Helena and Butte had been used for all prior expeditions across the mountains; and they were recommended by Isaac I. Stevens, who, in 1853 and following years, made a Government survey to find a feasible route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to Puget Sound. It appears that he believed that there existed a good and practicable

pass over the mountains leading from some branch of Maria's River, but he failed to find it. The mountains in Montana north of the Missouri River had long been avoided on account of the bad reputation of the Indian tribes in that region. The importance and thoroughness of the reconnaissances made for the location of the railroad through the mountains in the territory extending one hundred twenty-five miles north of the known passes is indicated in a contemporaneous letter written by Mr. Hill to one of his associates. He said: "I visited and made personal inspection of various lines on the ground, examined the country and the soil, water and climate, and the company spent a very large sum of money in examining the various locations; practically made examinations enough, from the international boundary line south to the Big Hole River, to enable us to make a model of the Rocky Mountains. We spent, I think, over eight hundred thousand dollars in surveys before we did any work at all." The importance of economy in construction and use justified the greatest care and skill in advance. Every effort was made to avoid expenditure for construction which could not be changed without loss. The details of the burdens endured by Mr. Stevens before he reached this place are not known to us. The reconnaissance made by him is clearly and interestingly described in a published address made by Mr. Ralph Budd on the occasion of the presentation of the John Fritz Medal to Mr. Stevens, March 23, 1925. Mr. Stevens was alone when, on December 11, 1889, he reached this place. Because of the severity of the weather and what seemed to be insuperable difficulties, all the members of his party gave up before the summit was reached. A mixed-blood was the last to accompany

him, and he stopped about five miles away. Mr. Stevens went far enough to make certain that the summit had been reached. He spent the night pacing to and fro to keep from freezing to death; and after much exposure and hardship, returned to his base. His examination of the country had been so thorough that he was able to show that this was the lowest and best pass across the mountains. Mr. Budd says: "The actual location of the Great Northern through it at an altitude of five thousand two hundred feet on a one per cent. grade Westbound and 1.8 per cent. Eastbound, and without a summit tunnel, fully confirmed his report. At one stroke the discovery of Maria's Pass shortened the proposed line to the Coast by over one hundred miles, afforded far better alignment, much easier grades, and much less rise and fall. In grateful recognition of this service, the Great Northern has caused an heroic bronze statue of Mr. Stevens, as he then appeared, to be executed by the sculptor, Cecere. It will stand permanently where he spent that memorable night in December, 1889." But who can appraise the thing accomplished? It is impossible to estimate the value of such a pass for the transportation of transcontinental commerce in ever-increasing volume. The saving of power, labor, and equipment results directly to the great benefit of the company and of the public served. The shortest line fixes the distance, and the best grades establish the standard of efficiency that competitors must meet. So, indirectly, the use of this pass results to the advantage of all interested in transcontinental transportation by whatever route. The work of Mr. Stevens here is a great and permanent contribution to the public.

The establishing of this pass was the beginning, not

the end, of his inspiring career. Particulars will not be given. In 1890 he became principal assistant engineer of the Great Northern; he thoroughly explored the country between Spokane and Puget Sound from Stampede Pass to the Canadian boundary. He found the best way through the Cascade Mountains, located the line and carried the work of construction to practical completion. That pass is called "Stevens Pass." It is a fine example of his courage, boldness, and skill as a railroad engineer. Later he was made chief engineer of the system; and in all he served the company fourteen years. During that time its lines grew from three thousand to six thousand miles. He was recommended by Mr. Hill and appointed by Honorable William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War (later President, and now the beloved and honored Chief Justice of the United States), as chief engineer of the Panama Canal, and Chairman of the Isthmian Commission. He was influential in determining the type of the Canal. He created an efficient organization to carry on the work. He planned and installed most of the plant required. Actual performance under his direction was more than sufficient to prove that the undertaking would be a success. After his work in the Canal Zone, he became adviser to the Government of Spain in respect of lines of railroad proposed to be built. Soon after the United States entered the great war the President sent him to Russia as Chairman of a commission of railway experts. Later he was made President of the Interallied Board to supervise the railroads in Siberia and Manchuria in the territory occupied by the troops of the Allies. He has served splendidly in many parts of the world. He has been the recipient of many honors: Doctor of Laws, Honorary Member of

A RENEGADE'S END

the American Society of Civil Engineers, recipient of the Distinguished Service Medal of the United States, Officer of the Legion of Honor of France, of the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan, of the Order of the Golden Grain of China, of the Order of the Striped Tiger of China, of the War Cross of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, and of the John Fritz Medal of 1925, awarded by a board representing four great societies of engineers. He has been commended by the leading diplomats, executives and statesmen of the world. Mr. Stevens has many things for which to be grateful. The affectionate regard of many friends, the admiration of his professional brethren, a life of usefulness to fellow men. What a world of satisfactory memories will ever be his companions; I venture to say that the memory of the night of December 11, 1889, when at this place he realized that success attended his efforts, will give him greater satisfaction than any other day in his wonderful career. How dear to his children and their descendants will ever be the story of his life! What an example to encourage ambitious young Americans everywhere!

And, Mr. Stevens, is it not a satisfaction to you to know that this splendid monument will stand as a memorial of what you endured and accomplished in these permanent mountains? May I, on behalf of the National Geographic Society, that I have the honor here to represent, present to you these flowers gathered from the mountainside where your statue is ever to stand? May you have many years of comfort, and, in the end, eternal happiness.

* *
*

Judge Carey then presented Gaetano Cecere of New York, the sculptor of the bronze statue, who was a student of the Beaux Arts Institute and National Academy in New York, and won the coveted Prix de Rome, which gave him three years in the home of art, in the Eternal City of Rome. "Let me tell you," said Judge Carey, "that he has just received another honor which is very gratifying—having been chosen as one of the seven sculptors to compete for the great War monument, which is to be erected at Ottawa, Canada, at a cost of upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, in competition with numerous other artists and sculptors. Mr. Cecere."

Mr. Gaetano Cecere said:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to be here. This is really too much for me. It has been a wonderful opportunity to be chosen as a sculptor to portray so great a man as Mr. John F. Stevens. I feel that anything I will do from now on will always reflect back to my first opportunity to erect a public monument. I want to thank you all for your hospitality and for the kindness and nice things you have done for me."

Judge Carey:

"It is with peculiar pleasure that I now call upon John F. Stevens, Third, the grandson of the great engineer. He is here to-day, and the statue will be unveiled by young Mr. Stevens, who is a Major in the Cadet Corps at Shattuck Military Academy, Faribault, Minnesota. Mr. Stevens."

The young cadet stepped forward. The enfolding Stripes that had enveloped the bronze colossus fluttered aside; and there stood before the spectators the bronze figure of the man who had battled for his life through

the storms of that wild winter night in December, and the living man himself, who had accomplished what none of his predecessors had dared.

I do not think any of us noticed the tears coursing down Mr. Stevens' cheeks. We were all too busy with our own. Cowboy and cowboy artist—Charlie Russell—Architect Litchfield and Sculptor Cecere, Superintendent Kraebel of the Park and his Rangers, Great Northern Songsters and Great Northern President and Vice Presidents and all assembled suffered a sudden blurr in their own vision; and it was characteristic of Mr. Stevens, the hero of the occasion, that he was the first to relieve the emotional tension.

As he handed the mountain flowers over to Mr. Justice Butler, he said:

There were no flowers here on that date, Mr. Butler, thirty-six years ago. Those of you here may be interested in knowing it was about there [pointing], a little to the left of the end of that passenger train on the south side of the valley and at the foot there was then a swamp. At that time it was covered by willow brush. I know very well, Judge Carey, Mr. Butler, Mr. Budd, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I owe it to you, to everybody in fact, to make some extensive remarks, in language that is not within my power, to express my great appreciation; but I cannot do so, and the very few words I am able to say are not at all commensurate with my feelings. Now what can I say? A rather crude sense of humor has followed me all through my life. The most serious occasionally relish a little nonsense, and as these proceedings have been a little bit sober, to say the least, I want to illustrate, if you will pardon my lev-

ity, why I might not probably express my appreciation by a lengthy address. Many years ago, probably longer back than many of you remember, there was an eminent Irish author and actor and one of his famous characters was Con Carney. Con Carney was a worthless, happy-go-lucky fellow. He was supposed to die and at the funeral there was, of course, lots of whisky and lots of fighting. When his friends went to pay their final respects to Con, to their surprise he rose up in his coffin and they exclaimed: "Are you alive—why didn't yez spake?" and Con said: "Spake! Do yez think I would spile a good wake?"

So perhaps, while this is not a wake, it is better that I do not "spake."

Now what can I say? This occasion is so unique and so wonderful to me personally, that I am left floundering in a whirl of emotions. It is seldom that a person has the opportunity of attending, while yet alive, such a function at which he is the principal actor. So I hesitate to say what my heart and feelings prompt for fear that in some way, not from a lack of appreciation as to what these ceremonies mean to myself, my children and my friends, but because it is not in my power even faintly to give expression to the overpowering emotions which crowd themselves upon me to-day. And my failure to properly express what I should, might, I fear, dampen the occasion.

You have heard what the eminent men who have preceded me have been pleased to say in regard to certain events of my somewhat hectic career, and I am quite frank to remark that they perhaps have been shooting not very wide of the mark, and in saying this, I think that you will all agree with me that I am paying

the legal fraternity a generous compliment. In any case, as the Constitution of the United States declares that its Supreme Court has the final word, it is not in my power to dispute a decision made by one of its Justices.

The many years which I spent in the service of the Great Northern Railway, years which covered the best part of my active life, were by far, to me at least, the most satisfactory of my career. And I know that my association with, and the knowledge, not only of railway affairs, but knowledge of economics in general, which I gained from that master mind, James J. Hill, has been, since first I met him, the dominant influence in my working life, and to that influence and its teaching a great share of what small successes I have been permitted to achieve is due. For clearness and tenacity of purpose, for vision and accuracy of judgment, he far surpassed any man whom it has been my fortune to know during an active business life of more than fifty years, and I have come in contact with many whom the world calls great. This vast Northwest owes a debt to Mr. Hill's memory greater than to the memory of any other man who has passed across the stage of our country's history since we became a nation.

Reference has been made to-day to what are taken to be important achievements of mine in helping to make the Great Northern Railway the wonderful transportation machine which it is. Passing over without comment whatever of unconscious exaggeration may exist as to the merits of these achievements, I want to say that, feeling that I am, or should be, a fairly good judge of railway engineering matters, one piece of work for which I was responsible never attracted the attention

of the layman because, to the non-professional eye, it presents no spectacular features. It may surprise Mr. Budd to hear me say that the securing of the four-tenths per cent. grade line of the Great Northern Railway, from the head of the Great Lakes to Carlton, and so on West, has always afforded me as much satisfaction as any piece of engineering that I ever accomplished. Many others have been larger, but for pure technicality and under the conditions that existed, I look back upon it with especial pride.

But whether the problems which confronted me through life were great or small, I have always tried to the extent of my ability to give them the best I had in the shop. And in my opinion, as the result of many years' experience and association with many classes of men, results, which are called the work of genius or such high-sounding words, are mostly arrived at by hard work, careful attention to details, and above all to the application of good old Common Sense, which is so common as to be uncommon, and attracts little attention.

Many marvels have been accomplished during this generation of men and women. The world is moving at a speed never dreamed of by our forebears. But in my judgment, the years that are to come will dwarf, in advance of Science, in Art, in all that makes life easier, what we of our time regard as marvelous.

> With smoking axles hot with speed,
> With steeds of fire and steam;
> Wide awake to-day, leaves yesterday
> Behind him like a dream.

This was written many years ago, and while our present-day poet could hardly wholly feature fire and steam,

still the facts which encompass us about are the same and we cannot control them even if we would.

To the hands of those who come after us, many of those who are now boys and girls to-day, will be given the task of carrying on and theirs will be the responsibility for the march of future events and the welfare of the world. And those of us, old-timers, who are daily passing out of active life, most especially those who believe that they have, in some measure, laid a secure foundation upon which their successors can stand, have confidence that we are entrusting the future of our beloved land to safe hands.

We have the best of authority for the saying that "the old men shall see visions, and the young men shall dream dreams."

I know very well that the universal laws of nature prevail, and that now, as always, the boys and girls around us are looking forward to the days when their hands will hold the reins of destiny and when they can show the world how much better they can do things than we did, and I have faith that they can.

As one of the old men, I see visions, visions of a greater and more wonderful world than I have been privileged to behold, although my span of life has already covered the period of the greatest development along all lines which history records. And sometimes lately I have seen a vision that perhaps, in the not distant future, I may lie here at the feet of my bronze younger self, and listen to the sweet music of Mr. Budd's big engines talking to themselves as they pull up the long grades, over a route which I traveled thirty-six years ago, under much less comfortable conditions—these engines carrying the blessings of a much fuller

civilization to millions yet unborn. Who can say nay? No one, not even after nearly twenty centuries of Christian study.

It is a common truism that corporations have no souls. But I think that you will all agree with me that one corporation has a soul, and that it is wonderfully shown here to-day, and that besides soul, this one has lasting memory. I have neither the brain nor the tongue to give expression to the appreciation for what the Great Northern Railway has done for me. If I should attempt to do so, my feelings would drown my feeble words. I shall go from this spot with a deeper appreciation of human brotherhood and the feeling that a life of work and the knowledge that such work carries its own reward, and that I can count as not the least among my friends those whom it has been my lot to serve in the years which are so rapidly receding.

I thank the friends, one and all, who have honored me by their presence on this occasion, for never in my wildest dreams have I ever looked forward to such a distinction. The recollection of it will lighten my future pathway, be it long or short, as God may will.

* *
*

Again a song from the Great Northern Choir relieved pent emotions; but instead of closing proceedings at Glacier Park as the program had outlined, on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Russell, the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition sped Westward to Belton and up Lake MacDonald by launch to the Chalet at the head of the lake, where all viewed the magnificent

masterpieces of the greatest artist of cowboy and Indian life the West has produced.

After dinner in the Chalet, we were entertained by the inimitable Irvin Cobb; and if laughter must follow tears to keep a balance, Mr. Cobb furnished his own patented copyrighted ingredients for the recipe to banish tears.

TO THE BRONZE STATUE OF JOHN F. STEVENS

We go but leave you standing,
Your rugged form against the sky,
Against the deep gray mountains piling high.

With gloved hand clasping aneroid
You stand at rest,
And look with eyes that see that other day unto the west.

Buttoned close in cloak of woodsman,
For cold is the snow,
Far is the dawn in the mountains you, the explorer, know.

Bronze is the metal for heroes,
Heroes of sun and of rain,
Heroes of lonely seeking, the distant dawn, and the snow-driven plain.

As the mountains stand, you shall stand.
Your hand shall point the way,
The way through the pass in the mountains to the hidden seas of to-day.

RUTH RAMSEY.

Glacier National Park.

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